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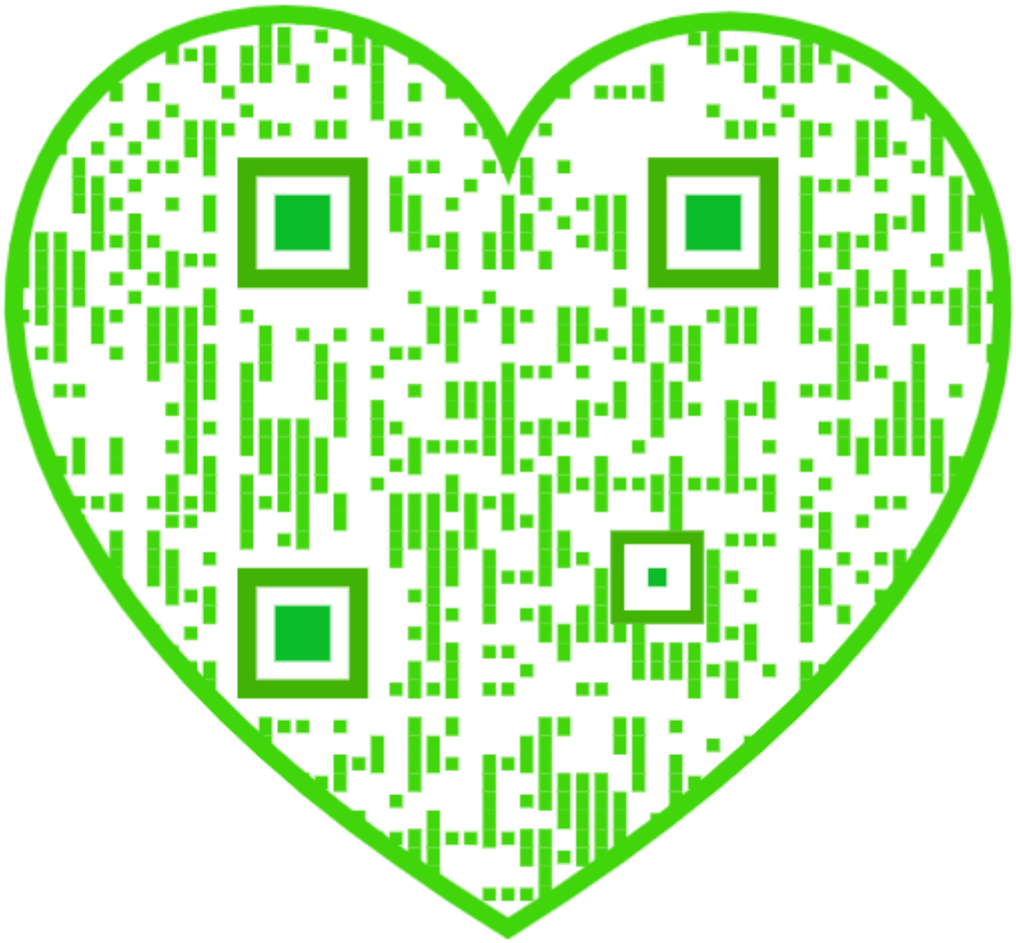

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SKETCHES OF CAMP LIFE

IN THE WILDS OF

The Aroostook Woods

AROOSTOOK COUNTY, MAINE

FISHING, CANOEING, CAMPING, SHOOTING AND TRAPPING

BEING TRUE STORIES OF ACTUAL LIFE IN CAMP

WRITTEN BY CHARLES C. WEST

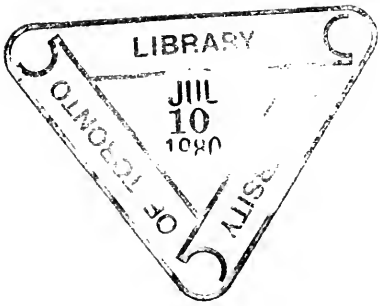
DEDICATED TO

MY OLD FRIEND THE WORTHY COMMODORE OF THE BIRCH-BARK FLEET

WALTER MANSUR

TRADE SUPPLIED BY
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,
BOSTON, MASS.

1892



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Charles C. West, Houlton, Maine

Boston
Printed by A. T. Bliss & Co.
111 Milk Street
1892

PLATE CCCXXXVIII.

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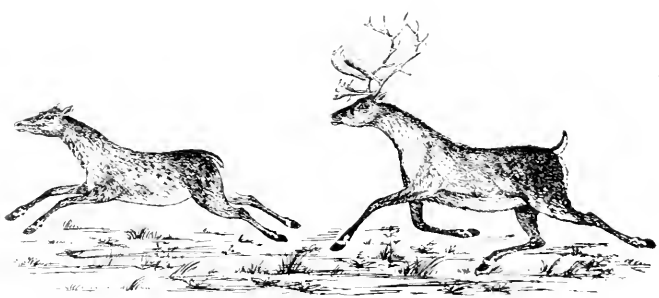


BUCK AND DOE CARIBOU.

INTRODUCTION.

AROOSTOOK, the pride, the Eden of Maine, as beautiful a lake and forest country as the sun ever shone on. It is situated in the northern part of the State and is its largest county. If you were standing upon her mountains, the beautiful panorama thus presented to view might give you a slight idea of this magnificient region. Rich valleys show themselves, with the courses of their charming rivers and streams plainly seen. Chains of hills reaching away far as the eye can see. Vast acres of rich level and rolling lands lying between the ranges, well wooded and timbered, well watered by lake and stream, river, brook and spring. Here the toothsome trout are everywhere to be found, leaping in the sparkling waters. Here our large fine game come and go at every point and cove, casting their shadows upon the waters as they come down from the hills and through the valleys for a cool drink, and to feed upon the sweet and tender water-grasses. Aroostook, and glorious forests of Aroostook, of you, how little is as yet known. How little is as yet known of your rich acres, lying waiting to give health, wealth and happiness to the pioneer. How little is as yet known of your

beautiful forests and waters, almost swarming with noble game and choice fish, the truly, real elysium of the sportsman.

How few know of you, and, comparatively speaking, how very few from the busy cities will ever find time in their hurried lives to visit and look upon your prosperous towns, thriving villages, rich, productive farms, beautiful forests and lakes, and charming scenery. And now, of these lakes and streams, these fine old woods, of the game to be found here, of their habits, and of our manner of hunting and trapping them, I am going to tell you.

For very many years a resident of Aroostook, I have spent much time in the fall and winter months in the big woods, because of its delightful scenery, healthy atmosphere, and the gratifying opportunity of observing the habits of the wild animals and birds. This constant association with nature in her virgin beauty, instead of creating the careless oblivion of surroundings usually born of familiarity, has increased my ardent love for the forest, lake and stream. Wait one moment, please. The boy looking over your shoulder must be answered. My ears have actually grown larger from eager listening for the game. I overheard his whispered remark, saying, "I wonder if he really does know all about the woods?" No, indeed! and not but just a little bit, and should be only too happy to spend more than half the remaining years of my life in the wildwoods, enjoying its health-giving properties, watching and studying all its beautiful occupants.

Writing a book is something I never before attempted or even thought of, and being well aware that one should learn his trade before he can or even should attempt to execute fine work, I shall strive to really interest you, and must beg that

you will excuse the rambling manner in which I place these outings before you.

I shall endeavor to hold your attention by describing many actual huntings in which myself, with pleasant companions have been engaged. Excuse us then, if we did not succeed in killing large lions and fierce catamounts sufficient for a big story, and, if you please, we will not speak of the many poor shots we have made, neither need you be told of the chilly hours we have sat with cold feet waiting for a bite.

Occasionally, we have kept a small diary, noting down a successful hunt, taking a few minutes of an outing when thinking it would be of interest and use to refer to, and from these we will glean something, hoping it will interest and perhaps help along those young sportsmen who have as yet had but little experience in the big woods. I shall write only from our own cruisings and campings, in the simplest manner, that the youngest may understand it, depending as we have said, upon our own practice and observation, trusting and hoping it will find favor with those that love the wild woods.

I have supposed that as you are reading this, you love the woods, with its hills and valleys, the rivers and brooks, the hunting and fishing, and are quick enough to follow me in this medley style of writing which I cannot seem to help. But as you are to line a woodcock through the green leaves, having your eye upon the bird, or his line of flight, and not upon the gun alone, bringing him down and securing him, even thus I am expecting you to line me through these thickets, catching sight again when emerging from the tangle.

It is not really intended in these writings to surprise the old trappers with new and novel ideas superior to their own,

neither do we expect to thoroughly educate the new beginner in the trapper's art, though many useful hints are placed herein before him as called to mind while penning these pages. In fact, one can scarcely tell you a tithe of it on paper. Books are written with trapping particularly in view, to which we would refer you should your taste for it be such as to hurry you to the haunts of the game when the frost comes.

To succeed in trapping the many carnivorous animals that destroy so *very many innocent lives* to maintain their own, is simply to be interested therein. Then, ones ingenuity is applied, he studies their habits, notes where he is unsuccessful, remedies the fault or oversight, and outwits the game next time, and so on, continually bringing to bear his reason and intelligence, so superior to their instincts.

But rather we wish to pen something of interest to all, and from our many excursions and campings for years back, we call to mind much that we fain would hope might read cheery to old and young. And for the boys and others who may be unable to visit the deep wildwoods with its ever charming attractions, we shall endeavor to picture and place before them much that will interest and make a leisure evening pass pleasantly at home, with a good portion of the dear old forest spread out before them.

And now to the many, always charitable, among whom we hope we have many friends, and to those yet living with whom we have camped in long past years upon the ridges and beside the waters, some enfeebled, others far away, and the many home friends, and those jolly companions all in the heyday of their happy sporting time, to you all, we extend our kindest greetings.

THE RAMBLE.

WE usually prefer to get away to the woods about the first or second week in September. This gives us plenty of time before the shooting and trapping should commence, to straighten out the camps, provide sufficient hard wood for the whole campaign, repair and regulate our line of wooden and steel traps, and occasionally leaving along the line many a choice bite for the furry tribe to eat, thereby getting them interested and wonted to the path, but not baiting, or setting a trap, until the proper time arrives, when the fur has become prime, or very nearly so.

In September and October, and often part of November the forest is in all its glory, and the days average very fine. November and December, with the frequent light falls of snow, bring their many advantages also, and by this time, the fine appetite, exercise and the pure bracing air of the forest has nicely fitted one to meet the coming colder days. For as you walk away over the snow, with springy step, upon the fresh tracks of the game, feeling so glorious in your renewed life from this free and happy roaming of the woods, you laugh at the cold, being animated by the best of spirits, full of life

and vigor, rejoicing in your ever-increasing strength and endurance. But now, 'tis in the mild September, and all is beautiful about the forest, lake and stream, while the dwellers in the woods are all most happy. The deer, the leaders of the droves, at this time are cruising on the summit of the ridges by themselves, proud, bold, and independent, while the mothers with the most of them two, occasionally three lambs each, are the happiest by themselves while she leads them to the cool springs in the warm days for their noonday drink, and at night to wade along the shores and nip the tops of the grasses growing above the waters, and at this season of the year particularly, finding everywhere an abundance of the finest food (and quantities to spare,) for themselves and their largest increase.

And the Patridge, old mother P, now leaves the thrifty young yellow birch grove, with a grassy spot here and there all grown within a few years upon the old log landing, and leads her now very large babies down to the lake shore each day near noon-time, and as they stand all in a row upon the sandy shore beside the slightly rippled waters, moving their dainty little heads down and up quite irregularly, as they drink so cunningly, we count a dozen or more in place of the one pair in nesting time. But the old drummer, the father of the brood is not with them, as he has long since shirked all care or responsibility of the children, leaving dame P all the trouble as well as the great credit of raising and protecting the large family all by herself, whilst he has in the early infancy of the little ones sought out some cool and shady thicket to play the secluded hermit until beech-nut time.

And right merry and happy are all the little wildwood birds, both old and young. Joyously they sing and call and

answer one another as they are gaily flying back and forth, and alighting upon the branches amid the golden leaves.

Well might we know 'twas in the *mild September*—yet no mocking-bird sings his song in the Aroostook wilds. Ah! we are wrong, for we do have one even here, the hardy Canada Jay, called also the moose bird, from the fact that in winter he is so often seen in company with and following the wanderings of our large game, the Moose and Caribou. He is much like his southern brother, the Mocking-bird, in size and plumage, and his whistling notes and varied tones remind one much of him as he sails gracefully from one tree to another among the jolly song-birds. This is his choice dwelling-place, here is his home with the monarch of the forest, *the noble Moose*, and in the mild September they are sometimes seen coming out of the woods together. The monarch is occasionally seen for a few moments standing upon the hill in the settlers sunny clearing, his massive proportions showing to his very feet, between the earth and heavens with the clear sky for a background, his noble head thrown high in air, and his enormous wide spreading antlers laying far back over his shoulders, while his keen eye takes in the astonishing picture before him.

And here too, is the home of that famous trotter the Caribou. These hardy fellows are here to-day in great numbers, and they roam the forests singly and alone, in pairs, and in droves at times. A beautiful sight it is to see a dozen or more of them in winter trotting by on the ice, which, if smooth and glassy, 'tis all the same to them, for their hard, sharp, wide spreading hoofs cut the ice like skates, and send the snowy spray far out behind them.

And we must remember the pretty red Deer notwithstanding some sportsmen in our neighboring cities are frequently scolding and worrying for fear our Deer are being exterminated. We think that now they are pretty well protected, so much so that as yet they abound, and in the fall are often seen wandering out in the clearings, all through Aroostook, and in the shooting season their juicy steaks, though fit to set before a king, are equally appetizing to the sportsman.

And that fine game-bird, the Partridge, often spoken of and yet worthy of more praise, never was scarce with us. In the early shooting season this elegant bird is found in goodly flocks in many a sunny opening. They always winter well, often sleeping in the light snows on coldest nights. Well fed at all times, never hungry, for their favorite food in winter, the yellow birch buds are everywhere growing for them, always fresh for their picking, each and every day.

MOONLIGHT IN THE EVERGREENS.

The voices in the wood are hushed, though zephers yet combine
And sigh among the evergreens, and whisper in the pine;
The snow is blown from off the trees where icy drops are seen
Shining as the moon comes out like pearls upon the green.

Though all is quiet in the glade, so white with crusted snow,
High up in space before the moon the winds yet freely blow,
While swiftly pass, clouds thin and white, and some of leaden hue
By many a light, bright golden star in spots of azure blue.

The silvery moon comes shining out almost as light as day,
When leaden clouds chase off the light and hide it far away;
Then follows thin white gauzy clouds, and o'er her bright face sail
As oft as breezes lift them off as light as bridal veil.

Beside the trees all down the glade, the wavy shadows play,
As now the moon bursts fully out and lightens up the way;
It beams upon the many drops now frozen on the trees
Like diamonds, hanging from the buds and sparkling in the breeze.

The last white cloud goes sailing by and disappears from view;
The brightest stars come twinkling out from heaven's arch of blue;
The heavenly orb lights up the glade, and brightens all the way,
A little song-bird now awakes and sings "'tis coming day."

OUR PRETTY EVERGREENS.

OUR pretty evergreens, the fir tree in particular, we must often speak of in these pages, praise their beauty, boast about them and pronounce them, as they stand in the lovely sunshine just raising the tips of their branches to the gentle breeze, ever emitting a pleasant balmy fragrance on the air, to be glorious. So numerous everywhere! and they lend a charm wherever seen. Growing by the roadside for long distances through the forest (which is usually more open behind them,) giving a nice shady drive in summer and shutting out the cold winds in winter. Changing the temperature much for the warmer on the roads, as they reflect so large a portion of the warmth which they receive from the sun shining upon them, down upon the traveller, until he turns toward them a grateful look of thanks, and a smiling recognition of their friendliness. When the roads have been repaired through the forest, we are often well pleased to see that the work has been superintended by one having the faculty of perception, and surely susceptible to an impression, from having left the beautiful evergreens intact, upon the north side of the road. Seeing their usefulness, beauty and

warmth for the traveller; understanding them to be a benefit, rather than any detriment to the road bed. The tasteful evergreens add a cheerful look to the settler's home, giving him a warm sunny bordering aromnd his clearing and a handsome view where edging the hillside.

Through the old openings, mixed in with the young second growth of hard woods of many varieties, the evergreens always attract a pleased attention, as they add to the beauty, and here again usually fringing and shading the roadside. They are scattered over the (occasional) hilly and rocky old pasture, from the smallest to the largest, singly and in groups, and in thick clusters on the rugged rocky knoll. The older and taller growing in the centre, upon the summit, looking down over them all, that are each, as they grow, carrying their pretty cone-like shape from their base to the very last little bud at the top. Among the old growth in the forest many grow very tall, compared to these, and with large bodies at times, and these fir trees, instead of sporting such a wealth of thick branches encircling them from base to tip, have long smooth butts or boles, many fit for prime clear lumber. Yet again, the pretty cone-shaped ones are plenty in the forest wherever having a warm sunny chance, often by themselves, all through the glade and glen, and in the many natural openings, with the scattering hard wood trees, and the small ones three, four and five feet high often afford a shelter for the game (the rabbit and the partridge mostly).

The snow falling thick upon them, the low down branches droop and their ends rest upon the ground, followed by all the others from above as the snow keeps falling damp and heavy upon them, one drooping down beside another, others lapping down covering all the space between them, the many

thick fan-like boughs soon giving the game a tight, snowed over roof above them. And their snug shelter is very cosy inside, arched overhead and lined with evergreen fans, with a thick bed of leaves over the mossy ground. From these snug quarters "Bunny," the rabbit, hurriedly shies out and skips away lively as one approaches on snow-shoes, but only to describe a circle far around, as he returns to dig under again and complete his sleep, soon after our passing. And the partridge, after sitting in the sunshine high up in some thrifty yellow birch tree, and there filling his crop almost to bursting with the sweet buds, will often as the sun is about to say good-night, fly down and dive under to this friendly and well-known shelter.

The evergreens have many friends and lovers, as they should, being so friendly to all. The birds seek the dark shade of their lower branches, often coming with drooping wings to escape the noon-day heat in summer; while in winter they love the bright warmth of the south sunny branches. The partridge if flushed in their vicinity, flies directly to them for safety, and his favorite roosting place is upon one of their branches, and if a windy night, very close to the body of the tree upon its leeward side. The Canada Jay (the moose bird,) chooses them and the forks of their thick branches to hide away the overplus when the diligent scamp is stealing meat from the hunters. The Song-Sparrow's song is long and cheery when perched upon the topmost tip, as he calls, "Ah-te-te-te-teetity-te." The rabbit loves their dark shadows as he first skips out in the evening, and the deer if handy to them when receiving a shot, makes his first leaps in their direction for a cover, or to die under their shelter.

WHILE ON THE WAY TO CAMP.

A PAIR of Madamaska ponies, French all over, young, tough, and wiry, with lots of gimp, intelligent, brimful of fun, as wild as hawks at a yell, or as kind and steady as dogs the next moment when they hear your soothing tone of voice, had taken the bits between their teeth as they skipped over the hill and took the down grade just out of the village. "Shall I hold 'em up hard?" "Oh, no! let them have their little run to the next rise. You couldn't get either off his feet with a lasso, and they will stop at your word. Just steady them, they are having lots of fun." The ponies are pulling a light but strong express wagon, well packed for a hunting and camping trip, over one of the old roads of Aroostook, and a sojourn at the camp in the forest beyond. The wide, roomy seat is well cushioned with robes and tanned skins of our own taking, upon which sits the captain; beside him your humble servant is holding a briarwood pipe in one hand, an orono match in the other, waiting the slowdown of the ponies upon the next rise beyond. Everything that we think will be needed for the trip is on board. The spaniel sitting in front of us sniffs the air to right and left as we

bowl along, and looking far ahead and up in our faces, is eager to hear the words "Go find them." Should he chance to see a partridge by the roadside or get the scent of game too strong to contain himself, he will fairly beg for his liberty. We occasionally let him run and hunt the roadside, while passing slowly through long pieces of virgin forest, owned and held by the land proprietors for the stumpage, of which we remark to the captain sitting beside us: "These forests must be a regular mine of wealth to such as you, for while you are sleeping even, they are constantly growing, to be cut over again and again." To which he answers: "'Tis not all gold that glitters! forest fires and many obstacles arise, that tend to tone down such bright visions of golden dollars."

We pick up a few birds as we are driving slowly; the horses being used to our shooting merely toss their heads at the firing so near them.

We cross the bridge beneath which the white waters are rushing and hastening on their way down, down, never waiting on the way, always hurrying to reach the sea, coming at the first from but a small spring and little trickling stream from which we have often drank, far away in the heart of the forest. As we rise the hill beyond the bridge we haul up for dinner at the hotel, which is the half-way house on our journey. Horses nicely rubbed down, stabled and eating their oats, we proceed to the dining-hall and endeavor to be as handy as the most industrious. After dinner we are not really cheered with the outlook; it is now quietly raining, with black indications of plenty more to come. We shingle our express wagon with the rubber blankets, harness in the ponies, on with rubber coats, draw well up the boot around us, and dash away for the last farmhouse on the road, "rain

or shine." The showers are coming on as frequent as in the month of April, yet it runs off without enough wetting to do any damage or greatly annoy us. The spaniel retriever lying snugly covered, warm and dry, upon our feet, often expresses his gratitude by a comfortable yawn, as he is awakened now and then by an extra bounce of the springs. The ponies are just now getting a most thorough wetting, taking a bath that will clean them more thoroughly than human hands. They carry their heads as if not so highly elated as when starting in the morning, yet with a quiet resignation that suggests to us, they know it is all right, and not any imposition we would willingly have imposed upon them. At last as we are at our stopping-place for the night, the rain ceases entirely, the wind puffs around from another quarter, and the sun shows his bright face just before saying good-night, promising to be our company in the morning.

As a new morning's light is gradually dispelling the gloom, it is soon beginning to show us a faint line of woodland in the east which seems growing away up to the skies; and the first little silver ray from the sun that peeps in at our chamber window, finds us up and soon all ready for the hot steaming coffee which perhaps has awakened us.

Leaving our supplies to be sent into camp late in the day over the old forest road, we shoulder our knapsacks, pick up our rifles, and followed by the now perfectly happy spaniel, step out briskly through the frosty air for the entrance to the wildwood, much preferring to walk the few miles on such a fine bracing morning. The sun, true to its promise, is just raising its cheerful face over the eastern hills, and the heavy frost first changes to water, then is soon drank up by its warm rays as it shines down upon us from over the tree tops.

And now, as we enter the sweet-smelling woods, its fragrance is wafted to us with every little puff of the breeze. The resinous woods, pine, fir, spruce, and cedar, with the birches and their leaves, the sugar maples and many others, are all contributing; even the roots of many plants growing in the warm loose ground beneath our tread are sending up a spicy odor, a reminder that they also are no small part of the forest's sweetness. It is a most glorious day, as onward we walk over this carpet of leaves that have been smitten by the frosts, deluged by the rain, thrashed and blown to the ground by the winds, and all of the most beautiful shades, lying beside the rocks and mosses, all blending well together.

The shadows from the trees above fall upon it all, with the sunlight shining in, softening the edges and fairly mellowing all the openings. If it is possible, we think we are made better by such scenes, such surroundings as these, and our hard hearts softened. And as we, with our packs and rifles mount the hills and stop a moment upon the summit to catch the breeze upon our warm faces, and see so far away and upon each hand, such wide expanse of green and golden forest, we are so cheered and refreshed at the prospect—and the breeze, that we seem to fairly bound with every step.

The old, half-sick feeling hanging over us so much at home has left us entirely; we felt the change, and missed it altogether just as we entered the dense wood. Our appetite, poor or indifferent at home, so much so that we often make our dear wives (dear to us now because so far away) miserable, to find that after striving hard to please us by cooking some favorite dish, we, instead of being kindly thankful for their goodness, appeared so indifferent, at times even elevating our eyebrows and with a sniff, ask, "be the pickles all

gone?" And why is it that here it is so different? Here the appetite always comes back to us again as it was in boyhood's days, when the smell of the toast, or newly ground buckwheat griddle cakes for instance, for supper, would make us run, leap, and fairly yell at the very first tinkle of the old tea bell.

From the time you enter the perfumed forest, until your return, you can never tire of this fragrance. You breathe in long draughts of a health-giving aroma, which never nauseates. You may feel a little thirsty and this is all right, coming to one of the many clear running brooks, one does not wait for the dipper, but kneeling down upon a piece of bark, or upon the large prominent root of the birch, often beside the water, that seems to be growing just there on purpose for us, drink long and hearty, three times as much of the sparkling nectar as we would of the lime rock mixture at home. And this does not make one feel at all uncomfortable at such a time; we travel on and soon the perspiration starts out upon us which is truly beneficial and promises us much toward a fine appetite, a clear head, and is a general improvement commenced. 'Tis just what we want; we are never afraid of this, for we cannot take cold here if half careful. This perspiration, with the air brimful of natures medicines from the trees and roots, the sharp appetite gained by exertion, this pure spring brook water, free from everything but goodness, of which you will keep drinking more and more, and often, as you are passing the streams, does so much for one. It washes out and cleanses the system from all the vile concoctions that we might have been swallowing in the form of medicines, or brace-ups, which always prove to be brace-downs. "We ought to know."

You cannot stay at home boys, keeping late hours, working continually under cover in your offices and stores, excluding the sunlight for fear of fading your goods, become sick and run down, and receive any such benefit from the doctor or his medicines, as is to be found here. Here it is without money and without price, yet priceless! And it is dealt out freely by a physician who knows well your case, whose beautiful advertisement is spread out so far and wide before us, over our heads and under our feet, so true, so convincing, that none will ever question it.

If I thought I had tendencies toward consumption, I would begin this day to make a memoranda for the woods. For the deep, dense, and dark, the shoal, light and bright, the high and low, the level and rolling, the hill and valley of the wild, wild, wood. With its sunny hills and shady thickets, its lovely lakes and streams, and numberless beauties and interests, that no pen ever did, will, or can describe. And why must they strive to cut it all down? Oh, woodsmen! spare a few trees, here and there, for the seed to blow about in the fall time. "Camp Ahoy!"

A PROFITABLE OUTING.

YEARS past, a young man was told by his physician that he was consumptive and advised him to seek for a cure among the balmy trees in the forest.

Writing for a trusty Indian he had often before hunted with, the Indian in due time came, finding the white man in his bed. Consulting together they formed their plans. The Indian got everything all ready in a day or two, and the young man being somewhat improved, they concluded to start for the woods.

The mother feeling almost as if she was looking upon her boy for the last time, fearing he might never return to her again in life, bid him good-bye with a sad heart. Arriving at the end of their railroad journey at the foot of the lakes, the Indian took him in his strong arms and carried him the short distance to his canoe upon the lake shore. Now placing him in the centre of the birch bark canoe, with many wraps and a pillow for his comfort and ease, he packed the remaining space with all they could carry for comfort and use. Taking his paddle and seating himself in the stern upon the crossbar, the Indian now paddled him away up the lake, of

which there were several to pass over before reaching their well-known camping ground at the head of a still water, and at the foot of the rips and falls, lying above.

I should be pleased to give a further account of their movements during their long stay, but was not well informed of the particulars. They undoubtedly found plenty of fish and game, for at the time, and even to this day, there are plenty of salmon-trout in the stream near where they were camping, and numerous deer, with small game, in the forest beside it. The Indian a good hunter and superior canoeman, was well-known to be trusty and faithful. Very late in the fall just before the lakes froze over, they returned, and at this time the white man remarked he could easily have carried the Indian had it been necessary. His consumption had "evaporated."

I believe, that from the moment of starting from the lake shore, the Indian's patient began to improve. Out of the house and close rooms, under the clear blue sky, on the bright waters, everything is so changed. At the first dip of the paddle, as the birch bark canoe moved out upon the lake and he heard the merry slap of the waters against the sides, the Indian saw his eye brighten, and a better glow upon his cheek. The easy, soothing motion of the canoe, like a cradle as she danced over the waves, settling down so easily from a large one, rising again like a wild duck high upon the summit of the next, just as it breaks, sending its white spray in the air, but not to wet the patient, for the expert canoeman sees every large comber coming and with an extra pull with his paddle, sends her away by, or balances right upon the crest, when she settles down with it like a gull, to gaily rise again as before.

I believe that the change, he lying wrapped warm in an abundance of wraps and clothing, the blue sky over his head, the sunshine warm and bright upon him, breathing in the pure bracing air that fanned his wasted, but even now, warm, moist cheek, began to cheer and cure him. And the faithful Indian had much to do with this change. Sitting in the stern looking down upon him smilingly, as he plied his paddle, and with strong assurance telling him like this, "You no be sick any much, when we get little while in camp. Only very littleum time fore you go shootum deer once more, all lone." Reminding him of the speckled beauties at the mouth of the brook, just below the camp-ground, and of the three, four, and even five pound salmon-trout at the very door of the tent at the foot of the falls, and in the rips. Describing the many good dishes he should cook for him, all furnished from forest and stream. Those juicy steaks of venison, the salmon-trout broiled upon the coals, and roasted and smothered beneath them, retaining all its juices and flavor, the delicate soups from the venison, and the grouse, all about them, and, as he grows a little stronger, the more hearty smothers of venison, cooked long and slowly, tightly covered meanwhile, in the bake-kettle.

The changing scenes in this forest life; the faithfulness and watchful care of his staunch Indian friend; his own love for this kind of life, would bring the strongest hopes to him and banish all despondency.

The Indian's knowledge of, and aptness in preparing the many plants and roots for his drinks, his fragrant bough bed, with a warm fire at his feet day and night, so much to interest and cheer him through the day, his quiet, peaceful sleep from dark until the early morning's light, why should he not

continue to live on and tarry with us? And he did, through frequently journeying again and again to the depths of the health-giving wildwood, enjoying its many, many pleasing interests, and advantages, with the atmosphere fairly loaded with ozone, the consumptive's food.

BOYS, YOU NEED NOT BE LOST.

BOYS of little experience in travelling through the forest often say, like this: "I wish I could tramp the woods wherever I wish without getting astray." Now I think most any boy can soon learn to keep his course and be able to determine about where he is, if he will remember always to keep in mind the direction in which he is travelling. In the first place, you know that the sun rises in the east and sets in the west. "We always know that." Exactly, but keep it in mind just the same. Every hour from its rising until its setting you can locate it, and knowing where the sun is, and remembering how you have been travelling, you will know where you are yourself.

In the middle of the forenoon the sun is in the south-east (or near enough to answer your purpose); at noon in the south; middle of the afternoon, south-west; and when the sun shines brightly out, it is quite easy to keep in mind the course. Say for instance, you have travelled about two miles south, then two west; you are south-west of your starting point; a north-east course will take you back. Perhaps after walking north-east awhile to get back, you find swamp or

hard travelling; a course due east hits your outward track, and so it is all around the points of the compass. Getting lost comes mostly from getting excited about it. Always have your compass where it cannot be lost. After some practice and much observation you can determine almost at a glance, as the Indian does, which is north and south. (I refer to this in other pages). You learn to tell by the trees and their branches, the rocks and mosses.

You can find where the sun is by the point of your knife-blade, held perpendicular upon your thumb nail. Twirl it slowly around and it is a dark day indeed when it will not cast a slight shadow from the sun upon your nail. Then by consulting your watch you find you are all right, after coolly thinking it all over. The best of woodsmen needs his compass on a dark day. Hardly any one, but an Indian, gets along entirely without it. Even he has strayed before now, according to an old story, but would not admit it. When the white man met him and asked him if he were lost, he straightened up and answered, "Oh no! Indian no lost, wigwam he lost sure."

Often getting astray, I have found myself going exactly opposite to my right course. This I could not believe until referrring to the compass; even then doubting if it could be correct or was working right. But remember, if a fairly good one, it is always right, and we must always go by its pointing even though it seems all wrong according to our judgment. Again we would say, keep your reckoning and you need not be far astray. You are not often far away from the woodsman's axe and old lumber roads, though they may be well grown up again, you can yet trace them. You come to some small brook; this runs to a larger, usually, then to river or

lake. On the old lumber operations, notice this, that very few logs are ever hauled up hill. See the scarf upon the stump, "the tree fell that way," you say. Exactly, and there are some remains of the top to prove it. Now they twitched it out over this short branch road, or path like, to the main road; then it was loaded on the sled and went down the road to landing on lake or river, perhaps right by the camp door. From here you can find their tote, or supply road, which you will recognize after following a little way. It is quite different from the logging road which must be wide, well cleaned out, free from stumps, usually straight, pretty level or down grade, in order to haul such large loads of logs as they always do.

The supply road is narrow, perhaps running up and down hills and over humpy cradle knowls, in many places crooks and quick turns. Often in its turns a tree is left that should have been cut out, now showing many a rub from the whippletrees in passing. Nearly always grown up in many places to grass and clover, with a scattering bunch of oats, all of which take root and grow from scattering seeds, falling from loads of provender hauled to the camp. This leads you eventually to the main travelled highway.

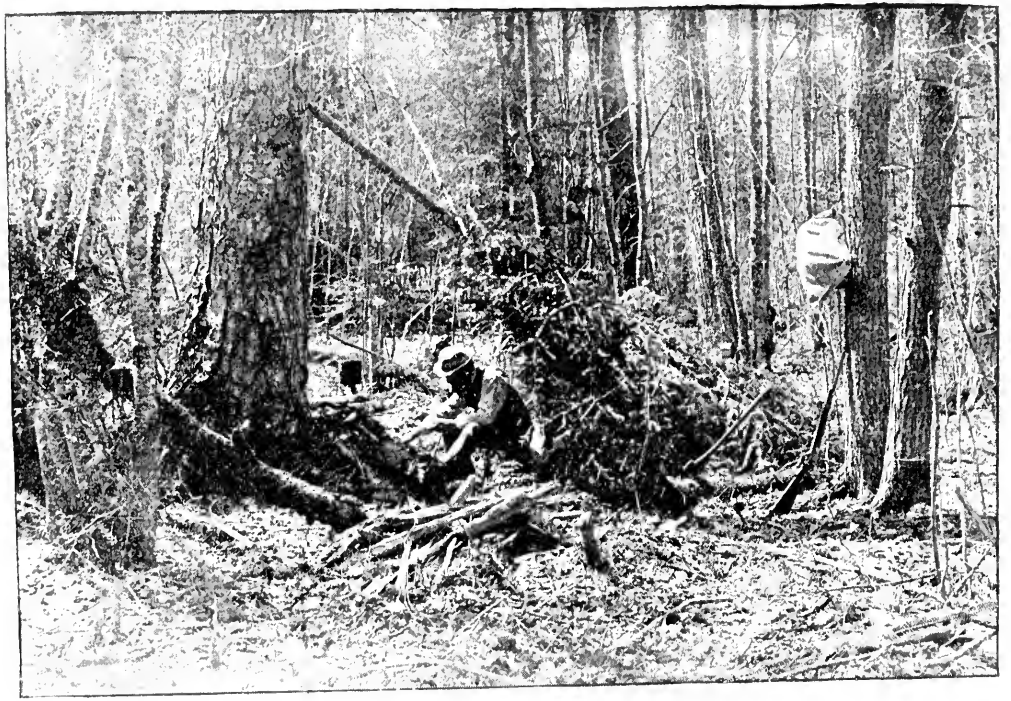
SHOULD THE HUNTER GET LOST?

WHAT proud monarch is happier than the hunter, with his sure rifle, tramping his familiar hunting grounds where he knows every hill, lake and stream, his rifle always carried at easy rest beneath his arm, as he quietly threads his way through, to him, the well-known woods by the haunts of the game. It is no place for his rifle resting over his shoulder, for that and two arms in the air makes three, as he jerks it down for a shot, and the deer jumps quickly away, as he sees these motions. His light hunting axe hung with strap and case over his shoulder, dry matches in a water-tight safe or glass vial in pocket. In his knapsack, which need not be heavily loaded, a firm blanket, always a small quantity of salt and pepper, and perhaps a piece of dried venison, a small piece of pork, some pilot bread, or home-made, a little tea and sugar, and a pint dipper, but this not to be carried where it will glisten in the sun. A good servicable pocket knife with the proper formed blade for skinning. Of course he can carry a big bowie, but every useless extra, adds its weight. Always his sure working compass, and one that opens and shuts easily, for at times he must look at it often,

when the sun is obscured, must even hold it in his hand when the snow is falling in flakes the size of a ten cent piece, or he may not keep his course.

Now boys, catch a quick sight as I fly out of tangle number one, through a little clearer space, and I will try and tell you how one could do if he should miss his way in the woods, and be too late to find a shelter for the night. Suppose the hunter is lost. No, not lost, for a fairly good woodsman never gets entirely lost with his compass by him. We will suppose he is strayed and cannot make his way to the home camp, or point of destination, by the remaining daylight. Night is coming and he must camp. Now this is not a difficult job at all for a well, healthy fellow, rather a bit of interest to be added to his trampings; and well and healthy he should be and surely is, if he has been in the forest a few days, for here we regain health and jolly spirits very quickly, cannot help doing so; in fact, we hardly ever take a cold while in the woods.

Finding he has but little time, he should not press on with uncertainty before him; and he need not get the least excited, for he is all right. How is the wind? North-west and a little colder than pleasant. He goes back a piece to the brook he just crossed, selects the south side of a small rocky bluff, backed by a thicket of evergreens and small spruce, and chooses this for a camping chance. There is plenty of hard wood growing near, mixed with spruce and fir, and handy by, lies an old down pine, resting upon the bed pieces. It is dry and pitchy from years of sunshine, large slabs of thick bark that have fallen off it, lying beneath. It was cut and condemned for some slight fault by some hardy lumberman, long, long ago, who now lies mouldering in his grave. Seeing



THE LOST HUNTER.

this, he stands in reverie, but he should not, as he wants every moment of the remaining light to prepare for his camping.

A partridge over his head now begins to scold him for intruding upon her feeding ground, when he quickly raises his rifle, steadying the barrel against a tree (our old critic could have done it off-hand); the leaden messenger takes off his head, which falls with, and close beside the quivering bird upon the ground. In two moments this is skinned, dressed, cleansed in the brook and hanging upon a limb. At the foot of the large yellow birch tree upon which the grouse was feeding, large bare prominent roots reach out from the birch to right and left, forming a natural fire place, the tree conducting upwards most of the smoke, serving as a very nice chimney. Seeing this he cuts a small beech, gets two pieces from it for stakes, drives them close beside and outside of the two roots, giving him a good resting place for his fore-sticks.

He now cuts wood for the fire, maple and birch, with a few good sized sticks to burn till morning; chips off all loose bark from his large birch chimney high as he can reach with his axe, for kindlings, and to prevent their burning and dropping down upon him. He has now a stock of wood; should he need more he must get it by firelight or torch. But as yet he needs no fire, his coat is off hanging upon a branch, the perspiration is out upon his brow; he stops a moment and turns his face to catch a little of the cool north-wester, which now and again puffs over the higher land, and he smiles to think it's all right and he is soon to have a good chance for the night. A spruce six or eight inches at the bottom is cut down, the thick growth of branches are trimmed off and thrown in a heap. Thinking more boughs would be nice, another spruce is sacrificed and its branches added. Next he

cuts from the spruce number one, it being the larger, his fore-sticks and back logs. From spruce number two, he cuts about fourteen feet from off the large end, raises the smaller end to rest securely against his chimney, six or seven feet high from and over his fire place, the large end resting upon the ground to windward, near the rocky bluff. This is ridge pole, rafters and frame.

Now if any snow is upon the ground he cleans it out, using his snow-shoe for a shovel, handled by the toe strap and the trail end. If deep and crusty he may tramp it down level and solid with the snow-shoes upon his feet. If bark is handy, he lays in a dry flooring and covers it with the small boughs of fir, always to be found. He will now shingle his roof by taking the largest spruce limbs at the first. He commences a few feet from his fire place and hangs them on each side of his ridge pole, the thick, close ends resting upon the ground, so enclosing his oven shaped camp. Then the smaller shingled on over these, and had he the time, could add enough in this manner to shed the rain. Consulting his watch he finds it is just fifty-nine minutes since he stood quietly thinking beside the old pine log. It is getting near dark. After his supper he will be up and about, picking up handy by-wood, occasionally eyeing his temporary home with much satisfaction. He puts on his coat for a moment, now his hurry is over, lights his fire, and soon the large birch tree adds its share of heat, which, if a cold night, is an advantage, as it throws the heat directly in his camp. Placing a seat by the fire, he opens his knapsack, lays aside his blanket (which was packed next his shoulders) spreads his luncheon out upon his snow-shoes or a piece of bark, fills his dipper from the brook, adds a little tea and places it upon the coals to steep,

cuts a suitable stick with a crotch or fork at the end, upon which he impales his grouse, salted and peppered, with a piece of pork hanging over it, then pushes the end of this stick obliquely into the ground, just right for his bird to come over the coals, and supports it by another forked stick in its centre. This soon fills the air with a most appetizing flavor. His tea coming to a boil, is set back a little. Soon his broiled partridge is being cooked and browned to a turn. His appetite by this time is fine, and though in the deep forest alone, he has had no chance or thought of being lonely, and makes a hearty supper; and then, as some would, for it adds to the cheeriness, he lights his pipe and with a real contented laugh, says: "who's lost?" The large gray owl sitting upon a dead branch just across the brook, startles him by immediately answering: "Whoo! ho-ho-o-o-o."

After a good smoke and a look around his cosy camp, he replenishes his fire, adding the large sticks, packs up the remains of his repast, takes his snow-shoes and a bunch of boughs for a pillow, wraps snug in his blanket, and is soon sleeping warm and comfortable. He has no wild animals to fear in the Aroostook wilds; they may tell their wild stories of being chased and only escaping by some lucky chance, but it somehow seems a mistake we think, the animals all run much too fast the other way.

If in the night it snows, then warmer grows his camp. Should it rain and put out his fire during his sleep and he has provided nothing for a torch, he takes a small piece of pork an inch or so square and as long as his finger, makes a hole through the skin with the point of his knife to receive a cane-like stick sharpened at each end, for a handle, then splits the fat meat across the centre, half way down, again across the

other way the same, giving him a candle with four wicks. This he succeeds in lighting with match number three or four, and proceeds to the dry pine, or a leaning cedar, from the under side of which he gets dry kindlings and will soon be warm again. If a jolly smoker, he again lights his pipe, which under such circumstances seems most companionable, and then with his fire brightly blazing, cheers him up once more. Next morning, most likely, he has the bright sunshine, if not, his trusty compass will lead him to camp and a good breakfast.

OUR RED SQUIRRELS.

WHERE is the boy that does not love the jolly little red squirrel? He is not to be found, for his frisky playfulness brings the smile to every face. Full of life, fun and frolic, they cheer us with their happy chatter from sun up in the morning, until it leaves them at evening, in the darkening shadows, when they quickly run away to their warm nests, to sleep until the new day brings them joyously out again. He is a hardy little fellow, always in good condition, and in the very best of spirits, sleek and glossy, as he sits upon a stump with his pretty tail curled over his back, holding his spruce cone in his little hands while he nibbles off the outside, which he throws away with quick jerks of his head, to the right and left, showing intense satisfaction, as he eats the inner part he loves.

Below, beside the stump, you may see a small round hole in the snow, which he is always careful not to have large enough for an enemy, but just the size for his own small body to pass up and down, from which he brings out his cones, to eat them in the warm sunshine. He has a goodly store, nicely housed, laid in during the fall, gathered at the proper

time from the always abundant harvest. The ground never freezes to trouble him in the deep wood beneath the snows, and in the early fall he digs down far enough to be below the cold and all danger of frost; then under the stump which is his roof he makes his nest, lining it with the finest silver gray birch bark, while all around him in little avenues is stored his winter supply of cones, hazel and beech nuts, maple seeds, etc. He is such a busy worker all through the pleasant fall weather that no doubt he hides away more than he can possibly eat during the cold months, yet he is out often, just the same, getting his dinner from the tops of the spruces, in the sunny days. During the coldest dark weather, you hardly see him out of his warm nest, but as soon as the sun shines warm again he is quickly in sight, his cheeks distended with beech nuts, or a cone between his teeth, which he likes to eat in the sunshine. The forests are full of them, wherever you go, and every few steps you take when passing over the knolls, through the thick spruces, you are greeted anew, and again, as they see you coming, with half angry barks, and their happy laughing chatter as they dart away to a hiding-place to re-appear in a half moment after you have passed, sending after you their loudest jolly jingling chatter. Sitting with the captain one day during the last of the Indian summer watching a favorite crossing for the deer, we were most sure we heard a deer or caribou walking toward us, but it proved to be this merry little fellow, upon the top of a spruce tree, gathering his supply of cones for winter use. He was jumping from one branch to another, biting off the nearly ripe cones, and getting one between his teeth, he invariably tossed it over his head far out beyond the larger limbs, and the cones falling in quick succession upon the leaves, easily deceived us. We

watched his busy motions with much interest until a cloud passed over the sun, and a few drops of rain came pattering down upon the leaves, when he quickly scampered down, and seizing a large cone, ran lively for his dry nest. He is an ardent lover of the sunshine, and often when it leaves him in the cold shadows, he will dart away for his nest, or hug closer to the body of his tree, as he sits on a limb on the leeward side, without making a sound, waiting the re-appearance of the sun when he immediately bursts forth anew, chattering loud and long in his happiness.

THE AROOSTOOK SABLE.

THIS beautiful furred little villian, when seen at his best in mid-winter, when his fur is prime, long, dark and rich, when he is skipping about over the pure white crusted snow, in and out among the evergreens, is a beauty indeed. No one can see, but to admire him, for his elegant appearance, great activity and swift, easy motions. The length of his bounds when leaping away, at being quickly surprised, are astonishing for such a small fellow, and his movements are as light and easy as those of a bird. Yet he is a veritable rascal, this same beautiful scamp, and as cruel and bloodthirsty as any that range the forest. His favorite food in summer is the young birds and rabbits, of which he will a'ways get a large share, and he plays sad havoc with the young partridges. In winter the squirrels and full grown rabbits make him many a supper. Mice are to be had at any time, but he pays but little attention to them unless very hungry, leaving them mostly for foxy and the weazels. He is trapped in winter and spring for his fine fur, and is easily enticed to the steel trap, or wooden dead fall, baited with squirrel or partridge meat, which he scents a long way, and scarce ever goes by

without giving it a bite. Running his head in at the entrance of the dead fall prepared for him, he reaches far back and seizes the bait always wishing to run away with it before eating. But finding it securely tied with a strip of the inner bark of cedar to the end of the spindle, he braces his stout little legs under him, takes a fresh grip of the meat, and pulls this time to get it, when down comes the fall piece across his neck or shoulders, which is loaded with sufficient logs to hold him, and his breath lasts him but a moment. Here the hunter finds him when next visiting his traps, as scarcely ever does any animal eat the sable. We have sometimes felt a little "sorry on it," (as the Indian says) for the killing of some animals, particularly a female deer, but have never wasted much sympathy upon the sable, knowing him to be most pitilessly cruel himself, to prove which, we will tell you something of him from observation.

A companion and myself were going over our traps one drizzly morning in winter, after a changeable day and night of raining and freezing, giving us on this morning a good crust upon the deep snow for snow-shoeing. We remember it was the first for the season, and although the heavy mist was yet falling and dripping from the trees, we felt that we must get out in the roads and try the crust, for a slight rain or snow storm hardly ever kept us in camp in those days. Only pitiless old Boreas, with his sharp bitings, could drive us from the ridges. We had just passed over a small rise of land and were walking by the edge of a swamp, when my friend, who seldom forgets his meerschaum, but sometimes forgets he carries a gun, sings out: "Oh! Oh! look at him, look at him!" A rabbit, which here in Aroostook are so large that they might almost be called hare, came bounding

toward us, much as if for protection, then circled away again, and on, beside the swamp. He was the sorriest looking specimen of his kind we ever saw, which was owing to his long race in the drizzle, as wet as if he had been soaked for days, and so thin that he looked the ghost of one, when dry. He was taking his best leaps for his life, for close behind him came little "Mr. Sable," taking easy, graceful bounds, looking as dry and smooth as if just out of his nest, taking the race as cool as if he already had him killed, which he knew he surely would have, shortly. As the rabbit ran to us and shied away again, the sable gained on him by keeping straight on, without shortening his leaps as he turned his eye on us, and both were soon out of sight. As they both passed within easy shooting distance, I remarked, "Why didn't you shoot him?" "Shoot what?" "Why, the sable of course?" "Gracious! I didn't know I had the gun. Oh, wasn't that sable a beauty!" We have all been as interested at some time in our lives, and did not think to shoot in time. And then a chance like this but seldom offers, as this kind of rabbit hounding by the sable is mostly during moonlight nights and very early in the mornings.

You may be sure he had poor bunny nearly tired out, and doubtless as soon as they reached thick growth and the rabbit tried a side dodge, he was out-generaled and pounced upon by a few quicker long leaps, when the timid victim, with a few pitiful cries would yield up his life at once, as they do not show the least fight with this enemy. Like the greyhound, he, the sable, runs on sight, keeping handy to his prey, but if he misses seeing it for a moment, his nose is to the ground, like a foxhound, when he quickly finds the track and is again soon in sight, seeming in no great hurry to

end the chase, but rather enjoying it, and bunny's wild frantic bouncing, toward the last, as the distance grows less between them, and the rabbit is near exhausted.

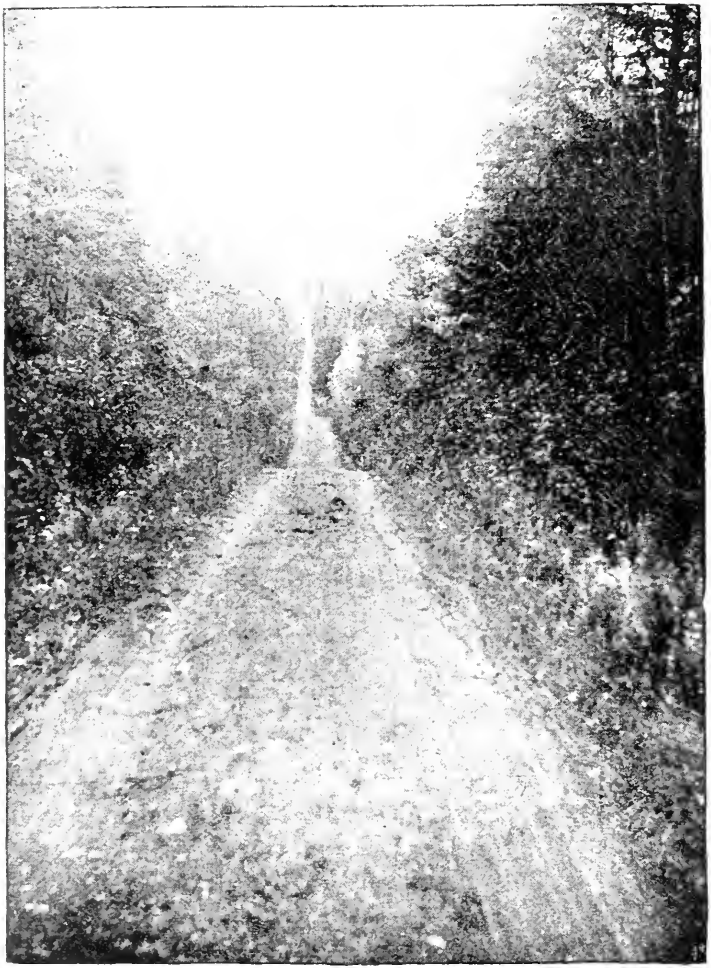
Our worthy commodore "of the birch-bark squadron," once witnessed a comical scene, while a sable was chasing a rabbit, when a partridge saved a rabbit's life. He was out early one morning, after a light fall of snow, still hunting for a deer. When but a little way from camp as he stood leaning beside a tree watching the woodland o'er for a moment, a rabbit came jumping by him, and a sable close behind. Neither noticed the commodore as they passed him, and near at hand, as the rabbit was jumping between some low fir bushes which were half snowed under, he was struck underneath by a fluttering partridge, which he had frightened out of his snow bed. The partridge (thinking no doubt but that reynard was after him again,) was kicked back by the rabbit, as the rabbit tumbled over in the snow with a piteous cry, sure that the sable had him at last; but finding his legs, he quickly disappeared, jumping high and dodging wide, as the frightened partridge whirred past him. The astonished sable disgusted at this new phase of the hunt, stopped suddenly, then turned on his back track, and was just leaping out of sight as the commodore turned to look for him.

Sleeping rather late one quiet morning in camp, we were awakened by plaintive cries, quite loud at first, but soon subsiding and ending. This we knew to be poor bunny, and that he was being killed by the fisher, fox, or sable. Getting up quietly, we took down the shotgun, and slipped into it a cartridge of buckshot, hoping the murderer might prove to be the indian devil (little panther, or cougar,) said to be occasionally on this range at this season, and crept out to the

corner of the camp where we knew by the sounds the murder was being committed. Moving carefully we were not heard. About twenty yards away, at the corner of the old hovel, among a patch of elder bushes, a pretty young sable was sucking the blood from the throat of a rabbit. We stood very still, hidden, watching the scene. Having drank of his blood until his sides puffed out, he seized him by the neck and was pulling him away to where he would be hidden, when he would come again at night and make a full supper of him. But the elder stems grew too thick for him to do this, just in that direction, for as he backed and jerked the rabbit to him, it brought up against the shoulders between the stout elders that grew just right to trouble him. It was amusing to see his angry motions; he would seize him by the throat, spring backward and tumble over, then up and try it again, but Bunny would not come. During this time, we held the gun in readiness, meaning to be his judge, jury, and executioner, but he was so smart and pretty, with a bright orange spot under his throat, that gradually, we weakened, and finally concluded he should live (*"to get prime."*)

About this time as he was giving angry jerks to right and left, it was so comical to see him brace and try, that we had to laugh, when quick as lightning, his eye was on us, and in an instant, he bounded away. We secured the rabbit, which was a nice fat one. A bite upon the shoulder showed where he had first caught on to him, and the mark under his throat from which he had sucked his blood, were the only wounds. The rabbit was nice for food, and had been well bled in the proper place, so thanking him for providing a dinner for us, we hung it in the cool corner of the camp porch with a bunch of partridges.

Next morning at daybreak, we were again awakened by a slight noise, this time in the porch, and creeping to the window, we looked out and saw the same little cut-throat with the bright orange mark, making sad havoc with our birds. He had been there some time, as he had the rabbit and partridges down upon the ground and was having lots of fun, up to his back in game and feathers. He ignored his own catch and had sadly torn our birds. Again we reached down the shot-gun, this time meaning death to the destroyer. Loading with duck-shot, we softly opened the door, when he instantly took the hint and was making long leaps for a leaning birch. As he reached the tree, the duck-shot overtook him, killing him instantly. A day or two after, upon the old hovel, and nearly over the same spot where he committed the murder, he was hung beside his victim, in front of a back ground of newly peeled white birch-bark, occupying the most prominent place over a bunch of partridges, with a saddle of venison and a handsome string of trout beneath, when all were photographed by the Doctor.



THE OLD ARCOSTOOK ROAD.

THE AROOSTOOK PARTRIDGE.

WHERE is the sportsman that fails to enthuse over this magnificient game-bird? To begin with he is as handsome as a bird can be. "How so! with no bright plumage?" "'Tis even so! without the bright plumage." We will leave the bright and gaudy, for the birds we do not eat, for we want it not upon our superb drummer partridge. And he is so numerous all over our Aroostook wilds, that you may find him almost anywhere you roam. And if, when on a tramp through our forests, wishing for a delicious broil, you should hardly be disappointed, for, from the first farm, or clearing, to the limit of your travel, he is ever to be seen. Often in the old logging roads; even in the dense swamps, at the foot of the ridges, on the top of them, over the cant of the same, getting a drink from his favorite brook perhaps, where you may find him always, in the driest weather, and during a drought he scarcely leaves the cool shaded brookside he loves so well. Handy to the sunny ridges, handy to the brook, and the thick evergreen swamp wherein he loves to roost. At a certain time in the fall, the flock hardly leaves the swamps, finding at this season of the year the food they like

in abundance. But heavy frosts coming, such food becomes withered, sour and unpalatable, and again they show themselves across the brook upon the ridge. Birch buds constitute their principal food in winter, and they seem to be the proper thing, as we scarce hear of the birds being in a poor condition. On the south side of the ridge, usually handy to the brook, and likely on the knoll, instinct teaching her the spot is dry, is where she builds her nest. Often in a sly chance, and occasionally, but not very often, are they discovered.

We remember seeing one with a tight roof. The bark peelers had left a sheet of bark behind them, one end lay upon the log it came from, the other resting upon the ground. This was so cosy, such a complete shelter, that lady P took the chance. She had lined it with soft, wild grasses at the first and would add many of her abundant feathers towards the last. If nothing prevented, she would have a nest brimful of pretty white eggs, that are beautiful to look in upon. How she hates to have you find the nest, and more especially if her little chicks are just hatched out. She is brave for a fight, but first uses strategy to lead you off. Her feathers are ruffled forward, and with head down, tail spread out, wings dragging, she plays lame or wounded, as if saying Come now! Come on, you can easily catch me! which is only to entice you from her nest; and if not succeeding in drawing you away from her brood, grows furiously wild, if an old one, that has had the care of several broods of babies; every feather is raised in anger against you; full of courage now, and at the risk of her life she flies directly at you, as if she would like to peck out your eyes, trying hard to take your attention wholly from her brood.

These pretty little velvety baby birds, often seen when no

larger than sparrows, so smart and quick, if only a few hours old, even with a portion of the shell yet sticking to the backs of two or three, are gone the moment you see them. The mother knowing she has given them time to hide away, makes a final dart at your face; you close your eyes as you make a slap at her for her impudence, but she is gone. She is sailing off as if to fly far away, but watch her! she settles down a little among the trees and bushes, sweeps around back, flying low down, and lights upon the ground behind the bushes and but a little piece from her hidden chicks, to wait and watch you between the leaves. You now move away as if hiding from her and where you can view the ground. You are quiet, and presently you see a leaf tip up, a little raised head is seen peeping out from under; that is one of the cunning chicks; it thinks itself hidden if only its head is under a leaf though the body is all exposed. How still it keeps; not a movement except raising its head and listening. Looking keenly you see several heads sticking up, not one moving, but all listening, their bright eyes all seem turned in one and the right direction. In a moment or two, the mother as she hears nothing of you, commences calling softly, "pletes"—"pletes"—"pletes," when immediately they are all running straight to the sound, and are soon huddled beneath the mother's wings.

At this time, when the little ones can scarcely fly, they get over the ground surprisingly quick, their small apology for wings aiding their legs, and their pursuers must be keen sighted to see where they hide. They have many an enemy as they are a very choice bite. The weazel, mink, sable, fisher, owl, the hawk, and others have an eye on them, yet the mother is constantly on the watch, protecting them if

possible, though she lose her life. At the first sight of an intruder, if knowing her family is discovered, she flies directly at the enemy, at the same time giving the chicks warning to hide themselves.

Feeding much upon yellow birch buds, after heavy frosts come, and usually they are budding in pairs, as they have now mated, yet we sometimes see a dozen or more feeding upon the same tree, and think it a pretty sight. The trees are usually tall and at this time leafless. The buds grow thrifty and thick upon the upper and outer branches and twigs. The birds sitting distributed all about the tree, quite little distances from each other, the small branches gently swaying and rocking with their weight, the birds so plainly outlined, all busy as bees, until their crops are nearly full, taking no notice of you if you are quiet, give us, all free, one of the many interesting pictures (and a live one) to be seen in the snowy woods in winter. But after the first heavy frosts come and the beech nuts are ripe, they are happy indeed. By this time they have made their love engagements with each other in their own pretty way. The oldest drummer has selected the prettiest and youngest pullet he can find, and now leads her to the south side of the high sunny ridge where he knows (and tells her truly, always,) the sweetest beech nuts grow. The birds get in their best condition upon this food, and, if it were possible, the flavor of the broil is improved.

We left a dozen or fifteen pretty little chicks behind, that we wish to speak of again, and should like to say how nature had colored, or painted them, but fail to do them justice when we say, they were a light golden and orange brown, beautifully mottled, and richly shaded. But now they are

full as large as the mother bird, and we will say that it is the first of winter, getting along toward evening. The ground is frozen and covered with snow. Their food in the swamps is frozen and spoiled; the young clover along the old woods road, with the winterberry, snowberry and bunchberry, are all covered with snow and the old lady must find them other food.

This she knows well how to do, as she is just now leading them up from the brook and swamp, and across the old wood road to a thrifty yellow birch upon the side of the ridge, fairly loaded with buds. These from the frost are now just sweetening off to their taste. The old lady leading on ahead, stops a little away from the tree, and turns one eye up toward its top, steps a little to one side, and looks again. Perhaps this is the first time the young birds ever made a full meal off birch buds. Up flies the old one; all follow, one and two at a time. Now begins their supper. We can watch them and almost see their crops round out, with the quantity they eat; then they have finished, all seem to have enough. We do not want to shoot any of them, as we have plenty of meat at camp. Soon they are talking to each other. The mother bird looks around upon her now big babies, saying something which all understand; squats low upon her breast, spreads her wings, and leaving the branch wildly swaying up and down, flies straight as an arrow across the old road, down, over the brook to the large spruce, in the evergreen thicket. All follow, lighting upon the same tree with the mother bird, all are now talking together at the same time without regard to etiquette, until a slight hint from Mother P, when they shake their wings, dress their feathers down with throat and bill, stretch first one leg, then the other, take

two or three short steps up and down, then cuddling close to their branch, place their heads beneath their wings and soon are sleeping, whilst the old lady keeps one eye open for callers.

Passing by the same locality in midwinter the same covey are in the trees again budding, getting another supper of birch buds, and as we are toiling slowly along toward camp, pulling after us our heavily laden toboggans, we are more than willing to stop to rest a moment and watch our birds. Sitting upon our sleds and keeping quiet, they do not mind us at all after their first look and scolding us a little, merely crane high their necks, take a look down with one eye, commence to feed again and forget our presence. There is two feet of light snow upon the ground, the cold wind is now dying out and the prospect is for a cold, still night.

The birds are about done feeding, but as the sun is shining a little of its last warmth for the day upon them, they sit close down upon the limbs hugging their feathers down to their bodies, draw down their necks until you just see their small heads above their breasts, and seem to say, "let us have the very last of the sunshine;" or perhaps they just sleep a little bit, and what is most likely, are saying their bird prayers, being thankful for this little bit of sunshine in winter and for the bounteous store of sweet birch buds everywhere growing for them.

"We are getting tired of this, birdies; you should not sleep when you have company." The old lady indignant at hearing us speaking, or feeling the change in the temperature now that the sun is down, rises upon her feet and with a "pletes! pletes! pletes!" flies head downward, plumb in and under the snow. "How! had she been contemplating suicide?"

"No indeed, this is their warmest place to sleep in a cold night. Watch the others; there they go every one of them, landing but a few feet apart; they imitate the mother movement exactly, under the snow and out of sight, every one. Wait one moment more and watch. See! the old one has just poked her nose out and is looking the situation over." Three or four more little black heads are pushed up a little through their white blankets; one gives a little twittering sound, which is good-night, when the dark heads all disappear. The snow closes in after them, and unless one had watched their movements or knew of their ways, he would never mistrust what made the many now nearly closed openings in the snow, where they scooted in and under, about three or four feet from where each one is cuddled with its head beneath its wing.

We often hear the boys say, "such heavy crusts this winter, we fear the birds will all be frozen under the snow." Yet they seem just as plenty again the next fall; a few birds may be too long imprisoned, and but a very few, for the crusts very soon become friable after more snows fall upon them. Occasionally the fox and the fisher helps them out if they scent them, and yet, these smart fellows do not always succeed in getting them, as we have noticed by reading their movements, by the signs on the light snow over the crust.

"What is meant by a drummer; does he drum in the fall? How does he drum?" Occasionally they do a little drumming in the fall but nothing compared with their spring-time drumming. We were speaking of their courting and pairing off in the fall, and at this time the young males practice their first at the drumming and calling the lady bird. One must laugh to see him parade himself, raise the black ruffle about

his neck, spread wide his tail, and strut proudly and daintily up and down before the admiring pullets. But in the spring-time when the snow is all gone and the warm rains have washed the trees and branches, the old logs, stumps, rocks and mosses, and the thick carpet of leaves upon the ground all clean again, and the winter accumulation finds its way to the bottom, adding its plant and tree food to the lowest, wet and decaying leaves and the rich mold already there, when every twig and bud seems smiling with the changes, with the evergreens standing all about, fairly mellow in the sunshine, seeming every hour to grow a prettier green, and more intensely beautiful with the warmth of the sun that has now come with its new power and to stay, bringing all back to new life again. Then the partridge drums, and drums as if a herald, spreading the glad tidings to all the dwellers of the forest. He is wary and watching whilst drumming, and to see him at this time, you must creep cautiously and be hidden from his view.

Down in the swamp upon some shaded knoll or a little way up the ridge in a thicket of evergreens, here is his own favorite drumming log, and no other "masculinous partrigenus" (?) dare approach it. If the log is a dry hollow one, it conveys the loud and lively drumming sounds. If wet, mossy and decaying only upon the outside, the sounds are less, more muffled, and making him appear much farther away than he really is. Hark! hear him again? It sounds much as if you placed the palm of your hand upon a dry hollow log, beating it slowly at first, three or four beats, then increasing, quicker and harder for a half moment, then lighter to the end of the other half of the moment, and you get some idea of the drumming sounds. But he does not beat the log with his

wings, as many would suppose, to hear him. Strutting back and forth over the length of his log, he will stop at times, crane his neck, and with head turned a little to one side, downward, listen, then march on again, stepping slowly and daintily, his head just on a line with his back and he is making a pretty little bow at each step. Again he stops at the other end of his log and listens as before. As he sees not nor hears his lady love, he turns, spreads wide his tail and repeats the promenade back again. This he will do many times, often unfolding his wings and shaking them out as if exercising for strength of muscle in his arms for the drumming. Again he reaches the centre of his log (which is usually his drumming spot) stops, turns in the direction from which he is expecting his charmer and again he is listening.

She seems a born coquette and is no doubt coming with slow mincing steps, taking the most roundabout way behind the logs and bushes, stopping often to pretend to be taking a bite from something she has no appetite for; perhaps sitting down upon the sunnyside of a fir bush to watch and laugh at him, as she peeks between its branches. Finally stopping in the centre of his log, he stretches his head and neck high in air, standing straight as any soldier drummer boy, opens and extends his wings to right and left, brings them half-way back and beats them against his sides and breast, as before mentioned. Commencing with three or four beats slowly, then faster and quicker until his wings vibrate with lightning-like rapidity, producing loudest sounds when half through, when the sound begins to lessen, dwindling down to the end as if the effort was tiring him.

Come with me gentle reader, where we can hear this jolly, gamey drummer at his best. We will step out of the hunting

lodge on a bright still morning in the sweet spring-time and listen to him. He is just over the small clearing and the narrow strip of lowland, through which runs the brook, upon the ridge opposite and nearly on a level with us, some thirty rods away. How very plainly we hear him. And now, as the last sounds die away to quiet stillness again, another drummer far beyond, as if waiting his turn, joins on immediately and continues the drumming lively, if fainter, like a far away echo of the first, and as we are listening to catch the last vibrating sounds which comes to us with the gentle southerly breeze now springing up, the large red headed woodpecker, wholly without good manners, bursts out with loudest pounding upon the tall hollow pine just behind us, then with a laughing squawk, as we turn quickly toward him, flies away with long swoops downward for another tree handy by, to repeat and re-echo his merry tattoo. Again our first drummer, after waiting a few moments slowly commences, but is soon giving us another exhibition of his quick wing power upon his breast, clearly conveyed to us by aid of the dry log. Then often from three or four different points in the wood, at this time in the morning, we hear it repeated, when finally the drumming all ceases. They have probably now gone to breakfast, but will again cheer us with more lively drumming just before sundown, and perhaps (as we have often heard them) even late in the night, when the moon is shining brightly out, and if we are not sleeping too sound, we may be awakened by some young and amorous fellow, that is not yet half tired of his newly acquired accomplishment, giving us extra, a free and merry serenade.

ALL GOOD BUT ONE.

AT THE CAMP IN THE WILD WOODS.

'Tis the last of mild September, now the boys arrive at camp,
Each one happy with the prospect of canoeing and the tramp;
All are merry, busy fellows, some are cleaning up the house,
Crying woe to every spider, deal the death to every mouse.

Soon the lodge is all in order, and, from the sleeping place
The fragrance of the balsam boughs fills every little space;
The shelves are newly papered and 'tis clean as one can make,
So we'll pair off after dinner for the ridges, stream and lake.

As we dip the purest water from the spring beside the bridge,
We hear the Captain's chopping echoed loudly o'er the ridge;
Then he builds the jolly fire outside in open air,
While the Doctor peels the onions in the breezes blowing fair.

Soon Frank cuts the steak, gets it ready for the wire,
While Georgie lays the table far to windward of the fire;
Now Jeff brews the coffee, 'tis so good, before we think
Like Oliver Twist, we ask for more, "I'll take another drink."

'Most the last of gay October, and the days so fair and bright,
We almost wish them twice as long, though half as long the night;
For the pleasant time goes quickly, in the sunny autumn days,
All too soon the sun is leaving with its last golden rays.

THE BROAD BARREN.

NOT truly barren indeed, do we consider these interesting and often attractive lowlands. In many of them we see much that is pleasing and which invites our attention. The one we are pleased to speak of, is to us, full of interest winter or summer. On a sunny day in winter it shows a gay and cheerful picture, from the many belts and clumps of pretty evergreens scattered through it upon the more slightly elevated spots among the many dwarfed spruce and juniper, their bright green contrasting beautifully with the white glistening crust upon the deep snow; and this is not a barren waste surely, when we consider the immense number of dwarfed trees upon which grow each year, quantities of moss, for the caribou to feed upon. Then also its moist, spongy bottom is rich with mosses and lichen, which they love so well that they scrape off the snow with their cloven feet, to feed upon it, until the snow is deep and crusted upon its surface. Then they creep about upon its frozen crust feeding from off the trees again, getting better picking than at first, from off the ground, then higher and yet higher as the snow deepens and new crusts form, until many a dwarfed tree is stripped of its gray, mossy streamers to its very top.

Not a wholly fruitless barren "seemingly," when George and Jeff came in one day in the fall of the year, each with his saddle of venison, and returning the next with the Captain (promising us a treat at tea time) when at a late supper hour they came trudging to camp over the blazed trail, with a full creel of trout and three bushels of the finest large, red cranberries. These, or rather the promise of them, the "jolly jovials" had espied, all in their bud and bloom, early in the fat fishing season, in June, while they were quietly paddling around the shores of the little lake, and switching their flies up and down the winding stream, returning late at night all flushed and animated with their day's sport, their creels again full, packed with nicely dressed speckled beauties.

The large barren contains many an acre and all through its length, in and out and around the turns, runs the crooked, winding stream, cool from many springs, yet wrongfully termed the dead water, from the fact of its having but little current. But the dead does not well apply to this pretty little winding river, for we have seen it so many times glistening in the sunshine in one place, rippling away in little wavelets at another, while at the next bend below having quite a sweep of the wind fair across it, the little rollers were chasing each other over to the land, where the hard-hack bushes on the floating boggy shore at first were bowing to them as they came, then dancing up and down and rocking to and fro, while on the long, wide reach farther down, the stream was wide awake and surely all alive, with its many white caps and jolly little breakers at the rocks far below.

We have many pleasant recollections of the old barren, of happy hours during lovely sunshiny days; of lucky and successful expeditions; of the good appetite at noontime

gained by the tramp, the pure bracing air and the canoe paddle. We see at this time, as if again sitting upon the old beaver dam, the luncheon spread out upon the cedar splits, the tea-pail beside the fire and the trout or partridge with the necessary piece of pork over it, roasting over the coals, the Commodore sitting beside us, looking over the waters and the woodland with equal enjoyment; a staunch friend, an enthusiastic sportsman, a keen shot, one that sees, admires, appreciates and loves the forests, lakes and streams, and not the least, this wild, bleak barren.

The spruce and fir trees grow well down to the level of the barren, nearly encircling it with gentle rising walls of pretty green that never lose their beauty. Acres of small second growth of white and yellow birch, poplar and evergreens grow at one place beside the barren, having sprung up after some forest fire, years since. This is a famous place for partridge and such a spot as he loves, for he can never go supperless to roost in the young forest of birch and buds. Here too, the knowing and industrious beaver has for years had his home, has built his house of turf and sticks upon the bank of the stream, close to the waters edge in many places, and whilst the partridge is making his supper from the buds upon the trees above, he is, with his sharp strong teeth, cutting them down below for his winter supply of food.

Just below this infant forest of birch and poplar (the beaver's favorite woods) this bounteous storehouse of ever accumulating food, for the deer, partridge and beaver, not forgetting the rabbit, musquash and the jolly frog, a beaver dam is situated. The beaver dam is worthy of mention as well as the beavers themselves, as these ingenious contrivors are often the originators of the barrens. These dams are

usually built at the narrows of a stream, where often the large rocks help much to aid them in lodging their first logs. The undertaking is usually commenced at the driest time, or lowest stage of water in the fall of the year, and the labor mostly performed by the strong, happy, earnest workers during the moonlight nights and the dark rainy days. They are composed of all kinds of cuttings from fair sized trees, divided in suitable lengths, down to the smallest shrubs. The branches laid lengthwise, crossed, twined and intertwined by the busy workers. Sods, rocks and mosses, and in fact everything handy and available that they can carry in their teeth or beneath their arm, is utilized, until they have the required height to flow back sufficient water above. Then with the help of the current, which is constantly bringing down the many leaves and loose grasses and immense quantities of drifting fragments, that all settle in over their network of twigs and branches, they are at last rewarded with a strong, tight dam, flowing back the water and changing a shallow stream to a much deeper one, giving them a nice deep pool in front of their winter homes and for their storehouse.

Standing upon the old beaver dam and looking down the narrower, rocky, more rapid stream below as far as the eye can see, runs the laughing water, white among the rocks, dark and silent in the pools. These are deeply shaded by spruce, fir and alder, rock and fern, and where, if you rest your eye a moment when the sun is creeping to the west, or in the early morning when it is gilding the eastern hills and the dew is sparkling on the ferns, and dripping in the pool from every branch and bush above, you can see the "speckled beauty" turn a somersault in the air and go down with a splash. This sends a thrill over you and you may forget for

the moment your fry pan on the coals. Seizing your rod you hasten down upon the opposite side to have your shadow behind you from the water, for he seemed such a nice one as you saw him for an instant in the air that you really want him, so you do not make a cast directly at him, but a little to one side, then repeat. He sees it and shows you his silvery side, then retreats to his rocky hiding place again, and trailing your flies directly to you and behold, he does not miss this chance but chases on and takes the fly almost at your feet; you land him in less than half a day this time, as he only weighs a pound, yet he is full large to be the very nicest after all.

On a fine morning in December, three of us, with luncheon, hunting axe and rifles, left the camp early in the day for the broad barren. We had about twenty inches of snow upon the ground and a nice snow-shoeing crust upon that, just friable enough to settle well beneath our tread, without noise, and to leave a fine road or snowshoe path behind us. And as the route to the barren was a good one, to run over occasionally to look for large or small game, we proposed (as was usual with us) to break out as we travelled a good road for our future use—one that we might pass over with ease, and quickly if we wished, without having to scarcely glance where we were stepping, leaving us our eyes wholly for the surroundings. To have nice paths through the woods in winter over the deep snows to the lakes and barrens, over the ridges, by the swamps, besides your line of traps, and a number of them in different directions that you may start out any morning over the one that gives you the wind in your face (if for a deer) is a pleasure to one, after they are completed. And to have the paths satisfactory, is not each one travelling at ran-

dom, neither two side by side; but Indian file, every step, which is the easiest as well. The leader takes his usual gait, picking his way over the old lumber roads, or through the clearest level chances on the route, and if he is thinking of future trips over the path, and that the toboggan may be needed to sled home his game, he avoids as much as possible all rough chances and sidling places, keeping to the levels, stepping heavy upon many a little hillock and winding around the tangled windfall, thereby laying out the road where a loaded toboggan would run smoothly without the annoyance of tipping over every few moments. Indian number two follows, stepping exactly where number one did not, which leaves the path well broken out for the third one (if coming on behind) who should not neglect his part, which is to finish up to a nicety the level road by treading down any prominence left behind. Like this was the path we made this clear, bright, breezy morning, from the door of the hunting-lodge to the white snow-ice upon the winding stream at the barren, where, standing upon the frozen river we looked over a pretty winter scene. Everywhere, far and near, was the pure white snow that shown brightly upon every little rise or hillock, where the late fleecy snow was blown from the shining crust by the wind. Pretty, it surely was; and even more, beautiful, because so secluded and so far away from the ever rushing, crushing struggle after the shining dollars, being situated in the heart of "*God's Country*," dotted here and there by clumps of leafless juniper and low, scrubby spruce, with scant dark foliage, yet all gay with their gray moss streamers trailing out with the breeze.

Belts of evergreens and larger dark spruce, looking warm and cosy upon their sunny side (where, sometimes, and

perhaps at this moment, lies, out of the wind at mid-day the wary caribou, wide awake even if half asleep, while chewing over again his morning browsings). While the sun shines above over all, brightening the wavy tops of the trees, and tempering down the keen edge of the northwest winds that are sure to find us out if we come down when they are having a little fun, racing wild and free over their broad, white park. Circling away from the vicinity of (at this time) the best feeding ground for the caribou, we followed the stream down to the young birch forest, crossed over to the lower end and commenced our quiet still hunting up the barren with the wind blowing strong toward us. Travelling a little way apart, keeping just in sight of each other, we moved from one clump of trees to another, with an easy going lounging gait, stopping at times behind some friendly evergreen to look well over every small opening. It was a most perfect day for hunting on the barrens, and we were in great hopes of interviewing Mr. Caribou strolling down the wind, and in this were not to be disappointed, for we had gone but a little way before we sighted a moving caribou, that at the first was feeding and slowly moving about. As he wandered out in full sight in a clear space, knowing their imperfect vision at a distance and being dressed in caribou plumage, a suit of gray much like the trunks of the trees and similar to their own color, we instead of walking toward him, played caribou, thinking we might induce him to come to see us. Noting his drowsy, dreamy movements while feeding about as if grieved or sleepy, we concluded we could imitate him quite easily, for having been disappointed in love many times in youth, we could easily adapt this style rather suggestive of misery. So stepping out in plain sight, we lounged about with head down,

from tree to bush, for a moment, soon attracting his attention, when we immediately stepped to cover. This brought him to us almost at once. Throwing up his head he came trotting down with the wind to within a few rods of us, when knowing he was about where he saw the supposed caribou, stopped to look about him, and received a shot. As he ran off to one side, from another ambuscade he received the second shot, when he plunged madly on out of sight. Quickly after the shooting, before any of us had stirred from our cover, down with the wind and trotting directly for us, came another, a young buck, and as he halted like the first in nearly the same spot, two or three shots struck him and he leaped away behind the trees after the other. Following their tracks, we found they had been badly wounded, signs showing this at each jump. Coming to where a number of the small dry juniper trees had been broken off by the breast of the large one, we soon saw him lying quite dead behind the evergreens. A few steps further on the young buck also was lying, his spirit already far away in the sunny glades of those vast and endless happy hunting grounds.

Drawing them back and behind the shelter of the evergreens where we had done the shooting, we went quickly at work to dress them, it being best to do so as soon as down if possible.

The younger of our party, a mere lad, was told by his guardian to build us a fire as quickly as possible, as the wind was now whistling down the long reach with a chilling effect upon us after the excitement. This he proceeded to do, but often his eye was away up the barren, and it was but a few moments after that he made the most admirable shot that can be given an animal. Admirable because it gave no pain, being instantaneous death. I believe our young friend had

been unusually excited over this, to him, new kind of game, for although he was a keen shot for smaller game, he had yet to see and level on his first deer or caribou, and as they came and halted, with their eyes looking directly in ours, their heads high in air, such pictures to behold for the first time, upon the wild, white barren, and so quickly away again, he forgot he held a splendid rifle in his hand until they were out of sight.

But the sequel proved he had recovered from the buck fever. While we have been busy with our work with our heads down, he has been watching a movement up the wind, and as he hangs the black kettle over a cheerful fire of dry juniper and turns to glance again he quickly reaches his rifle and crouching upon one knee, old hunter style, gives the warning, "Hist!" We quietly settle down and half turning, see coming trotting down towards us a stately dame caribou, large and high headed. This was the boy's chance, and well he improved it. She came in the tracks of the others before her, but not having the same curiosity, or being a little more wary, halted a long shot away, head on, to take a look at the picture before bounding. She had hardly made the stop when the boy's rifle cracked, and you could see the lead strike as exactly in the centre of her forehead as if you placed a finger there, and the white brain shoot out like stars, with her dark forehead as a background. Down she dropped without the sign of a tremor, as dead before she settled to the ground as if killed the day before. The boy was the lion for the season; we never saw a cooler shot for the distance. This gave another to care for, but our work in good time was well done, and cleansing our hands by repeated washing in the melting snow water beside the fire, we sat down to the welcome luncheon.

Dinner over and the sun looking toward the down grade, we prepare for leaving behind the breezy park. First, we lay aside for each to carry home, a quarter of venison and a hide. The balance is cleansed in snow, packed in the same and a thick covering of boughs placed upon it to keep off the sun, and to mark the spot where cached. The quarters of venison are folded in the hides and securely tied with withes of the red osier. A strap or band is braided of the same, which is attached to the pack for handy carrying. The pack resting high upon the back, the short braided band secured at each end is passed over the head, resting upon the right shoulder, down over the breast and under the left arm, thus relieving hands and arms from the care of it. Leaving the hunting axe with its strap and case hanging beside the blackened tea pail for our use when returning for the venison, we slip on our snow-shoes, shoulder the packs, pick up our rifles and lay our course straight for the winding stream, across, and down to our well trodden snow-shoe beat. Then into the thick green woods, where the frisky winds are but a sigh above us, and on to camp, where we arrive with the twilight, just a little bit tired and a big bit hungry. But after our hearty supper and the refreshing sleep, then our coffee in the morning, we prove to be all ready and impatient for the pleasure of again starting out on the snow-shoe road, across the dell and through the glade, over the hard wood ridge, then through the evergreen swamp and over the barren, with our toboggans, to draw to camp our venison. One unacquainted with the way of handling venison might say: what can be done with so much wild meat? None should be wasted, none need be. With us a good part is sent home, and what they cannot use, there is many a family thankful for, and who

will take kindly to stewed venison. And there are friends that remember us when "striking it lucky;" they should be thought of in return. And there is the friendly Indian who makes the baskets and weaves our snow-shoes, having little time to hunt himself, though naturally a dear lover of wild meat, he can be made to show grateful smiles over his usually sober face, and his black eyes to twinkle at you kindly on being presented with a piece, for a smother, or a stew; and not a morsel wasted, we warrant.

And not just a little bit will satisfy us fellows at the hunting lodge, when we have plenty for steaks, stews and smothers (and a rib roasted over the coals is not too bad, really) considering our appetites, always the very best from tramping in the pure forest air And then the best of all is to be able always to preserve it by shrinking and drying, with a little salt and smoke, and it will keep a long time (if you can keep it.) It is then a welcome treat for every one; particularly acceptable at tea time, *shaved thin*, and makes a very welcome addition to a hunter's dinner at noontime, when he sits down beside the brook far back over the ridges to eat his luncheon, without having shot a grouse or caught a trout while on the tramp. Most sportsmen are very fond of dried venison, and really, if nicely prepared, it is excellent. We call to mind one who takes most kindly to this luxury and have seen him with a flake of his favorite relish in his hand, whittling thin shavings therefrom with his knife, and eating it with very evident satisfaction expressed in his countenance at the time, apparently oblivious to all else but its fine flavor, the tramp and hunt for it, the shot he gave it, and the very welcome sight of camp and supper on his return.

HOMEWARD BOUND TO CAMP.

THE SNOWY NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

The snow, as light as downy feather ere was seen, so pure and white,
Has fallen softly all the day, ne'er ceasing through the silent night.
Covering all the woodland o'er, and levelling up the rocky fell,
The many clustering evergreens, holding a larger share as well.

Shielding the many wild-wood dwellers, safely housed up from the storm,
Beneath the fir bough, and the blow down, wherever they have found a home.
In the rocks behind the ferns, underneath the brake and bramble,
In many a cave and hollow pine log, in the thicket and the dell.

Upon the deer, lying beneath the thick and drooping evergreen,
Till nought but just an eye and ear, by each other can be seen.
Till every bough above is downward bent, some drooping to the ground
And the deer are often covered o'er with whitest robes like eider down.
When they must then arise to be relieved, ere buried almost quite,
Then turn, lie down again and rest, and thus to do till coming light.

And in the evergreens, beneath their thickest boughs the storm does bring
Many a wild-wood winter bird, to rest with its head beneath a wing.
With every feather snugly hugging down, and its breast turned to the breeze,
To sleep, and wake, and sleep again, till morning shows between the trees.

When every rock and fern, and every stump of spruce, cut high or low,
And every mossy log and fallen tree, lie hidden beneath the snow,
While every bush and tree above are all arrayed in spotless white,
All bending, drooping, calm and quiet, in the coming morning light.

THE AERIAL BLIND.

YEARS past and at a time when the deer were scarce compared with the present, and more wild with all from too much stalking, we concluded to build us a rookery up among the branches of the trees, high enough, that the breezes should not notify the deer and caribou of our presence in their feeding grounds. Accordingly, a Boston boy and your humble servant, built us what we called the "Aerial Blind." Our companion had acquired the sobriquet of Doctor, so called from his being well versed in chemistry. He had soon learned to answer to this title, no doubt fully realizing as well as we that he had taken all the degrees necessary for treating healthy woodsmen like ourselves. But his ability to compound medicines was such that one found it impossible to resist swallowing a dose of his dispensing. The doctor, truly in love with the health renewing forest, is entertaining and cheerful; he not only enjoys the good time on an outing, but seems the happiest when industriously assisting to make it more pleasant and enjoyable to the party. So we two, armed and equipped with saw, axe and hammer, spikes, nails and augur, ropes, wire and dinner, not forgetting the blackened tea pail, which

we tied on behind a large load of ceder splits, on the toboggan, started for the scene of action a half mile distant from our camp. Arriving, we reviewed the position and started in for a cheerful day of interesting work. The situation showed four lumber roads coming into one, and that the main road to the landing on the stream. This we considered one of the best stands for the game, as the deer and caribou both love to wander up and down the old woods roads, feeding upon the young sprouts from the old cuttings, besides it being the better travelling which they will often take advantage of. Choosing a central spot where suitable trees were growing, to support our structure, also to give a good view of the roads, we commence our engineering.

Cutting two straight spruce poles over twenty feet long, we bore them with our one and a quarter inch augur, put into them twenty good rounds, and have what we first need, a twenty foot ladder. This is raised up beside a large yellow birch, four feet from a thrifty spruce, which two trees hold up the wide end. Ten feet away stands another nice spruce, and these are all bored into, stout pins driven in, and this gives us a good rest for our floor timbers. Tough little straight spruce poles resting upon these are wired solid, and then comes our flooring of the cedar splits; next, foot rails, hand rails, or side railings, to steady one while walking along, also capital to rest a rifle when making a fine, steady shot. In a similar manner we ran the poles from the two trees to the one, giving a good pitch for the roofing, which was sail cloth, painted to match the tree bodies. Then sawing off the single spruce above the roof we had a steady and solid platform, that would bear up near a ton's weight; a couple of boxes for seats, each a buffalo robe and our overcoats, which kept us comfortable in

the coolest days. We could sit here on the boxes leaning against the trees, one watching the south, his eyes travelling from east to west, the other the north, scanning to and from the same points. On the warm still days this was glorious; if a little chilly we would don our overcoats and wrap around us our buffalos. Eyes open, constantly taking in the roads, little glades and openings, ears alert to catch the snap of a dry stick if stepped upon by the game, or the rustle of the dried leaves as they wandered through them much above their dew claws. These sounds you hear at times when you cannot see the game, yet knowing as well it is a deer as if you saw him; when you may step cautiously toward the last sound you heard of him, but likely he has passed to leeward, smells you, and is off like the wind. We never wearied of this watching, always thinking perhaps the next moment our game might come wandering along quite unsuspicious of our close proximity, with head down, feeding slowly on, taking a bite only here and there, until the sharp crack of the rifle, when if not killed, or even hit, they jump to one side, or perhaps toward you, head and tail erect. Just before he reminded you of a lazy calf, now he is a picture you would like photographed. He stares about in astonishment, neither sees, hears, or smells the enemy. Wait a second until he turns his broadside to look the other way, as he will; now, crack, again. Ah! he hugs his tail close; one, two, three jumps, and he is down. We keep quiet where we are a few moments to see if he has company, then go down to view the prize and take care of it.

Oh, the many happy hours with a pleasant companion, upon the old "aerial blind." We hated to give it up, but since it came in under the head of unlawful taking of game we have

passed it by, yet never have gone hungry for venison without it. Sitting upon the blind one quiet sunny day in the fall of the year, watching and waiting, I had really fallen in a dose, when I was brought around again by an old bluejay's screaming over my head. Looking down the main logging road I saw a fine buck walking leisurly up toward me, and stopping, head on, stood for a moment as if looking directly at me, but apparently he saw nothing to fear, and turned a little to one side to take a bite, when he received the shot. One bound, and he was out of sight in the bushes. Pumping in another cartridge, I stepped down the ladder and slowly worked down to leeward of the place where I expected to find him, finished, but he was not to be found so quickly. The leaves were thick upon the ground and after two or three jumps one could not track him. I picked up a wad of hair and saw a few drops of blood upon the leaves but no deer. After taking the course of the jump and then loosing all trace entirely, I circled around and back to the spot without any more signs. Unwilling to give up, knowing he was badly wounded, I took another circling tour, widening out, gradually working around again, and when nearly to the spot, passing through some thick evergreens just below the shooting I nearly stepped upon him in the thicket laying down. He jumped as quick as my eye met his, and I guess I was startled the most for I fired too quick and wild, and overshot. Into the thickest part of a swamp he ran. I could not see him, but listening attentively I knew he had again stopped. I should have left him alone awhile then, as this is usually the proper thing to do, for if I started him again without dropping him, he would run as long as any life was left. However, I marked the location by some taller trees, worked around to

leeward, and came upon him so carefully that I saw him before he did me. He was standing upon his feet looking toward the place where he last saw me. This time he was handy and dropped in his tracks. Looking over the ground the next day more carefully, I found when first fired at he had made a few jumps to the eastward, and turned square north for this thicket, and laid down, where I found him at the second circling.

Once more dear reader we will go back to the dear old blind now so old and weather beaten that it is only safe for two of us, and we must step lightly. Go with me this lovely autumn day, and as you climb the twenty foot ladder and arrive at the last round, you reach up, grasp a branch and take a seat upon the flooring. You get your breath and take a long draught of the upper fragrant air off the trees, and looking around you are already interested as I can plainly see. Stepping up upon the old flooring, you stand leaning against the big birch and look for miles over the pretty forest, varying and prettier with every sweep of the eye. Tree tops waving gently in the breeze, the beech leaves rustling on the trees, the branches swaying to and fro while their shadows are mimicing upon the ground. Upon the right we see the ridge of mostly hard woods, many yet wearing those beautiful shades of autumn, while mixed in are just enough tall evergreens to brighten up the picture and all grow taller seemingly; and are they not elegant, as they reach the top of the ridge and are joined by the rosy clouds, no more beautiful than the trees, though they vie with sunny Italy. In front of us and to the left, we look for miles over the evergreens, with only occasional little hills of hard wood, and these growing more scattering as we look beyond, until they all end far below as

if a broad lake lay at the bottom. Beyond this again we just see the distant woodland showing its faint line of smokey blue. What intervenes? The broad barren and its winding stream.

You can trace the little brook from here a mile or more, down its winding course by the lower land and the scattering juniper along its line. And here close beside it on the left, upon the knolls are many prettier clumps of the light green firs beside the darker spruce, so tall, which are relieved and made as beautiful by their tops being loaded with a wealth of golden cones. Here and there those monster tall ones have been left year after year, by the lumbermen for some slight fault in their growth, or because singly and alone. And they, with the few venerable pines, are like sentinels watching over the large army, while all are gently waving with the sunshine over all, the youngest just as pretty as its brother straight and tall.

Very many pleasant hours we have sat here, enjoying it very much if we did not get a shot. And many times alone, miles from any human being, yet never lonesome, and never weary of the scene, always enjoying the sweet woods and lovely sunshine in the fall time, when all is so beautiful to look upon. The many different shades of the trees, the ever beautiful green of the fir, spruce and hemlock, the bright scarlet and crimson, yellow, green and golden of the autumn leaves, the thick carpet of dried ones upon the ground, that dance and rustle in the breeze, all down beside the little stream of bright, sparkling water which is ever running on its zigzag course by the trees and rocks, ever singing its little song of sportive gladness. And with always a little life to add much to the interest, the frisky little squirrels running over the

THE AERIAL BLIND.

leaves, making so much noise at a quiet time that you at first think a deer is coming. The many different birds flying and hopping about, many coming so near you when you are sitting motionless as to almost light upon you. And sitting here upon the old blind when the wind is sighing through the trees, we listen to the "voices in the wood," and hear the many low murmuring sounds, as if persons talking together. Far away sounds, as if the hounds were baying upon the track. Oftentimes low strains come to us, faintly, as distant singing; often a sound so much like a shrill whistle as to startle one, thinking some one is signaling to you. And suddenly, as the wind whirls by, a scream and a screech, sounding so human, or inhuman, as to really startle one, as some old weather beaten and dry knotty top chafed quickly against one similar; and always those low murmuring voices coming down the wind.

Standing alone one bright, still day, leaning beside the spruce opposite you, I had some callers. At the first a red squirrel was playing up and down the smooth beech about thirty feet from us, when suddenly an owl that his loud chattering had awakened, started from her roost in the thick spruce to catch and eat him. The squirrel saw her coming, and when the owl was pretty close the squirrel was upon the other side of the tree, and around skipped the squirrel as around flew the owl; faster and down they circled around and downward, when the squirrel dodged in his hole at the foot of the tree. The owl, anxious for the prize, carried too much steam toward the last, and whacked her wing so hard against the beech that she sprawled out upon the ground. She picked herself up and lighting upon a near tree, looked down, very sorry like. The squirrel poked his nose out and gave her a

long, happy chitter. Exit owl, up again squirrel, all alive with the fun, and as frisky as ever. That rather funny fellow the woodpecker, next came flying directly to me (I wasn't afraid.) He brought up upon the spruce tree directly opposite my ear and commenced his drillings for his favorite food, the white wood worm. "Tap-tap-tappity-tap" and his feet made loud scratchings as he worked up and down on the rough spruce bark. Presently he worked around to within five or six inches of my nose before he saw me. Suddenly he stopped and looked me square in the eyes, gave one horrified squawk, that even startled me, as he flew out and away. Occasionally a partridge or two would show themselves crossing the roads and sometimes loiter around a little too late if we needed them. Rabbits, toward evening, we often saw hopping about getting their suppers, and often were we deceived by big sounds from little feet; and at times, hearing the cracking sounds of sticks breaking beneath their tread we knew that some large game had passed, just out of our sight, behind some thicker growth. One dark drizzly day, towards evening, a small dog fox came out of an old road in front of me. I had no luck that afternoon and concluded I would carry him to camp, if nothing more; and as he was nosing about at his ease, I waited a bit for a sure shot with the rifle. Hearing a mouse squeak, or seeing something he would like for supper, he pricked up his ears and commenced creeping up the road, giving a very good shot. I rested the rifle upon the railing, fired for his head, and missed it by just one sixteenth of an inch. The bullet struck, spank, in the soft wet earth just under his nose, splashing the dirt and water in his eyes. If you saw him you would have smiled. He turned a back hand-spring and gave two or three of the most astonish-

ed yelps, mixed with small growls, and with every hair from his nose to the tip of his brush standing up, he skipped away lively down the same way he came.

It is really interesting to sit quietly up in the trees and watch the deer below in their native wildwood, free, and roaming at will, wholly unmindful of your presence, and not an enemy to them lurking near, as they stroll about and sometimes pass immediately beneath you, feeding leisurely along, now and then stopping and raising their heads to look anxiously about if they hear any unusual sound, which must be unusual to attract any attention from them. Not the wild roar or whistling of the winds, the groaning or creaking of the trees, or even the falling crash of an old monarch of the forest, unless very close to them, and then only one little jump do they make before understanding it all. Nor the hooting or screech of the owl, or the half yawn, half scream of the bob cat, nor the call of the fisher (the black cat) as he starts out on his evening's raid at sundown. All these are familiar sounds to the deer, at which they scarcely raise their heads from their feeding. We had the pleasure at one time in the fall of the year while sitting upon the old blind, of seeing the unexpected meeting of two deer, which were both females. One was feeding very leisurely, its head low down, for its favorite plant or shrub, its sauntering movements, as usual when feeding at ease, suggesting it might be half asleep, when suddenly it hears a sound different from the scampering of the squirrels or the soughing of the winds. This is a steady rustle of the dried leaves upon the ground conveyed more distinctly by the breeze being toward the listener. Another deer as slowly wading by through the thick covering upon the mould of dry and rustling leaves, which are very dry and

rustle loudly, and more than ankle deep where blown into the little hollows. Upon hearing this noise the listening deer, now showing to be wide awake, quickly raises its head and directs its eyes at the first glance, exactly to where the sound comes from. Seeing walking along one of its own kind, it stands intently looking for a moment, when it utters a low sound to attract the traveller's attention. The new comer stops, looks, and sees a friend, but remains motionless and as intently gazing as the other, when the first to observe, after a full moment, takes two or three steps forward, and then trots briskly up to within a few feet of the new arrival, and after exchanging greetings at this little distance, each quietly resume their walking, soon separating and drifting away from each other, each to wander and feed by itself alone. The pretty red squirrels greet the deer with many noisy little barkings, and their loud and long chattering as they dart across their path at will, while the birds fly and sing all about them without being noticed. All except the impudent bluejay, the beautiful tattler, who is always a handy by nuisance, knowing just where the sportsman is sitting or standing, on the watch, and if a deer is approaching he will make the forest ring with his noisy screamings, while the wary buck at this apparent warning, will stop and prick up his ears all alert for some danger. We may stand close beside a large tree without moving and have the game pass within a few feet of us, perfectly unconscious of our presence, if we have the wind blowing free from the game towards us. But the slightest movement on our part, and they catch the human eye upon them, a small sized cyclone of leaves, twigs, dirt and heels are seen for a moment whirling in the air, and we are alone again.

THE ROCKY BLUFF.

BACK among the hills, away beyond the hunting lodge and about midway between the lakes and barrens is situated the rocky bluff, a mass of rocks, rolled out and pitched high by some upheaval of nature in the early days, or perhaps dumped off from some heavily loaded ice island during the glacial period. It ends abruptly at the south end with the bluff, down which steep descent one can pass by going between and around the large granite blocks and boulders, and beneath their shelving ends, which are all bleached and gray from years of storm and sunshine upon their south and east exposure, but dark and mossed over at their base and north side where they are partly shaded by the evergreens of dwarfed growth which are standing upon the tops of the rocks, between them, and growing out of the fissures or small crevices where they can find a rooting chance.

The bluff, beginning at the north, a quarter of a mile away, with three or four black mossy giants of rock which are standing upon tip-toe beneath the dark spruces, and which old granite sentinels we look for, as they are our guides to the bluff beyond, when approaching it from any northerly

point. An airy promenade this, in midwinter, with a cold norther sweeping its upper levels, but a glorious perching chance in the mild sunny days of the Indian summer, for to be upon the high granite horse-back, close to and nearly on a level with the tall hard wood tree tops that grow out of the rich bottom beside its base, the mild breeze constantly bringing to you the sweet odors from the wood below, looking away for miles over the gently waving tree tops, is a pleasure indeed, while below, and near at hand beside you, and in the branches before you, you are constantly being entertained by the squirrels and birds, which in a very short time after your arrival, instead of being frightened seem rather to enjoy your visit, often coming quite near and eyeing you curiously, as you sit so quietly in their wide and roomy reception hall.

Here, watching over many an acre of hard wood growth, thickly carpeted with dried leaves, one can occasionally see a deer or more, wandering, and likely toward you and the shelter of the bluff, and often long before he is near enough to you for a shot. This rocky eyrie with its precipitous sides and steep bluff, with its east and south exposures lying much in the sunshine, has many a well sheltered nook. These are partly filled with the dried leaves blown in from off the tree tops close beside them, and many, with good shelving roofs over them of projecting granite are dry and comfortable quarters for some of the forest roamers, and particularly "Mr. Bruin." Here in the late sunny days, after his long and wide tour of summer roaming he may lie, high and dry, safe from intrusion, and sleep in the warm sunshine enjoying his rest each day, after his nightly wanderings, and when the cold weather comes upon him, and the snow is too deep for his short legs and big feet, and the food he likes is frozen

and spoiled for his taste, the roots in the ground which he loves, and the beech nuts as well, are buried beneath the snow, he from force of circumstances, as well as from his love of sleep perhaps, bethinks him of a warm nest for a long rest of winter quiet, to hibernate, as it is their nature so to do, to pass the winter in close quarters and seclusion, there to sleep until the snow ceases for the season, and the warm rains take its place, followed by the bright sun warming all to new life, when once more he can trot about and find his food. So if nothing has disturbed his sunny cave where he snoozed away the most of the bright days in the Indian summer time, he retires to it, and prepares it for his den.

He strips the small dead cedar trees of their dry bark, making it fine with tooth and nail as he tears it off them, and with this and the leaves and mosses, beneath and around him, makes a warm nest for his long winter of quiet rest, stopping the entire entrance except a very small breathing hole, with branches, twigs and mosses, after his last outing for the season. Here he lies warm and dry, sleeping away the winter months, in his fat content. His breathing hole always kept open by his own warmth, unmindful of the wolf, or Indian devil, that at midnight may sit upon his roof-top and howl at the moon. But, should the watchful hunter while snow-shoeing past his den, chance to see that small cloud of warm steaming air coming through the snow from out his breathing hole, his fate is sealed.

But our great interest in the bluff was its being situated in the line of travel of the caribou, as in their wanderings to the north, from the south streams and barrens, or back again, they often wound around the foot of the rocky spur, it being a landmark for them, a bright sunny spot, and often a friendly

shelter from the cold winds, for these hardy fellows, though not seeming to care a straw for the coldest weather, have often been seen enjoying their warm sun-bath. So, starting the caribou within a mile or two of the bluff, going either way, then leaving them and hurrying forward, getting a good position upon the rocks in advance of their coming, and we had an advantage over them not often or easily attained.

During two or three hunting seasons we have frequently seen the track of an over-large caribou, and finally had several times interviewed the old fellow himself, when he would be the first to throw up his head and bound away, carrying the herd after him. He was high-headed and long-legged, gaunt and slab-sided, his coat always bleached to tawny white and lightest gray, stubby, scraggy antlers, and unmistakably old in his looks, but not in action, for he would trot away on those long legs like the wind. Of course we called him the "Jumbo Caribou," and his track was quickly recognized by its immense size. We always spared his life on account of his what would be tough-chewing steaks, and dry rib stews. But he was often threatened, for his example of extreme wariness, for when with the drove, his head would be the first seen, high in the air, and with sniff and snort, away he would fly with the herd, never known to break his trot unless to leap over something in his way.

At the beginning of winter, one morning after a jolly snow storm, Joe and the crew being at the camp, they took the advantage of such elegant tracking and started off southerly, for a deer or caribou. Drifting away over the hills, sometimes heading nearly east, then south, again nearly west, and back to south, they zig-zagged back and forth, working mostly south, hoping to find something handy near home. If not, to

eat their dinners sitting upon their favorite rocks at the south end of the bluff, travelling their easy going, quiet gait, often stopping to watch awhile and listen, keeping near enough to each other to hear the usual signal. At last as they cross the dry ravine, from which the land rises gradually for a mile, to the black giants, Joe being well to the east, the crew working back from west to south, hears Joe give the "signal" (which means, only big game, and that on the jump) when they quickly come together at the south line again, and hurry for the bluff.

As Joe has started a bunch of caribou which have trotted away south, a little easterly, he disturbing them while on their way north, over the trail running by the rocky bluff on its east side, they expect before long to see the caribou walking back to the bluff, to try the west side of the horse-back, on their way north again. Soon passing the old sentinels beneath the black spruces, they hurry on and take a position among the boulders on the bluff.

They had been sitting there nearly an hour, among the low scrubby evergreens, side by side upon their bough cushioned rocks, had eaten their cold lunch and had indulged in many a fragrant whiff of the nerve quieter, which all floated away among the tree tops, when Joe whispers, "coming."

An occasional snapping of underbrush is heard and the sounds coming from the south-east, directs their attention to a small thicket of low firs, when a head and antlers is seen among the green boughs, followed by others. Soon a tall gaunt buck caribou steps out in the open hard wood growth and is slowly walking toward the bluff followed by the drove all unsuspicious of danger.

"Jolly, what a drove," says Joe and adds:

"That's a pretty sight to see if we do not get a shot, and that's old Jumbo, with his stumpy mis-shapen horns, on the lead. Say, Mr. Crew, let's kill the big buck, we have a fine chance!"

"No, Joe! we know him too well; he is not fat, and his antlers are worthless; so scrubby from old age, he can never grow another pretty set in this life, as each year he sheds them, they grow on more inferior."

"Say then, let's take the two large ones without horns!"

"No, Joe! for if they have two lambs apiece next spring, it would make a difference in these woods of six caribou."

"Well! Well! you must say quick!"

"One of the two young bucks in the rear is all we want, Joe, the next to the last; wait until he is just opposite beneath us, when we will both shoot together, and likely kill him instantly, be ready and shoot low or you will shoot over. One,—two,—three!"

Crack! Crack!

"Not quite simultaneous, Joe, but how's this? Both young bucks are dead!"

"My rifle shoots to the left," says Joe.

JOE AND CRONIE.

CRONIE had just finished planting his garden; many bright red Aroostook angle worms had been saved in case he should conclude sometime in the near future to start off on a fishing trip. These smart and squirmy, so very hideous to a sensitive person, yet so very jolly to the bait fisherman, had been given a fine chance in a tomato can with rich earth, covered with a fresh green sod and placed upon the moist ground in a cool, shady chance, when up comes Joe.

"Hello, Cronie."

"Hello, Joe."

"Let's go fishing," says Joe.

"Guess I can't, Joe."

"Well, now, I wish to make a few remarks to you Cronie."

"All right, sit right down here beside me and explain yourself."

"Do you know, Cronie, how very pleasant it is to be in the woods, at the hunting lodge, just about this time in the spring?"

"Yes, indeed——"

"Hold on! let me tell it. The ice is all out of the lakes, so

now the trout are cruising around the shores and a few sporting in the quick waters even this early. The flies are not at all troublesome as yet, and you know in two weeks they will be just horrid. The green leaves are just opening from the buds——"

"Seems I smell 'em, Joe."

"Wait! the bears are roaming around the camp trying to steal some more of your bait, just for fun."

"That settles it, I ain't going."

"Oh, sho! come on; the sun is nice and warm through the day, and the nights are just cool enough to have a nice fire, while sleeping in the shelter tent down along the stream at the fishing chance. And the mornings are so bright and cheery with the birds singing so gaily——"

"Tie up, Joseph, I guess——"

"Just hold on a moment if you please; you know the camp wants to be opened to the sun and a fire in the stove to sweeten things; and its just the time to make a garden, plant some potatoes, beans and cucumbers to have to eat during the fall outing. How they will grow on the new land. Just think of what a little paradise of a garden we can have even there, away back in the woods. Now what do you say?"

"But you see, Joe——"

"Wait a moment, and just think of those six and eight ounce trout, out of the water and into the pan ten minutes after."

"Hold up Joe, I want to say to——"

"I can't stop just now, please; the moon rises at nine o'clock, the night promises fair, we can get to camp by noon to-morrow, even should we have to walk the horse up the hills. I have the new boat finished for the doctor; he writes,

'be sure to take it with you when you go, and it will be there for the fall outing;' and if you are a little rheumy and do not feel real strong and hearty, I will do the propelling, you shall sit in the stern with your paddle and——"

Just at this moment Joe was shut off rather suddenly. Cronie had been slowly cutting tobacco and filling the briar-wood during Joe's earnest and prolonged harrangue, and while his attention is attracted to an old mother robbin red-breast that has a nest of young ones in the tree handy by, is tugging at a monstrous black headed angle worm, and Joe is much interested, a smile upon his face, lips apart, eyes wide open. Cronie carlessly scratches an orono match. Now although Joe's head was turned to one side, the disagreeable brimstone which he positively abhors was wafted to, and curled and gathered in his thick moustache most admirably. During his violent sneezing and coughing, crooked and indistinct words, Cronie escaped and began packing for the fishing trip.

After tea they strapped the pole of the two wheeled calamity to the express wagon and hied them away just at the gloaming. It was a splendid night for the ride, the moon keeping them company from nine o'clock until it faded and was forgotten with the coming daylight, arriving at spring hill just in good time for cooking the breakfast. Spring hill is a cosy spot beside the main travelled road that runs through the forest within a few miles of their camp. A fine cool spring of good water beside a pretty camping ground, where many hold up to make a cup of tea, feed their horses, eat their luncheon, or pitch their tent for the night. Breakfast over, and the horse having eaten his oats, his head, much to his dislike is pulled up from the short grass which he is cropping,

he is harnessed in again and they proceed on their journey. A fine road, the horse refreshed, they soon skip over the remaining hills and valleys, arriving at the hunting camp long before noon. After dinner it is raining, so they employ the afternoon cleaning up and straightening out the camp.

"Let it rain," says Joe: "who cares. We have a tight shingled roof over our heads, with an air space of four inches above it, with another roof of split cedar above that again, which should keep us dry surely."

This way of roofing is beautifully cool in summer and just the daisy of a plan for snowy, icy winter.

May 27th. They are up at four o'clock, have breakfast, and are quickly at work upon their garden, a small piece of land pretty thick with stumps, well decayed however. Uncle John, who came in with them to assist in cutting out the fallen trees from across the road, tarries with them until after dinner, and now takes hold to help them like the good fellow he is. They could hardly have accomplished the stumping part without his assistance, for which they heartily thanked him, voting him to be, as ever and always, one of the best of boys to them.

Twelve o'clock, dinner over, Uncle John has just left with their horse for his home, out on the main road (out to the States the lumbermen would say), and now they step out to view their small garden, all finished, planted and watered, for it has been a warm, dry, breezy morning and the soil is light. They hope to see the seeds sprouting before leaving for home again, and they gaze upon the small planted patch with much satisfaction, as it is something quite new for them to have a garden at the camp. A large part of potatoes, a patch of pole beans of the cranberry variety, half a dozen hills of

cucumbers and a small bed of onions. These last they found in the camp cellar where they had wintered without freezing, having very yellow tops 'tis true, but soon take on a nice green after the wetting and the sun shines upon them. It all looks very inviting now in the small clearing. The cosy camp so snug and warm in winter, yet cool and pleasant in the warm spring time, with its roomy porch (of which every sportsman thinks so much of) all open to the south, the well trodden path toward the spring of excellent cool water, which, winter or summer, is always *just right*. The spring house built over the incoming water, with its little cellar floored and walled with smooth, flat rocks, the water always heard trickling beneath them. This they think much of, as well as the clear, pebbly brook coursing down beside it all, with its corduroy bridge across, and the cedar split walk-way part way to camp. Perhaps on a dark day, at a time when three or four feet of snow had fallen upon the camp, nearly hiding it from view, one might chance to pass it when unoccupied and think it had a chilly, dreary, uninviting look; but with the boys at home, the tall black stove-pipe raised above the roof, emitting its jolly clouds of smoke from beneath the hood upon its top, casting shadows that are ever moving and rolling over the white snow covered roof, slowly and curling, during the lull of the breeze, swift and straight across as the wind sweeps down from over the spruces just behind it. Ah! then the chance passer by would admit it to be a cheery shelter. And now likely as not, and just at this time perhaps, as is often seen, "Bobby," the cute but theiving squirrel scampers to the highest peak of the snow covered porch, defying the smoke, and with his last piece of plunder in his little hands sits stuffing his nearly always distended cheeks.

And the bright sunshine which always finds them if it is out calling, and is always lovingly received in winter, is the crowning point over their cabin home. As it rises in the morning they see its pleasant smile at the east dormer window, and circling around it sends its warm rays in upon the tiers of newly cut and split hard wood piled in the shed, until they fairly crack, snap and groan from its power. Steadily on it moves, higher and more powerful, when at noonday in all its lovely warmth and brightness it is flooding in at the porch and doorway, which is often standing open in midwinter, to admit its cheerful rays and pleasant company.

But to return back to the garden, all smoothly finished. There is the old log stable with a goodly number of pieces of woodbine nicely growing, running up and soon to cover the south end, which is facing the garden, protecting it from the cold winds and reflecting the warmth of the sun directly upon it. The tall cedar bean poles standing in a square in front of the stable gives the place quite a civilized look. Upon the tallest in the centre a pretty bird has already perched himself and no doubt will locate here now, to pour out his song morning and evening for them. A very pretty little garden, and if it does well, — and why should it not, with our warm summer showers, the doctor will be pleased to step out and view the spot, and will enjoy much his favorite string and shell beans.

"Pretty good for half a day," says Cronie.

Stumps all out and rocks put to a good use at the foot, giving them the commencement of a stone wall, beside which Joe has planted some scarlet runners; aren't they romantic?

"Well, good bye little garden," say they, as they pass by

it to the lake in the afternoon to try their new canoe boat.

Arriving, they turn it over right side up and place it for the first time upon the water. First exclamation from Joe.

"Cronie, isn't she a daisy?"

"Correct you are, Joe, she is a darling daisy."

And in the enthusiasm of the moment both exclaim in chorus: "dearest darlingest, daisiest daisy." At this happy outburst, no doubt the reader may smile, but they will not mind it just now, for their bonny boat called "*The Same Please*" is just a perfect beauty. Not large, *just large enough*, all cedar, every part of it, the knees and stern pieces natural cedar crooks from the butts grown upon the lake shore. Sharp, both ends alike, and it paddles away over the water like a new eighteen foot birch bark canoe.

"Sails well enough to suit even the Doctor," says Joe. "Not a bit cranky, and would carry half a dozen easily, but is just the thing for two or three."

Joe, the happy builder, has surpassed himself in this his last boat—has proved himself an artist indeed.

"Joe, we thank you, the Doctor and I," says Cronie.

Joe now taking the oars and Cronie the light cedar paddle, that was made from the white sap part of a straight, tough and young cedar, they go skipping out upon the waves, the breeze driving back to the alders upon the shore the few early black flies which attempted to follow them, *at which they smile*. On they go, merrily dancing, across the lake to one of their best fishing grounds and arrive all anxious, and expecting a trout supper. Joe soaks his leaders and proceeds to switch with black gnat and brown hackle, and the little blue butterfly, but all to no purpose, not a rise.

"Not one, Joe?"

"Nary a one, Cronie."

Cronie at last becoming disgusted with such luck takes his bait rod, and with three or four of his bright, red Aroostook angle worms, looped upon the hook in such a manner as to leave many heads and tails squirming about promiscuously, proceeds to prove to Joe that fly fishing is dudish, and the way our fore-fathers did is the proper way, notwithstanding. Soon he has the worms lightly touching the surface of the water, then down they go wriggling and squirming, looking very tempting he thinks, for some good trout, moves them up and down, draws them away from some imaginary fish, then lowers them back again, and finally wilts and gives it up. Not a bite! They then put up the sail and run down to another noted chance, which Cronie remarks never fails.

"What, never?"

"Hardly ever, Joe."

Here the sail is taken in and with the paddle the boat is moved cautiously to a good position beside the alders, just above an incoming brook, and here, after many moments of careful manouvering, the same result. Joe's choice selection of seductive flies, nor Cronie's Aroostook bright red angle worms can induce a trout to flop on board "The Same Please." Joe lays aside the fly rod, looks dreamily over the lake and asks:

"What can we do now?"

"Well, Joe, all we can do is to bid the lake *a dew*, and as it will be sundown ere a long while, we will get back to camp. It is a fine side wind and we will have a jolly sail. In the morning we will come down to the lake again, get on board and try at the foot of the lake. The rains raise the brooks and the water is roily here; they have gone down to quick water or to the lower part of the lake to escape more

turbid waters. This brings to mind an old saying, Joe."

"What is it?"

"After the rain go shoot a deer; but before the rains go fishing."

Next morning, May 28th, they are on board their bonny boat at five o'clock, for the morning is the best time to fish. Gliding down the lake with the south wind, all sail set, and a slackened sheet, they soon arrive at the narrows, when the wind being taken from them by the woodland, they furl up their wings and paddle to the outlet, where they leave their boat and walk down a little piece to quick water and the rips.

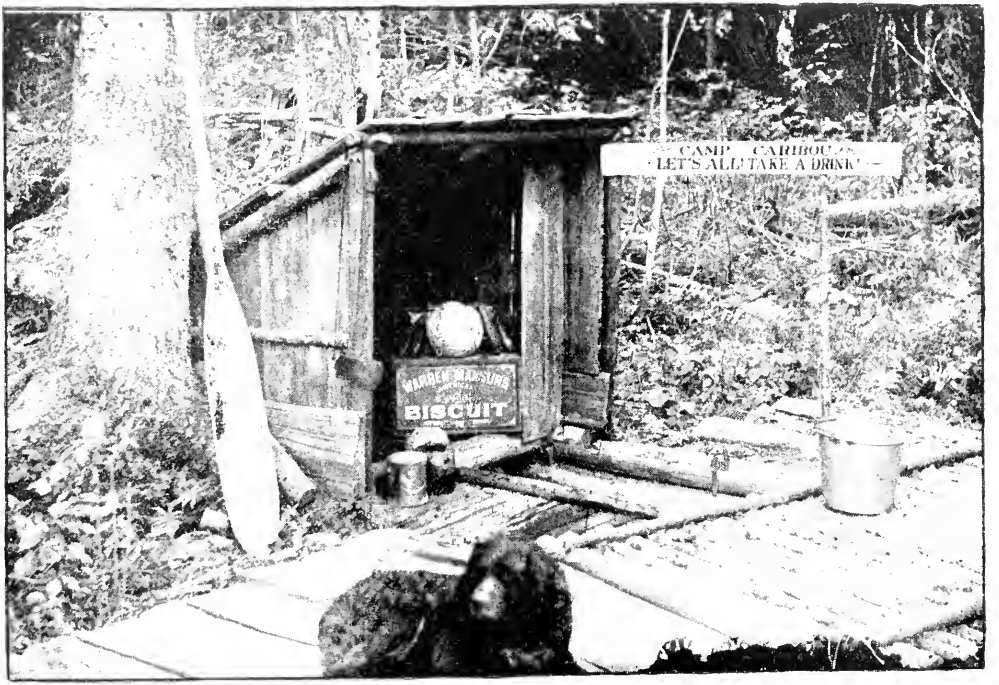
Here, after a little, they are soon taking them, both with fly and worm, and fast enough to satisfy the most greedy of trout pigs. Here they find them in abundance and soon have a dozen or more of the finest sized ones lying side by side upon the rocky shore. As these are all they can use at the present, they stop fishing, yet a little reluctantly. How they wish they could send to their homes a dozen or two right from the stream, but they are far away and no quick conveyance.

"They are here to-day, Joe," says Cronie.

"Yes, indeed they are. Should we tell of what we see swimming over these rips, they might remark that 'tis another fish story.' Well, we have caught enough for supper and breakfast, have we enough think you?"

"Just to please you, Joe, catch half a dozen more while I am preparing some of these clean shiny fellows for our dinner. The day before we leave for home we can kill all we want to carry with us, at any pool upon these quick waters."

After dinner the trout for camp are dressed, wiped dry, rolled



THE COOL SPRING BY THE CAMP.

up in thin birch bark, and packed separately in the fishing baskets. A layer of moss at the bottom serves as a spring cushion for them to rest upon, with moss between and over them, no two touching (filling the baskets quite full with the moss;) there is no bruising if carried in this manner, and they get to camp dry and cool, which is the proper way. A dozen small fir boughs placed between the basket and shoulders serves as a cushion for the back, and gives the cool air a chance to circulate between. As soon as they reach camp the trout are placed in the cool corner of their spring house cellar.

They get an early start for camp after dinner. Leaving the boat behind at this point, they conclude to go to camp by the way of the old supply road which is quite a tramp, and considered pretty gamey. A really good road to walk over, for such an old one (as usually these older roads are choked in many places with windfalls,) and a very pleasant road as it is so varied. They have no need, nor do they wish to hurry, but walk as leisurely as they can and keep moving along, enjoying the scene more from the slow sauntering gait. At first, starting away from the lake they pass through a very old camping ground that shows the well decayed logs, and very large pines for the bottom ones, and remnants of the hewn pine flooring, where once, a long time since, stood the lumber camp, where long, long since, the lumberman's axe was heard from peep of day until the shades of evening gathered thick around him, where, with the glow of health upon his cheek, in the pride of his strength, with a well-hardened muscle as he buried the sharp steel in the noble spruce or pine, upon the ridges on a clear, breezy day, the sounds could be heard plainly over the hills and far away for miles, but

dull and muffled, and reaching but a little distance from him, when every limb, bough, and twig had become weighed down to the breaking point with the soft damp snow.

Here then stood his snug, warm house, where he returned each evening after his good day's work, often wet and hungry, but always well, strong and hearty, to eat his supper of pork and beans with good strong black tea and hot ginger bread, usually topping off with dried-apple sauce. Then to grind his axe already for the morning, and after singing some of his best jolly songs for the boys in a free and easy manner, he tumbles into his own place on the fir or hemlock boughs and is asleep in five moments; and such a good, resting sleep as he has, while the fat cook piles on the birch and maple logs. Nothing disturbs him after this, until four or half-past in the morning, when the cook suddenly breaks the quiet with his call, "turn out boys, breakfast."

As they rise the first hill, they leave the pretty old camp ground behind them with the sun shining brightly upon the new growing grasses and enter a succession of dark, mossy hills and hollows. Little rocky bluffs they pass, close beside the mostly straight, yet sometimes winding road; they can see them often in the dark distance on their left hand, showing bleached and a lighter gray on their south exposure, dark and mossy on their sides and north of them. Most of the soil and very rocky bottom is covered with white, green, gray and dark reddish brown moss, and so thick a mat, one might walk over it ever so carelessly if creeping for a deer, without making any sound. Above all grows the tall, black spruces, their thick green tops touching and embracing each other, shutting out in most places nearly all the daylight, while before them and behind, as they are walking upon the upper

long levels, they see and are travelling in a straight line of light and sunshine, over a carpet of green, gray and brown velvety mosses. Walking through these shady dells and hills in the spring time, on such a sunny, quiet afternoon as this, is a pleasure few could help but enjoy.

Coming out again to broad open day and the full widened-out sunlight, they are standing upon the last rocky hill belonging to this dark shady upland, and looking down into another and deeper dell, but quite changed. Only a scattering spruce or evergreen is now to be seen compared with the many behind them, while nearly every variety of the native hard woods are in view and mixed as evenly as if planted by the hand of man for a showing of the different kinds, large and largest, small and smallest, down to the tiniest seedling having only its first two leaves, and those in the form of the seed it sprung from, which some day and in some man's time, may grow to be the very monarch of the dell, reaching its arms high above all others toward the beautiful blue sky. Sitting upon the rocks a few moments before stepping down into the pretty sunlighted valley, they notice some of the many different kinds of hard woods; the rock maple which is the curly and the bird eye, white and soft maple, yellow and white birch, the very largest of these being the canoe birch; the beech, upon which grow the fine nuts the deer love so well; the ash, elm, moose wood, iron wood, cherry and others, while scattering about and upon the hillside and beyond, they see an occasional spruce and fir, with a very few hemlock.

Here, this afternoon in the early summer, standing above the trees while they were all fairly mellow in the warm sunshine, their young green leaves scarcely trembling in the faint breeze, they were more beautiful than glossy satin, and

their sweet fragrance could be almost tasted in the air. Down the rocky descent they leave the mossy carpet behind them and their feet often grate upon the bleached granite instead. All through the dell the birds are chirping and singing, seeming to have chosen this cosy sheltered place in preference to the higher land to build their nests and rear their young. They climb the rise, which, like the bottom of the dell, is thickly covered with the old leaves that were only one year since as elegant as those above, while here and there a fallen monarch, beautifully mossed over, beside, and out of which, thick growths of yellow birch are springing up very thriftily, enriched by the tree that has had its time, and now lies down upon the ground as food for those that follow.

As they reach the level again they see and pass through the beech nut grove; not all beeches, but so many and such thrifty, stately trees standing in groups and so generously distributed over the ridge, that they feel justified in thus naming it. Here, in the fall time of a fruitful year for the beeches, and when the frosts have opened the burrs, and the blustering winds are sweeping through the branches, come the harvesters and the gatherers and later on the gleaners.

Hearing the sweet rich nuts rattling down upon the dried leaves, they hasten forward to the feast; not the school boys with happy shoutings, as this is too far away to hear the recess bell, but the many dwellers in the forest here. Young and old, large and small, those that wander all about the hills and ridges, through the leaves, that when dried thoroughly by a sunny morning, loudly rustle as they approach, and others that fly from tree to tree taking their choice of the choicest, before the feast has been spread out and distributed over the leafy covering for the large families that feed beneath

the trees. You see the leaves ploughed up in ridges, nosed over and trampled upon; this is "Bruin," he roots like a pig for them; smaller spots, in places scraped clean of leaves is by the red deer. Both love them and continue to visit the groves, and scrape and root for them until after the first snows. Fat old Mr. Bruin comes slowly trotting over the hills, making a spanking big track in the light snow, a third larger than his foot really is, his toes and claws showing plainly if a damp, light snow.

The porcupine is often the first to be seen in the early morning after his breakfast. He climbs to the top of the tree, and there sitting in the fork of a limb, reaches out and drawing in an armful of twigs containing the ripest and best, and hugging them to his breast, he chews away at his quiet leisure, merely blinking and twinkling his small, bead-like, black eyes, when the old screaming blue jay grows the most excited and indignant at his piggishness. Both the porcupine and squirrel commence to eat them much before the regular harvest, and soon the blue jay takes the hint and is picking open the burrs, and next the partridges.

As they are slowly walking down from the beeches, Joe a little behind, something large is seen to wheel quickly and face toward them. Cronie steps quickly behind a tree, notifying Joe by giving two low calls of the blue jay. He understands, gets a glance of it and it is gone. There was but little or no wind; about ten or twelve rods down the road stood a cow moose looking up at them. Joe for the first time in his life sees a live moose in the woods, but only to get a short peep of her when she trotted down the hill out of sight. "Oh," said Joe, "how I should like to get a fine view of that moose." So they crept along very quietly a

piece down the road, watching, each side, thinking very likely they would have another sight of her in some spot off the road. Sure enough, in a moment or two they heard a rustling on the left of them, when she showed up beautifully, standing upon a knoll quite still, looking at them several seconds, then trotting away again out of sight. This time they had a clear view of the cow moose standing not more than twelve rods away and upon elevated ground. She had changed her old winter coat of long, thick and coarse hair, with which they present a rough and shaggy exterior in early spring, for a new coat of fine, satin finish, which was very short and a shining black, and having become quite fat again, upon the quantity of new and tender browse everywhere growing for them, her round, smooth body was a picture. No jumps did she make, not being at all frightened, merely startled, and trotted off at her leisure. As they walk along, Joe exclaims again and again, "Oh! Oh! wasn't she a black, glossy beauty; don't they trot grandly."

They continue on to camp without meeting with anything else worthy of note, excepting a baby porcupine. He was sitting near the top of a young sugar maple, eating the young leaves, with his quilly tail hanging staight downward, looking very comical indeed, as he stopped his eating upon seeing them beneath him, and drew down his head and shoulders until he was half his length in appearance, remaining perfectly motionless, with his black eyes ever on them. At first glance at the porcupine, one might take him to be a large bird, sporting a long tail, as Joe remarked to him, that he had altogether too much tail for his wings, his small, black, bead like eyes twinkling innocently as they looked him over, but not harming him, nor wishing for his fur, as it is not the most elegant kind, if smoothed the wrong way.

May 29th. Up in the morning just as it is coming day. They make a fire in the cook-stove, put on the coffee and open the camp door to listen to the song-birds. Finding the choir is about to tune up for another morning's concert, they step out and take a seat almost among them. One of the squirrels barks at Joe, which Joe understands and throws him a piece of doughnut; this he jumps for and gets, running off with it chattering on the way "good for one song only."

Soon the wood robin commences his whistling and his "chat!" "chat!" and is soon joined by the choir, one by one, as they awake and gather around the camp, all joyously welcoming with apparent praise and gladness another fine summer morning. The white-throated song sparrow in the distance is again adding his happy song, and we hear him plain and clear in his pretty calls constantly this morning, and as he is heard all over the county. We hear him often when sitting engaged in our fishing, and dearly love his pleasant song and company. Every little while through the morning and evening he is telling us something like this: "I see see se teetatee teetatee te—," and again, "I see——e—" lengthening out his notes, sweet and very clear. The moose birds, crossbills, finches and chickadees fly almost in the camp to get the crumbs they throw out to them. The humming bird, which is seldom seen here in the forest, has found the clearing and tarries in the sunny place, often alighting on the bean poles, looking cunningly around the garden. They hardly suppose he as yet knows of the goodly quantity of scarlet runners and other blossoms which they are promising him in the sweet bye and bye, in the garden. A pair of cute little brown wrens with tails as straight up as usual, are building their nest in a brush pile near the woodshed, Joe

promises them a bird-house for another year, for they are pretty and interesting company, and should have a tight roof over them for their nesting place. Lastly, but not the least by many a chittering chatter, is their ever present company, the chickaree; the red squirrels are constantly saucily scampering in and out, and all about their feet, as independent as they please, as they have been too much humored. One in particular was often in disgrace while the boys were at the camp, for his theiving and impudence, and now is carrying the Captain's private mark with him, until his last skip over to the happy hunting grounds. For a more serious theft than usual, they one day decided he must die, and as he ran up a tall spruce, stopping a moment to chatter back at them, the Captain fired a rifle shot, cutting off his tail smooth and clean, within an inch of his hips. He would not fire again but granted him a pardon for all former offences. He is now quickly recognized and is known as "Bobby, the thief."

After breakfast they decide to make another trip to the lake and to go by the way of the old road again, having hopes of seeing once more something interesting in the way of large game. But they are not as fortunate as the day before, yet have a very pleasant trip. Frequently, as they stroll along, the joyous, happy drummer is heard, at times very close to them, but more often from afar back in the forest. This they are pleased to hear as it is an assurance of many birds still living, and building their nests to rear flocks of young for the fall shooting. Passing by the knoll upon which stood the cow moose the day before, they saw her tracks, which are so similar to the domestic cow's, but she is not to be seen this day, apparently. Perhaps standing upon a similar ridge many miles away, for like the caribou they are wanderers.

ranging over much territory but often returning to and tarrying a short while in some loved spots which are the most like home to them. This ridge, and the little knoll whereon stood the moose, they will always remember as where they saw an interesting sight; a glossy, black wild moose in the early summer time. The birds are merrily singing as they again pass through the beeches and the dell, and the bluejay as usual is screaming, as if the sentinel guarding the grove, and continues his scolding until they enter the sombre shades of the dark green trees and step again upon the mossy bottom of the rocky woodland. When half way through, a large owl is seen sitting upon a spruce limb, but makes quickly off before they get too near him as there is but little sun to dazzle his eyes in this dark, mossy retreat. Out of the spruces and down past the old camp ground and they are soon at the quick waters, the rips and pools again, capturing the trout that are easily deceived and taken in the rapid water. Only a dozen or so are killed as the weather is warm, when these are dressed and cared for in the basket, when they walk up to their boat, which they find as they left it. Getting on board they paddle up the outlet to the lake and the broad water, when Joe proposes a voyage of discovery around the shores of the lake, running as near land as possible to find and interview all the incoming brooks, and to observe and note whatever they can see and find of interest on the way. To this Cronie gladly assents as it just meets his own wishes. They are here in a good time to find the small spring brooks as they are running full and telegraph their whereabouts with merry trickling as they enter the lake.

After an hour or more they land upon a mossy point which rises some six or eight feet above the lake and then the level

woodland is seen, far inland. Here upon the mossy bank and point is an otter playground and sliding; as it is not in season for trapping the otter they are not at all careful about stepping upon, or walking over their works and examine with much interest their playground. They see where the otter walk up from the water to their playground to the head of the slide, around rather than over the slide, then tarrying at the playground, they frolic and play about, over a small piece of ground, scratching and pawing up the moss and small sticks in little heaps, before sliding down, plump! into the water again.

"They have been here during the last rain," says Joe.

"Correct, and will be most likely to visit their circus ground during the next storm," adds Cronie. "A few left, as yet, but they do not increase as fast as one could wish, and which to the trapper and sportsman is a regret and not pleasant to be assured of. And should we hear the regular trapper complain of this, we may say to him, as the little brother said to the elder one, 'Johnny, your pie can't last if you take such big bites.'"

Here they now build a fire a piece away from the otter's slide, make a cup of tea and have their dinner. A large bird of the crane family being on the marsh, a little way down the wind, is disturbed by their smoke and gives them an exhibition of those sounds from which he has gained the name (among hunters) of "Stake Driver," as the sounds are much like driving a stake into the earth. "Ah-k-chunk!—Ah-k-chunk." A peculiar sound for a bird, and to Cronie's surprise Joe asks:

"What in the world is that?"

Cronie allows his dinner to get cold while giving Joe

a description of the bird, and how he is acting at the time of giving such sounds; that he raises his head as he sounds the Ah! Ah! then thrusts it well out and downward, as if to stab a frog with his long sharp bill, as he makes the sounds "k chunk." Joe quietly informs Cronie, as near as he can make out by his mumbling words, —for both his fat cheeks are well rounded out with broiled trout and *Hausur's* Boston butter crackers, that he has seen them often down in his grandpa's meadow, beyond the old meadow hay barn.

Dinner over, they resume their cruise along the shores. Passing slowly, close in under the trees, they see a pair of porcupines trot or rather waddle along on the bank, one close behind the other, looking as usual so very comical, they must again laugh at them, at which they look not their way at all, nor pay the least attention to them whatever, but roll and wag along on their short, fat legs, supporting their short, round, puffed-out bodies, their thick, quilly tails sticking quite straight out behind, the quills upon them and upon their backs all pointed upward. Small heads and little, black eyes that were looking only straight ahead, for they were minding their own business, and trotted back along the shore by which the boat had just passed, and so near they could have been reached with a fishing pole, and when first sighted they were taken for little cub bears. Even in the deep wildwood, among the animals, we discover human traits, for from the porcupine we learn that man is not the only animal that may become so deeply infatuated as to be oblivious to all else but his courtship.

After noting the quill pig promenade and wishing them much joy on their wedding tour, they step on shore and find a cool spring, for which they are always thankful, as a

cool drink of nice water is ever in order on their travels. They cut off a sprout high up as they can reach, and place upon it an empty condensed milk can to be used as a dipper, when they or others shall pass by again. This the boys have frequently done in their cruisings over the old roads and upon the line wherever nice water is passed, so many are distributed about the forest. As they pass the mouth of the brook running in at a deep cove, Joe, with his flies, takes a few small trout and one fine one, that gives him lots of pleasure, lights up his face, and causes him to crow just a little bit. Coming to the peninsula of pines, they this time pass over its very narrow neck close to the main land, instead of paddling far around as usual, the high stage of water now admitting.

Here along the shore is quite a feeding ground for the deer, and at a low stage of water shows much water-grass that they love. Passing over in the canoe boat a few of the rushes brush its sides which is all the noise they are making. As they shoot out to view upon the waters of the cove a splashing is heard, and as quickly as it is, upon their left hand near the shore, a handsome doe deer is seen for an instant standing still, head up, looking at them wildly, turns her head half round, looks toward the shore and low bushes, and quickly jumps among them and is out of sight. Then sounds are heard of her lamb, when the mother quickly answers; more jumping is heard, and they soon see mother and fawn both wildly leaping through the shoal water over the narrow neck the boat had just passed, hurrying to the main land, the mother leading, the little spotted fawn close behind. As they reach the woods they hear a few sounds from them and all is quiet. Could they see the deer once more at this moment,

they would be seen facing them with fixed attention. The voyagers now skirting around the shore of the cove earnestly scan the formation of the land, watching for a depression in the growth of the timber and have an eye out for the alders along shore, as they are anxious to find in this vicinity a cool brook which they have been told of, but which up to the present time has not been discovered, even after much seeking for. At last, after patient listening and watching, they are rewarded by the sound of running water, and are quickly on shore upon a tour of inspection.

"Cronie, we have found it, sure!"

This is the mysterious brook, hidden entirely from one passing by water, as it runs mostly under ground, unless at a high stage of water, when it runs over into the lake. Cold and nice, and apparently having two branches that join just back of the sea wall of the lake; two beautiful spawning brooks running from away over the hills, we know not as yet how far, but must in the fall explore with rifle at easy rest,

> For it has such gamey looks,
> Up between these two spring brooks.

Taking the hunting axe from the canoe, they cut a slashing entrance from the shore to the cool water, and hang upon the stub of a branch another, their last milk can, which shows itself brightly shining when they are far away upon the lake again.

"Such conspicuous marking was unnecessary perhaps," says Joe, "but we are going to find that brook the next time, if at noonday, sure."

Taking a long draught of the sweet brook water, they move on toward the end of their cruise, the head of the lake. They point the boat toward the inlet and directly in their

course is a shoal place, or bar, out in the lake, from which rises out of the water a solitary rock, oval upon its top, with a small bit of growth upon it. As they are approaching it, a handsome white gull flies to meet them, hovering over their heads and then away again, then back, giving its little cry in the gull dialect, then circling around, hovers over them, saying to them plainly, "Go not this way if you please, but keep off, as I am trying to lead you." These pretty, pure white gulls are another interesting feature which adds to the beautiful picture, besides they being rare with them, are the more prized.

"Last year there was only one," said Joe, "and no doubt some idiot shot its mate in mating time. I will bet the lemonade, that upon the rock ahead there is a gull's nest, and I never saw one in all my life."

Sure enough, before stepping out they could see a low rude nest, made of moss, sticks and mud, and in it were three very large eggs, nearly as large as hen's eggs, which surprised them much, looking at the size of the bird. The eggs were a dark drab color, spotted with black. The birds did not make much ado after all at their landing, but both followed them closely for a piece after leaving the rock, when the female flew back to the nest, the male following the boat, often hovering over them with a low cry and flying on ahead again, as if still anxious they should be led far from his treasures.

Only a gull's nest. That's all, yet they would have paddled a mile out of their way rather than have missed seeing this one. An oval, almost bare rock, lying out alone by itself in the lake, some eight or ten feet in diameter, nearly round, a few bunches of moss growing upon the north side,

CAMP CARIBOU. (West Side.)

with a small bunch of hard-hack and three small dwarfed spruces the only protection from the northerly winds. Upon the highest part of the rock, in the center, the very rude nest and the three odd colored eggs is kept warm while the mother bird is away by the sun warming up the granite, and at night and morning, cold days and rainy ones, by the mother bird. Respected by the loons as they wish no such place for themselves when they can find the hidden chances, as close as this to the water.

As they homeward to the landing drift slowly along, Joe again is switching in a few clean silvery trout. "Those little choice ones," he says, and Cronie is pleased to hear him expatiate again, and often.

May 30th. The last morning of the trip; the alarm of the clock goes off with a whiz and a whir—r—

"What do you say, Joe, it's three o'clock."

"All right, Cronie, if we go over upon the other side and get to sleep again I fear we will be rather late at white water rips."

The coffee is soon steaming, some thin slices of Swift's bacon are approaching too near a crisp point and are set off upon the stove hearth; these having already scented the camp porch, as the door stands wide open, are attracting the birds and squirrels as usual. Bobby, the thief, is chased in over the door stool by one of his big brothers and sits upon his stumpy tail and haunches holding up his hands and eyeing Joe wonderingly as he listens to his lively "tin tintilations"(?) made with a tin tea spoon and a half pint dipper (Joe was beating an egg for to-morrow morning's coffee) but he skips out again lively as Joe shies his slipper toward him, not stopping until he regains the roof, where he barks and chatters

out his disgust for such landlords. The eggs for their breakfast, and enough also to carry with them for dinner, have been boiling twenty-five minutes, and Joe now speaks the word "breakfast!"

Just at four o'clock, a little dark and cloudy, but no very positive signs of rain, they throw the straps of the fishing baskets over their shoulders, one packed with dinner for two, the other containing a variety of fishing particularities, and strike out for the "elysium," white water rips. Over the ridges, by the edges of the swamps, leaping the small brooks, then walking the old down pine as they cross the brook again beyond, on up the rise then through the fir and spruce groves so dark and shady, where the squirrel is always seen, and where for winter he gathers many cones, and the sable and fisher come visiting with no good intentions toward him. Down again and through the strip of burned land now grown up thickly with small white birches, little dwarfed firs and wild cherry, then through a pretty grove of tall white birches, often flushing the grouse, who before he takes to wing will elevate his feathers, saying "pletes, pletes, pletes," which means, "dang it, I am not at all pleased with your intrusion." Always keeping upon the trail they had spotted, or blazed years before, and partly underbrushed, that they might hasten quickly on at times when they wished, without too many stumbles and sudden sit-downs, coming out at last upon the same stream where they had been fishing the previous days, several miles farther down to follow the stream, yet nearer to camp because of its winding way.

They find here at this time in the season, good fishing on the swift waters, and in an hour their baskets are full. Sitting down at the edge of the pool they dress, wipe dry and pack the

trout in the usual manner. And now by adding a few flat rocks they completed a snug little cave that nature had nearly finished for them, close beside the little spring, and place therein the baskets of trout, while they make a short journey over the ridge to the wild cranberry bog and inspect as to the prospect for berries when they come again in the fall for the regular outing. Returning to the rips again, they sit down to luncheon with appetites well sharpened by the tramp; so much so that a pair of moose birds which had called upon them were not invited to partake, after which they seemed to give lower, sad and mournful notes longer than usual, which affects Joe visibly, and he promises next time not to forget them. After a quiet smoke they straighten up and prepare for the homeward march, again over the trail. First they enjoy a good long draught from the almost icy trickle that comes tinkling in from between the rocks at the side of the stream, filling to the brim and running over their little excavation with the clearest, purest water. Then they look lovingly away up the stream, upon the rushing water, dotted with many a well-known boulder, and upon the rips, and then upon the silent, though deep moving waters before them, with smiling thankfulness for what they have often as now afforded them. Pretty, cheery river, even though they leave you far behind, you are not forgotten; they will think of you many times and often, and though the actual sound of the happy, laughing voices of your bright and pretty waters do not reach their ears in reality, yet they will often hear you just the same, and always love you; and now as they turn their faces from you around toward the camp and home, they feel they change to rather a sombre hue, and mirrored in the spring they show a cheerless look at parting from you.

They lift the baskets and start upon the promenade, turning their backs, decided to look no more upon the stream when it's so "all alive," yet they turn when upon the higher land, and cannot help stopping once more to look back just a moment and say good bye to the now sunlighted waters, and then plunge manfully on for the old blazed spruce that shows the entrance to the trail and are back to camp in time to pack what they wish to haul home with them, snug up the hunting lodge once more, and have a half hour to spare, which they devote to further improving their little garden. Then their horse is sent in for them and they are soon on their way home, where they arrive the next morning, tired a little and sleepy too, but well enough to *saw wood*.

A LITTLE BEAR HUNT.

SHOOTING an animal through the heart is not always immediate death as some might suppose, for they frequently run quite a distance before falling. Often the sportsman having made this sure death shot, he may think he has missed altogether, as he sees the animal running away to some handy cover, where if left to itself and not followed up too quickly and noisily, would likely be found handy by in the first good hiding chance, lying dead. On the other hand, if hastening after it the game hears you now quicker than usual, and the wounded animal keeps bounding away through the thickest chances as long as any life is left, and likely now it escapes the hunter altogether, dropping dead at last, to be found by the meat eating fellows (the carnivora) who now have a most glorious feast, leaving nothing at last but the larger bones of the animal, which are also eaten entirely after becoming softened by the snows, by a myriad of mice which are everywhere living in the forest. If we could shoot the bear directly through the centre of his skull or immediately behind its ear (and all other large game as well) it would be the proper shot, humane, and the most creditable, for this is

instant death. Now we know why we do not often risk this shot, unless the game is very handy to us; it is because if he does not have the wind of us and is not much startled, we are expecting him in a moment (always provided we stand as motionless as the tree bodies themselves) to gradually withdraw his eyes from us, and looking around to the way from whence he came, partly, or wholly present his broadside to us half a moment just before jumping away.

With some companions we were paddling our canoe noiselessly up a still water, listening intently for those sounds that always indicate the close proximity of game.

"To-day," remarked a cronie, "we will not be particular, as we are hungry for meat, so let it be moose, deer, caribou, bear, porcupine or musquash, in fact anything eatible, for we will not return to camp without the wherewith for a broil or a smother."

When far up the quiet winding stream we caught those sounds that we wished to hear, the breaking of small decaying branches upon the ground, and they seemed breaking beneath the tread of some heavy animal. My companions pushed the canoe ashore quietly, and we stepped toward the place the sounds came from, avoiding the many partly decayed alders upon the shore, which make such sharp cracklings, and stooping low, to save our eyes from the thick growing twigs and climbing vines, we crept through to a little clearing handy by. It was an old lumber landing with grassy spots scattered here and there, but mostly grown up to large brakes, with many a small fir bush mixed in. Getting out of the shore growth of alders into this little sunny paradise of a chance for many kinds of game, when situated in the midst of the thick woods, we were just in time to see an old bear

with one cub leaping away out of range and for the woods beyond. A little disappointed, and knowing it was useless to follow as they had the wind from us, we were about to turn for the canoe when we espied another well grown cub that had just taken the hint of danger, making off obliquely for the same direction. We gave this fellow a shot that passed through the lower half of his heart, when he tumbled over, but was quickly up again and bounding away faster than before. We gave chase, thinking he could run but a very little way, slipping in another cartridge as we ran. He was soon out of sight in the brakes, but his snarly ba! arah! ba! ah! ah! gave us the right direction, and we expected every moment to pick up the cub and return to the canoe. At this time we were using a single shot rifle of light calibre and really was not anxious to be interviewed by big mother bruin under existing circumstances, but we wanted some cub steak and took our chances. Keeping our eyes open as we ran and just as we came out into another open place, we saw by the quickly moving brakes ahead of us that we must stand firm just where we were and be ready for the sure and instant death shot through the skull, or perhaps take a scratching, for the old bear, hearing the cries of the cub was coming straight for us as we could see by the black bounding rump among the tall brakes, but no sure chance good for a shot. When within thirty feet of us, her jaws snapping, eyes full of fire, and showing the whitest of teeth, she was very near the edge of the little grassy space in which we were standing. But in place of showing herself plainly to our view and standing up facing us, as is generally their way, thus giving a fair shot at the heart, or even approaching clear of the brakes, and halting a moment to intimidate us, with

gnashing her white teeth, she whirled and away upon seeing us, as quickly as she came, and ran again toward the cub. The boys now hurrying up from the canoe we followed the trail made plainer by the old one, while we frequently imitated the ba—arah—ah! of the cub, to decoy her back to us once more, when again she madly rushed toward us, but as quickly bounced away without giving us a shot. Soon we came upon the black glossy prize lying beneath a tree that had fallen across an old logging road. The cub had run over three hundred yards after having been shot through the lower half of his heart.

Most animals that rush toward you do not have the courage to attack, and nearly all quail and turn away at the steady look of the eye when one stands firm and faces them. And now my young sportsmen, if such you are, may I tell you that at a time like this you will be as cool as if you were going to shoot a rabbit, for it is something that clears your brain of everything else but that steady shot. You will forget to quake with fear or tremble at danger. Not that we would for a moment counsel you to seek for any dangerous chances; on the contrary always have it in mind that you should always seek to avoid them. But should you meet them in a case like this, the first chill of fear you may have vanishes as quickly as you percieve the angry eyes looking in your own. It flashes to you instantly that you surely must now try titles as to which is the superior, man or brute. And quicker than I can write one word of this little hunt, if you know your rifle and have it ready for the shot, your nerves are as if like iron, your rifle, even if usually heavy, now comes up like a feather weight, seeming to steady itself just on the level line, while your bullet crashes right through the

brain, just where you are sure to aim, and your would-be enemy drops and quivering dies in its very tracks. Then perhaps, when all seeming danger is passed, the trembles may come for a moment when you could hardly shoot a chickadee with fine bird shot.

TRAPPING THE OTTER.

BLACK and shining as an otter, is an expression often used, and it comes to mind when on our cruisings we occasionally see him upon the banks of pure white snow beside the stream. His fur is of the finest and most valuable. We believe he is the handsomest fellow to a trapper's thinking, of the whole furry tribe. The trapper is always much elated to find one in his trap, when it is set upon the land, his beautiful fur showing its fine silky richness, as he rolls over, doubles up and twists about. Long, strong and a very supple animal, low set upon his short and strong legs, of the firmest build altogether and very heavy for his size, it takes a thorough made trap to hold him, especially if caught upon the land. The swivel must work free and he must have a chance to swing around in, quite a little space, or in his gymnastic performance he may twist himself free from the trap if he is a large one.

As it is now, we will say, just the time for their fur to be getting dark and rich, nearly prime, we will take the canoe and paddle down to minnow brook and set two or three traps. There are indications of rain, which is what we like imme-

diately after setting the traps for otter. In the first, we will open the jaws of our traps here on the shore and have them ready to place on arriving at the brook, as we wish to tramp about as little as possible upon their chosen play ground, for they are keen scented fellows and it takes but a little disturbance to cause them to desert a play ground for a time. Take the light hunting axe and the water pail, which we shall need to dip the water to wet our tracks above, upon their play ground, after setting the traps there, and this will wash down any scent left behind us. We require no stakes to drive down to hitch to, as this is a dead fast, which is not a good plan in trapping any animal. They should have a chance to move around instead of being assisted by a dead fast to pull or twist out.

Arriving at the little brook and the otters' sliding chance, we see that they have been playing upon the ground quite lately, as along each side of the slide (which here is only ten or twelve feet, extending from their playground to the water) we see little sticks, twigs, leaves and moss which have been recently brushed aside by their breasts and their fore legs under them as they go scooting down from their playground upon the elevation, plump into the water at times, and just for fun apparently. Then in going back up the bank to the top again, they walk around to one side, seldom if ever, climbing up by the smooth place they have made in scooting down, but choosing the easier road around, often sliding down in quick succession, then back one after the other, having a romp with each other upon the elevation, then walking to the head of the down grade, place their fore legs immediately underneath and slide down upon knees and breasts as before.

We will drop down below their works before landing and

do our chopping where it will not be seen by them, cut our spruce poles six or eight feet long and the proper size, to slip the ring of the chain over the larger end of the pole. Now slip on the rings and wedge or wire them securely. Having them all ready to place, we will walk well around and approach the slide from the back of their works at the top of their mossy knoll. High! their works show they have lots of fun up here; only see the little dry sticks broken up fine, moss, leaves and turf clawed up in little heaps.

We will reach over upon their playing spot, here at the rear, cut out a square place for the trap and place it bearing solid and level with the upper surface. Lay the pole down with the newly cut end hidden by moss, and tie the small and and outer end securely to a small tree, or stand it up beside one, fastening the upper end, giving them a good chance to swing around when caught. Shake over the trap to cover nicely, moss and leaves from their own works, break a bunch of boughs for a whisk. and from the pail of water sprinkle all most thoroughly, and step back wetting all tracks we have made handy by, and we are ready to place the other traps in nearly the same manner, again well around, and approaching near the head of the slide, place a trap on the playground within a foot of the slide, beginning in the same manner as before. And now, if his roundabout path is plain to be seen, showing as well, just where he leaves the water, to walk up to the top, then set the trap just where he stops swimming, and walks to land; placing the trap a trifle to one side of his path, as his legs are wide apart, and have a little forethought as to rise and fall of water, which would depend upon the weather.

A No. 4 trap is good to place here, in the water upon the

shore, for though seeming heavy, when No. 3 would probably hold most any otter, this is heavy and drowns them as soon as they plunge to deepest water which they always will do. But if a light trap is used, a rock may be attached to the chain, to keep the otter under water. Set all traps bearing level, always. Sometimes one must dig out a little for them, and nearly always we find it necessary to place a flat stone or a piece of bark beneath one of the jaws to insure against its tipping when the animal does not step plump upon the pan of the trap. Have a pole attached to the ring of the chain, the same when set in the water, as upon the land, and perhaps longer, when the water may be shoal. This may be laid along the edge of the stream upon the shore, the end fastened, allowing free chance for the otter to plunge out to deep water, when he quickly drowns.

Again, say it is very cold weather, and all is frozen over and we can see no signs of the otter above water, but you remember having seen at the mouth of some brook, even if a very small one, perhaps, where they were passing up and down when it was not frozen and it was out of season for catching them. This they are often doing beneath the ice as well, often crowding in at the mouth of a brook, where there seems little room for a mink. Cut out the ice here in the best place you can decide upon, making a hole large enough to work in handy, and place the trap nearly in his passing way, which is midway for the small channel of the brook, as he is aiming for the centre of the stream and its deepest water; push down a few dry sticks, chance permitting, upon each side of the trap to guide him directly over it, arranging to have the trap in water deep enough, so that when freezing over again there will yet be sufficient room for the otter to

pass easily over the trap. And for this chance for setting the trap, have a pole small enough for the ring to slip from its top to the bottom of it, where there should be left, a stub of a branch to keep it from slipping off entirely. Push the pole down beside the trap expecting it to freeze in, yet tie the top end in case of a thaw.

Often a chance is seen where they can be caught upon the land when crossing from one stream to another separated by short distances, or leaving a small stream when approaching its outlet and travelling across a point of land, rather than follow its further windings, swimming among, and over tangled roots and low growing alders. Tracing their path from this stream to the most suitable level spot, we may lay two old logs at right angles, one upon each side of their path for a fence, leaving just room enough between the ends for the trap and three inches to spare, in order to have the pan of the trap a little to one side. Upon the logs lay on some old brush the length of them. Coming to this they wrinkle their nose and snuff for danger, but scent nothing after a rain, and as they dislike to climb over if they can crawl under or walk through, they keep on right over the trap, thinking it is all right as they are frequently meeting with blow downs on their travels. Here also they must have a chance to swing round, or the tip-up, or spring-pole must be arranged for them as for the fisher.

The otter have been known to catch and eat our wild ducks, both young and old, and are fond of the young musquash, as we have seen at different times on a still water stream, ample proof of their eating them, upon their playing places and fishing chances, on the points of the stream, usually upon the opposite side to the muskrats' grounds.

It is a simple thing for this supple fellow, that can swim down the trout so easily, to slide into the water from his fishing point and swimming well down underneath, rise and seize a wild duck by its legs, drag it under, and return to his point below, or hidden in the bushes, make a fine meal from its meat for a change. Its sleeping chance is often near the little falls or rapids, where the water remains open nearly all the winter, though it finds ample chances for a cosy night's lodging when on its travels, beneath the roots of the old stubs and large dead trees along the banks of the quick water streams. It is frequently in winter making journeys from one quick water to another, striking across through the woods, over the shortest and most direct way, and arriving exactly on the line to the noisy rapid. Sometimes straight over the ridges, in place of winding around, although it is a very poor climber up hill. If the snow is not deep enough at such a time for him to dive under and hide away from you, or escape, he may be caught on ascending or level ground, but he gets away lively when on the down grade, as he knows how to slide down hill to perfection, leaving the pursuer far behind, though at his best gait. When the lakes and streams are frozen over and the weather is cold, he is under the ice and often on his beat, even then; and fishing as he goes, coming to the ice often to renew his breath when between chances for landing beneath the ice, often travelling a piece beneath the banks of snow and ice where it is raised up, or a passage for him when the water has fallen off from the stream, giving him even dry chances, and room enough to run about at will, hidden from our view in the coldest weather. But he is soon out again and upon the surface of the snow and ice early on a warm morning, and during the middle part of warm, sunny

days, making journeys and playing outside during and after mild snow storms, yet always getting safely under before it freezes, seeming to know just where he can push through to open water beneath the snow.

Well along in the month of March, in the Aroostook valley, when we have frequent light falls of snow and occasional warm rains, the waters beneath the ice, even, take a change for the warmer, and the sun running higher giving us more warmth again, shining brightly down upon the ice with much power, just at the edge of the stream, which may be protected from the north by a high bank of snow, yet crusted over, but very friable, then and there (upon the still water streams) the first strip of open water glistening in the sunlight, shows itself. At night, as very often, comes another light fall of the soft, fleecy snow, and early in the warm sunny morning following, the glossy otter is here to be seen, for it is one of his favorite fishing chances, just below the deep snow drifted rips, which are almost ice bound upon the rocky, pebbly, sandy bottom. And the otter is quick to descry the first light of the spring shining down in his long winter home. He sits upon the bank with his head raised, attentively watching the sunny opening, his black coat shining, in such striking contrast with the white snow all about him, it is not strange he is called the bright and shining otter. He is watching the opening, knowing well this to be the place the trout love to winter in, near the warm, spring water which is constantly oozing in below the bank. They are here surely, and have been lying dormant for awhile, partly hybernating at times, lying just beneath the sediment on the bottom, with nose and eyes just pushed a little out to view; and as one of them, who has also felt the warmer change (but a few minutes too early,

alas.) wriggles out to view, the otter slides into the stream smoothly and without a sound, quickly re-appearing with a fine speckled beauty, which is writhing and flopping in his mouth; and as he now lies at full length upon the bank, playing with the prize before crunching its head and eating it, he is a picture which one will remember.

IN THE VELVET.

MUCH no doubt has been written, giving more complete information than I shall give in regard to the deer and caribou shedding their antlers each year, and the new ones coming on again in the spring and growing so fast, at the first, being covered with the velvet, so called, which is a short, fuzzy, velvety hair, covering the antlers until well grown. This is of a rather pretty, dark brown color, giving the buck's head an odd look at first glance. The fact of their shedding their horns every winter is often questioned, and even disputed, by many unacquainted with these animals, declaring it would be impossible for them to grow such a set of antlers in one summer. One will ask you, why is it that in his travels through the woods in summer and fall of the year, he does not find the horns lying upon the ground? This is easily accounted for, as the woods are full of mice, and perhaps but few would believe what endless numbers there are; and the wood mouse is not hibernating, for no matter how cold or how deep the snow lies upon the ground, he is almost constantly running about beneath the snow in his numberless paths, feeding upon the plants, roots and the seeds from the

trees; and all through the winter, as we have the mild changes with warmer nights, their tracks and paths are seen in the morning running in every direction over the light snow, outside again. The horns falling off early in winter and being covered with snow, they are made soft from the dampness, and the little fellows scenting them, scarcely ever leave a particle of the choice nibbling behind. In the spring and summer the new set is growing on again, very fast indeed, and at the first the bucks rather seclude themselves some place in the woods, or keep mostly upon the meadows and barrens, away from thickets and low growing branches, as the newly growing horns are very hot, soft and sensitive to any little touch or hurt. We have occasionally seen them while in the velvet. A gentleman of Portland, Maine, and the writer, on our way fishing one morning, as we stepped out of the woods upon a barren, saw standing directly in front of us, not eight rods away, a fine buck caribou, his horns in the velvet. He was apparently not at all disturbed, and we had a fine view of him. He very likely heard us coming and had waited to see what was abroad so early in the morning. With his head turned toward us standing broadside to us, he looked inquisitive for half a moment, then looked up the barren. At that moment he was a picture not to be forgotten; with nothing to obstruct our view but the wet mosses (green, red and brown) growing just above his black polished hoofs. His antlers, or rather the two main ones, were nearly the full length; from these had grown the hand shaped parts or palms, and the stubbs only, the many sharp points to come from these, not showing as yet, and all were fully covered with the velvet.

Later on, the antlers having their growth, or nearly so, no doubt an itching at their base is the cause of the caribou rub-

bing them up and down the small trees. In this manner also, they clean off the remaining old velvet. For this purpose they choose very small trees, from one to two inches through. These trees are frequently seen along the sides of the ridges, polished up, stripped of branches and bark, up to where it is too small to be of use to them, while beneath, lying loosely about, and close to the body of the tree where it had fallen, a little pile of the old velvet usually may be seen. At times we see a larger tree used for the same purpose. One in particular we remember of seeing quite lately—an ash with very rough bark, some four inches through, cleaned off higher up than usual, while beneath lay upon the ground quite a handfull of the velvet. This we concluded to be a moose, though possibly it might have been Jumbo, the wary buck caribou we had seen at times (for a moment only). Again, with regard to their rubbing their horns and polishing them against the trees. It is said that at times you can call them handy to you by imitating these sounds. This can be done in the fall after they have rubbed off the velvet and the antlers are most fully hardened. The buck at this time is in fine condition, travelling with high head about the ridges anxious for a fight with the first one of his like that dare invade his chosen stamping grounds. Catching a sight of his rival through the trees, or imagining he might be coming up over the ridge, he approaches a small tree in that direction, and with head down, claws up the leaves and earth, throwing it far out behind him, often stopping for a moment to cast an angry glance from his blazing eye up the ridge, stamping the ground; and again often noisily striking his horns with glancing blows against the tree and its branches, making a noisy circus at this, his bravest time of the year, when usually he is timid, roaming

the forest so quietly. That they can be called by glancing blows upon the small beeches, in imitation of the buck, we have proven in several instances, and at one time quite unintentionally. We were camping upon the upland among the hard wood trees (the captain and the crew). The captain stepped a little away from the tent to cut a few beech wood stakes, and had been chopping but a short time when he heard a caribou give a low call, or greeting, but seeing nothing so near as the sound appeared to be, he resumed the chopping, when again the greeting was heard, too plainly not to be noticed. Looking, he saw a female caribou walking leisurly toward him two or three steps at a time, stopping within three or four rods of him, looking earnestly at him, probably astonished at his appearance, perhaps wondering what kind of a buck she had found. She stood quietly, until the captain spoke to the crew in the tent, saying, "bring the rifle," when she walked back a few steps, stopped, turned about once more, speaking to him in caribou dialect, at the same time taking another step or two toward him, then around a small thicket of evergreens, again approaching to within five or six rods as if to satisfy fully her great curiosity. Seeing the second party creeping from the tent toward her, she concluded three was not company and trotted away several rods, turned facing us, looked an instant for the last time toward our whereabouts, and disappeared. A little breeze was ever blowing from her to us during this time, but had it been from opposite directions we could not have told you this.

We remember several instances when the caribou have come walking or trotting directly to us, or to within a few rods of where we were standing, and stop quickly in their tracks, then, as if greatly surprised, or a little frightened at

our looks, turn off to one side, trotting a few steps away, stop and look again curiously toward us, often presenting a good chance for a shot. So there are times when the large game make directly toward you in the woods when least expected. Not often to attack, however; yet we cannot deny (*that we have often been told*) that one must be wide awake and quick to act at times. Out of a great curiosity, as we have said, or seeing a movement from us in the bushes, when the wind is breezy from them toward us, they suppose it to be one or more of their own kind, and straight toward us, come trotting up for an interview. For even if strangers, the caribou, when they sight each other in their wanderings, we think they most always step up and say good morning, even without any previous introduction.

At one time, two of us cruising the ridges for a caribou, came suddenly upon a doe and a two year old buck. The doe ran to leeward of us, the buck to the windward. So we tried a little strategy with the buck; instead of following him directly, we walked briskly along for a number of rods on his line of travel, but keeping a little higher up on the ridge, and thinking we had given him a chance to again sight us, we stepped still farther away and sat down in a small thicket of evergreens. The ground thickly covered with the dried leaves and the wind blowing favorably, we soon heard the buck's steady trotting toward us as he rustled through the leaves, and knew that he had caught sight of, or heard us as we passed to the thicket. We could see nothing of him whilst coming, but distinctly heard his steady trot, louder and nearer, until he quickly stopped within five rods of us, without taking a walking step. We were sitting side by side upon the same log, while he was now standing as motionless

as ourselves, with head and neck and the upper part of his back and hips hidden by the firs, but his shoulders and a part of his dappled side all unobstructed to view, and the longer white hairs of his coat underneath that were gently waving toward us from the breeze, were just on a line with our eyes, as we were sitting down hill from where he was quietly standing. How long he possibly might have stood there listening, waiting for a sight or a sound from the supposed doe, one cannot tell.

Like the antelope, they can be decoyed pretty near at times if in some favorable locality. Years since, when fishing through the ice was more in order, we were upon the lake for that purpose, and had seen the caribou playing around the points and in and out the sunny coves during the middle part of the bright days. Wishing to see or try their amount of curiosity, and if we could entice them to approach, we cut a pole for a flag-staff and tied to it by the corners, a red bandanna, then placed it above the centre of our green bough shanty out on the ice, in which we used to sit and fish in the cool and breezy times. They did not come near that day but we left the flag gaily waving above the bough house when we returned to camp from fishing. During the night it snowed three or four inches and the green boughs were well covered. In the morning when we came again, our flag was gaily waving, free and dry in the breeze over the white mound, yet we could see before reaching the shelter, that we were too much behind time to see the circus and enjoy the fun. We lost that pleasure, but they left a circus bill upon the snow and ice describing the performance. In the first, they came out of the woods to the ice from a point below, most probably for a romp, which they much enjoy upon the

lake when it is fine footing for them. At the time, the crust in the woods had softened from the morning's sun shining down so warm upon it, and would not hold them to jump about over it, and they seem always to know when it is nice travelling for them upon the lake. After playing about on the ice at the point, they came strolling up the shore toward the bough shanty, occasionally walking up the bank to eat the gray moss from the trees that were blown down toward them, or from those of scrubby growth growing close to the water among the rocks, sinking to their knees as they did so, in the drifts, then down on the snowy ice again and on up the sunny shore, lazily, as seen by short, irregular steps and their winding path. Now and then the smallest tracks showed that the calves had jumped away a piece from the drove, then followed on in the rear, as if when getting too forward. Old daddy C, who cares nothing for the young trash and seldom has them in his company, would be teaching them good manners, and in a manner not too good to the children.

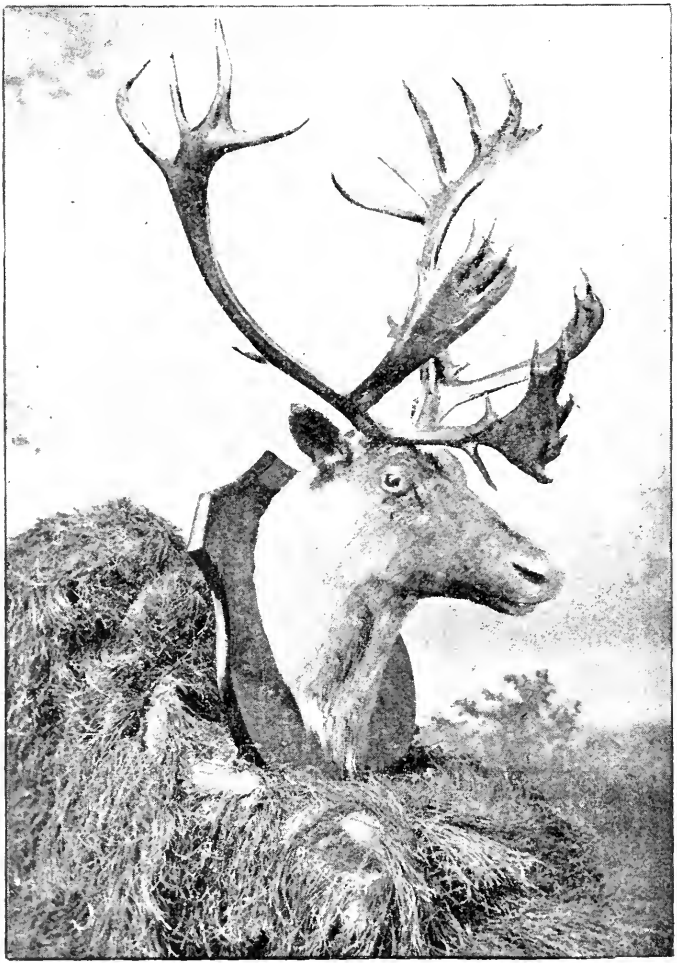
And thus they strolled along up the shore in the sunshine. But soon the leader (some wary old buck) spies first the shadow moving upon the snow, then above the white shanty, rests his eye upon the waving bandanna. Almost upon the instant of his making the discovery and as his head is raised high, all stop in their tracks and stand looking at this strange thing, which is apparently alive. All gaze curiously, except the younger ones, who pay no more attention after a glance, than if it was a red maple bush in autumn. The sober old dames slowly turn their gaze after a snuff or two, with an enquiring look upon the leader, who without taking his eyes from the flag or deigning them a glance, shakes his head as he lowers it and tosses it in the air again for another snuff

and a long steady gaze, and then a low boo-oo-o as he again lowers his head and tosses it up high and takes a step forward, stops, then growing bolder, hastens on a bit, stops, turns, facing the herd an instant, wheels and stands facing the flag again, while all follow up irregularly and stop behind him, pretty near the shanty, the calves hanging well back in the rear. After stamping a bit here, he backs quickly, half slipping down, causing a general backing from the herd and a turning and jumping from the calves. Again his courage is good, though so near. He steps ahead about his length, when as he stamps again upon the ice, a stronger blast of wind causes the bandanna to loudly flap, which frightens him at last; he gives two or three jumps and trots away in a half circle and strikes out for the point from which he came to the ice from the forest. All start with him, circling out the other way from the bough shanty and join him below. The calves, not as yet well used to smooth ice beneath the snow, get several tumbles before balancing well upon their skates, and the circus was out.

In their brave and fighting time, in the fall of the year, they are said to have been found dead, dying in mortal combat, their horns interlocked in such a manner that they could not extricate themselves, each at the first, no doubt, attaching all blame to the other for his being placed in such a predicament; they would fight with fiercest energy until one of them is dead, holding his rival in his death deadlock until both are no more.

The caribou with his long legs, large feet and wide spreading hoofs cares but little for our deep snows, and will run and wade through them untiringly for many miles. When the surface of the deep snow has become just a little stiff from thaw-

ing and freezing, he will creep over it, leaving very shoal foot-prints to mark his wanderings; but start him up lively at such a time, and this rabbit-like track changes to deep plunges and the longest jumps, as he leaps away. Some of the highest windfalls are no impediment to him; a nineteen foot fence would be just fun for him to skip over; twenty and twenty-five feet at a jump down a grade is just merry excercise for him. Hurry him quickly down the old logging road with a whoop and a yell, a crooked, leaning, half-down tree across his way twenty feet high to clear, and he leaves the snow ten or twelve feet this side, landing twenty or more beyond, without a quiver. So it is useless to chase this fellow thinking to run him down or tire him out, as he gets away so easily, leading you through the thickest swamps, often soon taking to the ice, when he trots away over the glaze like the wind, keeping his feet as easily as a sharp shod horse, the keen edges of his sharp, hard hoofs marking the ice like skates; and as we have said, to see a dozen of them fairly flying over the ice, which is glistening in the sunlight, led by a gallant buck, all trotting square together and not a break up among them, is a gay and lively sight.



OUR ANTLERS.

LOOKING FOR ANTLERS.

WE have for years been wishing for an elegant set of antlers, with a nice head, to preserve as a trophy of the hunt, and have travelled about, over more than one thousand miles of forest to find them. This is more true than strange to us, for we have had them in mind during each fall hunting for many seasons; and a set of caribou antlers that fill your eye to a point are very few and far between. And when travelling a number of miles nearly every day while camping in the woods, tramping over the hills and ridges, or paddling around the lake shores, up and down the inlets and over the long, still water streams, they have always been in our mind.

Always looking for them, wishing we might see them moving along behind the bushes, as we scanned them closely upon each side while passing over our many spotted trails or lines, through the woods; or at some favorite haunt where the game was wont to tarry on their wanderings, to feed upon the hanging moss and the young and tender tops of the smallest maples.

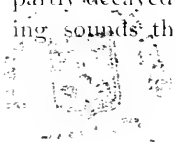
And at some round turn down the old logging road which

we knew of, as there presenting a long, straight view, always looking gamey, when we would step around light and slowly, as we peeped over the ground with rifle held ready, or see moving those aforesaid antlers up and down, as he reached and pulled off a mouthful of choice, gray moss from the old spruce top lying upon the ground, left by the lumbermen a year, or years before, yet bearing a crop for them still. And when walking along upon the top of the breezy ridge, we often stopped and leaned beside a tree, looking well over the down grade to windward; then on through the beech nut grove, *carefully here* in beech nut time for under these trees, as well as the deer, they often stray.

Morning and evening, in the birch bark canoe, as we paddled noiselessly close in under the shores, up and down the still water streams, scanning the mossy meadows or looking eagerly over the windward side on the scrubby barren, sometimes aided by the glass to take in as well the far distance.

At the turn of the stream, moving the rifle nearer and even holding it in readiness as we slowly moved around, knowing that in a moment the view to be before us showed a feeding ground of water grasses and lilies, shoal water, a handy cover and a well trodden trail leading to the forest beyond. Very many miles thus we passed over with the rifle always ready.

We were looking for the handsome set of antlers that we coveted from the very first of our leaving the immediate vicinity of the camp, always listening, watching, never forgetting to be ever quiet, avoiding the small, sharp, cracking sticks upon the ground, picking our way over and around the partly decayed limbs and old windfalls for fear of those cracking sounds that startle them; and always with the lightest



possible tread, until we are again standing at the door of the hunting lodge and hang our rifles in their places.

We were looking for them even though we carried home to camp a young and tender buck instead, with only an apology for horns; and later, when the snow had come to stay awhile, showing us more plainly the freshest tracks, and the sledding was fairly good, when we hauled out the large and fat old caribou with the scrubby horns.

We believe they were in our thoughts one morning when tracking was made unusually good again, over the hard, crusty, bottom snow, from the five or six inches of new that had silently fallen during the night, clearing up with a bright, breezy morning. We remember at the first how every bough and bush was loaded, piled on in oval mounds, and little peaks on all, not one escaping its white and heavy load. But Boreas came to their rescue, and then instead of the trees all remaining so very quiet, standing so motionless and hanging down their heads, they bow to the winds, and raising their heads shake off their burden, and gaily wave their arms to the breeze again.

We were just on the way as the wind sprang up, and we met old Boreas upon the hill beneath the spruces, and there received his cool reception. Just as the trees were bowing to him he opened up for the performance, and if a short show, he gave a merry circus. It was spank, splash, everywhere, and not forgetting to snowball the hunters. It was no use to dodge, for he took us on the wing just the same. We had started after a good hearty breakfast, fresh and wiry, as if in the heydey of youth, being gaily caparisoned and topped out with red flannel night caps, high peaked, not even minus the tassel, in great hopes of the noble buck that was

wearing our horns this day appearing before us. *To attack us perhaps* (at which thought we may have shivered a little in our moccasins, but it was only the cold). Or if he had not the courage for that, was expecting him likely to be coming toward us sometime during the day, for the red wonder must surely catch his eye while he was passing along, and we crouching behind a bush with the red caps bobbing up and down toward him. Or he, standing in some cover out of our sight, though pretty sure to see us as we are passing, and then trot out toward us a piece. And we remember of seeing him, not as yet, when after a long tramp for that same half day, noontime came. So we sought out a sheltered place from the wind beside a thicker clump of scrubby spruce and sat down upon the sunny side of them, opened out our lunch and removed the corks from the two half pints, containing our cold coffee, for the sparkling brook water flows not lively through the barrens in winter. And sitting here in the sun, the northwesterly wind, though breezy over the tops above, almost skip us entirely, while we hugely enjoy our lunch. After dinner usually comes the fragrant smoke, but just a few whiffs to-day, for this is not proper when still hunting; not a good decoy to bring the caribou toward you. But this time we indulge just a little under the circumstances, as we are sitting within four or five rods of a large pond to the south of us, high up and over which we think the smoke is all wafted. And looking through the trees we can see a large portion of the pond, with many bare spots here and there, and rows of oval mounds of snow of all widths and lengths (just depending upon the fickleness of old boreas,) with wide, long stretches reaching far away (when he was true to the point and not of a changeable mind,) of the hard

and very whitest crusted snow, blown nearly bare of the last light snow, and now beautifully glistening in the sunlight. And as we scan it o'er, our eyes are not gladdened with the sight of the proud buck coming up over the longest hard, crusty ways, nor wading through the shoal drifts between the mounds, leaving the clean cut shape of his hoof at the bottom, with the print of his dew claws at the rear of them; not approaching with his careless, sauntering gait and general drowsy action, when at his ease, that even the north wind in winter seems not to change.

Not coming to-day, to stop at last near the edge of the pond in front of us, to quickly throw up his head and look all alive again, as he holds the long sought for antlers, elegant in size and shape, with their many points and all the colors of old gold, high up and steady before our gaze, his dark forehead beneath all exposed for a target, and as not a *care-a-boo* is in sight down the wind to the south of us, we raise up; now we are ready to resume our tramp, and are looking behind again over all the large and small open places at the north. As our backs are turned, a sound reaches us from the south, and turning quickly, we see trotting away from us over the frozen pond a noble buck, flying off with *our antlers*, even tipping them back over his shoulders to tantalize us with their beauty, showing them clean and bright as the golden leaves of autumn. Much too far away for a good shot, he hardly shows any apparent lessening of his speed, as he wheels and faces towards us, holding well up to view, *our antlers*. He now hears a shot from us, fired out of real angry spite, aimed high above his head and which strikes at his feet, when away he bounds to the forest beyond, all safe and sound, to live, laugh and chuckle, while he tells to an

admiring herd, as he flourishes *our antlers* to right and left, up and down, while he stands upon a hillock before them, all about the two fantastic hunters sitting down to their dinner, right at the back windows of his sleeping apartment, and then puffing their tobacco smoke directly in his eyes, just to awaken him and see him trot away over the long bare reaches of the pond for their amusement. Moral: don't smoke tobacco.

As he wades over the higher drifts on the shore far beyond, looking half his size, and disappears entirely from our view, we note his course due south, and remark, 'tis possible we may see his track again, if not himself, as his route will take him across our track on the trail over which we come and go, to and from the barrens. Bidding him good-bye in tone and word brimful of kindly feeling toward him, we keep on our way up the barren. Soon leaving this behind, as the afternoon sun grows more chary of its warmth, we then point for the trail that leads us through the swamps, over the rise, upon the ridges and on to camp. Passing on our way as we predicted we might, the fresh track of the buck that had crossed over before us. Just here we remember, while comparing notes as to form and size of his tracks, we were scolded for stopping beneath them, as we have often been before, by a pair of partridges while budding (eating the buds of the yellow birch). The birds were quickly cared for, for at such a time, and when our breakfast seems a long past dream, experience tells us they will be quite tasty.

As the shades were thickening beneath the spruces on the knoll, where we were held up so suddenly in the morning by old Mr. Boreas, lowering down the white sheets, hiding our way and disputing our free passage until after his circus, we

pronounce it sundown. But walking out into our little clearing all brightens out again for awhile from the sun beautifully painting all the lower western sky with its most brilliant and soft mellow tints of red and gold, smiling a bright promise for the next to-morrow. A few tired steps from the spruces are taken and we are standing at the door of our cosy camp, hanging up the rifles that had grown to be rather heavy for the last mile. But an hour from this, after a warm hearty supper (which hardly ever gives the *tramp* bad dreams) we have forgotten our weariness and shall be just as anxious in the morning following, to again cruise over their favorite haunts, seeking an interview with one of fine antlers.

And again in the morning after having breakfast and tidying up the camp, we could not resist the longing that seems ever to come to us in the bright days with the greater power. Though these would be considered cold, uncomfortable days to those outside in the large clearing, or riding over the hills, here in the deep woods where the winds are kept above the lower limbs, sweeping over the tops only with much power, while the sun finds its way under and down between the trees and branches, seeking out all those quiet chances, lighting up the trunks and lower limbs until they smile again from its grateful warmth, here a greater part of many days in winter it is glorious. So the lunch is put up, as it has been so many times before, that we seem to have it ready in the lunch bag and over our shoulder, without it having required any thinking over at all or disturbing our planning out our course.

Out to the midst of the wildwood we go along, with the sunshine among the trees, down the south-west trail, spotted or blazed with the axe mark upon the trees for miles, which as

we have said, in dark days or stormy weather comes in so handy if you wish to hasten along, and when we strike these spotted trees in our wanderings it seems like finding true friends. Here after travelling a mile or so, we again see the tracks of our itinerant friend, the buck, still true to his course to the south. We follow it as it leads over the ridge on our route. For a long way he picks his path where the wood is most open, which is like them, if not hurried; then coming to the thick swamp he dislikes the tangle as well as ourselves and takes advantage of an old lumber road leading westerly. Down this he moves along in even, measured steps, showing he is journeying (not feeding along slowly) and is keeping the roadway beside the swamp until hard wood and open growth appearing, he turns south once more, up and over another ridge of open hard wood growth. He is keeping on his way to the large south barren some miles beyond, as is to be seen by his always turning again in that southerly direction, after passing beside or around the rough chances; also by his not stopping to take a bite from the young growth or stepping aside at any place, to feed upon the moss he is passing. And thus they wander, from one bleak barren to another, preferring the moss that grows upon the dwarfed trees, and the moss, lichen and many plants growing at their feet, as they travel over these always moist, boggy places, and in going their rounds, vary but little each time in their course, excepting to pass upon one side of a ridge or swamp on one trip, and the next time choosing its opposite.

Satisfied the buck is not a stranger on our hunting grounds and having his feeding places and route of travel to and fro, well located, we shall remember him among our neighbors, remembering his stately head and fine horns, as entitling him

to our respect and further notice, and not forgetting the size and trim shape of his aristocratic foot, we shall be often looking for the print of it in the snow, and endeavor to gain a better acquaintance with him some time when he may pass over our stamping grounds. Standing upon the end of the ridge and looking down the steep descent in the direction of and listening, we catch the sound of the laughing gurgle of the mountain brook, and down we step for luncheon.

Luncheon time in the depth of the wildwood, after an easy going stroll of a few miles over the hills through the pure bracing air, brings an appetite to be envied and we would not trade our seat to-day beside the brook, for one at the best hotel. Sitting beside this merry little stream which never fails us, and is always having a lively song whenever we have called upon it, as its waters are hastening on their way, leaping down over the dark, mossy rocks, then straight along by the big pine log, into, and overflowing the small pool, and on down to the little fall which makes the music so inviting to all that hear it calling, when it bobs up and down in a few tiny rolling waves, and goes on zigzagging in and out, and again down among the alders, where the lively school of small baby trout have all hastened upon seeing our shadows darkening the pool.

And here lies the old down hollow pine, covered with snow to-day, but its dry inside is yet the favorite race track of the happy squirrels, that only stop a moment from their play to eye us, then barking, again dart in and out as merrily as before being disturbed. And upon the old pine log below the breeze, and with the sunshine warm upon us, we have our luncheon, sitting upon a goodly armful of fir boughs which, as we break them from the trees beside us, they as

ever and always, shed their sweet fragrance on the air. The sun shining down upon us in such well sheltered situations, so warm and quiet, it is like another climate compared to the ridge's top, and often if to determine as to the wind yet blowing, we must look above at the tops of the evergreens, or watch if the long, gray moss streamers hang quiet in the sunshine, or gaily wave and point at times steadily down to leeward. Sitting down to luncheon beside the little brook again, as often before, with its ever pleasant music in our ears, and in such harmony with all around us, we taste its waters pure and sweet, again and again, and cannot say it nay when its happy laughing music is ever calling us.

And now as no unwary buck has had the audacity to intrude himself upon our quiet during the dinner hour, we look carefully, as we have many times already, up and down the ravine and upon the upland beyond, and seeing no antlers pushing out toward us from beneath evergreens, in shady nooks or sunny spots, we now step over and leave behind our little mountain brook singing cheerily to the trees and the squirrels, and moving over the rise, cross the dry rocky run and climb the ridge, following it easterly for a long way.

As the sun, which has been our warm friend and bright pleasant company, all the while with us until now, is reaching toward his wraps, we take the broad hint, and turning with much of his warm smile yet upon us, present our left cheek to him as we travel northerly through the open growth of hard woods direct to camp.

Soon after this comes several days of cold and snowy weather, the snow drifting upon and sifting in and completing our bough banking around the camp walls, and through the night the fine hail is often pattering against our north and

east windows. But boreas and his attendants are so effectually boughed and banked out, that his music as it reaches us even in its loudest long strain is only to us, in our warm camp and quiet dreams, the wildwood lullaby, over and over again. Looking out one morning and finding two feet of the pure white snow pretty evenly distributed all about us, in spite of the wind, the last two or three inches upon the top mostly hail, the weather now moderating and raining softly, we exclaim, "now for the snow-shoes," for only a slight rain and a still cold night is needed to enable us upon the snow-shoes, to step away with long strides and springy steps, over the down trees, logs, underbrush and tangle, either over the ridges or through the swamps.

Not just yet awhile, for the rain holds out as well as did the snow, and after it has, with the warm air, taken it nearly away, then comes the cold weather and freezes the balance, making another crusty, crunching bottom, not fit for tracking on account of the crackling sounds beneath your feet. A few days of pleasant weather, not warm enough to melt away this old crust however, and in the afternoon we note the wind is east at times, when just at night comes the welcome snow. In the morning we have three or four inches, as light as feathers, and if it would remain like this, it would be splendid still hunting, for this very soon softens the crusty bottom and you can creep along without noisy steps and their echoes, which if you hasten, gives out an almost constant roaring sound, to notify all within hearing of your approach. But it is yet snowing in the morning at times. The bushes and boughs are again loaded, and the air is growing thick and heavy, yet we start out thinking it a pretty good day after all for business with a buck, for the snow, while falling much

impedes their seeing any distance, while the heavy atmosphere keeps back the scent of you.

Getting out to the spruces, we find the east wind breezing up rather lively and too much against the chances for getting a shot while walking westerly, the course we must travel for the game we are looking for, but as we have an errand at the camp of the hunters two miles in that direction, we conclude however, to strike first for that locality. On the way over the trail we cross fresh tracks of single deer wandering along, but not wanting one particularly, do not follow. The snow ceases entirely and the sun adding its power everywhere, it is now melting and dropping from the evergreens. Just before reaching the camp of the hunters, the tracks of a cow caribou with her calf walking beside her, are also passed over. Taking a very early dinner with the boys, at their earnest invitation (just to please them) and praising their really excellent baked beans, warm biscuit and smoking hot gingerbread, we picked up our rifles and hurried away over our back tracks.

By this time the snow was melting down fast, and continually dropping from off the trees, and the tracking was elegant. Passing over the tracks of the two caribou, I noticed they had nearly disappeared from the sun shining so warm upon them. And in walking over the high land beyond, just upon the higher part, when within a few steps of the spot where our pretty buck of the barren had crossed ten days before, I came to a halt, for I had blazed a small tree one upon each side of his former track, and lo, between the same two trees a fresh track showed, so lately made, that I looked long and carefully in the direction the toes pointed before moving, and then stepping up to it, softly whispered,

"Eureka," for he had taken exactly what I was now sure was his usual path, and was heading for the north barren.

His trim shaped track corresponded every way with those we had examined upon the pond, and he had passed over the trail, certainly not twenty minutes before my coming, for the upper edge of his tracks were yet clean cut and perfect, while all else around was melting and dissolving from the warmth.

"Well, let's see; a quarter of twelve. Matches? Yes. Axe? No—it's at the camp. But I can break cedar limbs. Pipe and tobacco? Yes. Looks like more rain any time soon, and no moon. Compass? Sure! Gracious! had a good dinner anyway." And all this time while soliloquizing, I am creeping through the bushes and between and underneath the trees beside his tracks, looking near, and far ahead between the dripping trees, and when it offers, having a large tree in line to creep to and stop beside it a moment, but only using time enough to look well to each side and ahead, then on, depending upon my eyes altogether, as the sounds from the breaking of sticks, if any, would reach but little way such a day, and they so wet. But contrary to my calculations, and apparently the aforesaid buck is not going very straight for the barren, for the sun is shining on my left now as I follow, and should the east wind again breeze up fresh and strong, I shall see a clean pair of heels in the air most likely. Still I am tramping on, hoping for all kinds of chances in my favor, though it looks dubious just on this tack at present. On now he goes yet keeping westerly, never taking a bite as yet or turning aside except to dodge the windfalls of old trees upon the ground. And now he crosses an old road which is nearly two miles from his supposed route.

On up the rising ground and upon the level top of it, his

track is here as fresh as if I saw him take his foot from it. But it's no use to hurry too fast; a buck tramping off alone is wary, and, hark! I stop quickly and lean beside a tree, seeing nothing, and am losing time, but would bet something I heard a dull, breaking sound. As I step on, now quite carefully, I am looking with my eyes if I ever did, but can see no stylish buck ahead, to right or left. So I creep on still more cautious, if that could be possible, and soon come to a slight change in his movements. I am now surely quite close to him, every moment expecting to hear his jumps and steady trot away; for he has just doubled upon his tracks, has taken a few steps back toward me, stopped and listened, as if mistrusting he was being followed, turns again thinking all is right behind and is walking ahead again to his first turning (leaves quite a path over the short distance) and then turns off to the north as if to visit the west end of the barren, but instead keeps winding until he faces east now, as the sun is partly on my back. The wind, slight and transient, I occasionally feel upon my rather warm face, for all of which we kindly thank him from the first, and if he will only keep to this course shall be in love with him. All is in my favor now, the wind is right, sun behind, tracking elegant, down hill grade, he is not in sight, can see his line of tracks far beyond in the open growth leading over another ridge more southerly, and take advantage of this for an Indian trot down the grade and up the rise. Now looking sharp again over the open growth, and seeing only his long line of tracks in view, can yet hurry forward and gain upon him somewhat, we hope. South east, then nearly south, and we are wondering what unaccountable whim is taking him back and forth, and if he keeps straight on away beyond his line of tramping.

But now east again, and steady to the point, crossing the old roads we know so well and travelling every moment nearer to our camp. He picks the clearest route, as he has chosen the best generally, is walking more leisurely, for which we again say thanks, as about this time, although we believe in a free perspire and no stint of good water, we have had a several times sufficiency of each for the day. Coming to some old lumber operation where a goodly pile of old tops are showing above the low bushes, I again move slowly and look well ahead and all about such a feeding chance, but see him not. Yet here we should be cautious, as he has made directly toward this with slower, shorter steps toward the last, a broad hint that he would take a bite. But we have while leaning beside a tree, scanned most closely everything in sight. Creeping on again I now see his tracks ahead leading down into a little valley, also showing the old tops and quite a blow-down of spruce trees piled up at some former time by old boreas himself, especially for myself, for which—thanks. Stopping as quickly as my eye rests upon the blow down, and standing behind another large and friendly birch which hides me wholly, should he be there, I wipe the perspiration from my face, and as the cool east wind, so grateful to me now, puffs across the ravine, I look out by the side of the birch long and steadily, and at last after all am inclined to think he is not there.

But hold on Quaker! The wind again brings to us a crackling, and this time from up above the ground, plain and distinct. *He is in the blow-down*, and in reaching for some thrifty bunch of gray moss, has cracked or broken off a branch. And now Mr. Gadabout, I locate you by the sound. You have found an elegant feeding chance and are

hungry by this time sure. I have the wind of *you* to-day, (but yet I will defer my *smoke* until later) and am holding the rifle about where I know you must show yourself, and the sun is at my back. In a moment *Our Antlers* are slowly moving out from the blow-down, then up and down just back of it. It is higher ground as he is stepping, and he now shows his head as well. Another moment with three or four steps and he stands out showing all of his body but his legs. The late afternoon sun is lighting up the wide spread antlers, and his side is all exposed, and now we telegraph him and try to watch his receiving of the message. The smoke interferes with the first glance, but the second shows him making wild leaps almost toward us as we stood beside the birch. Another cartridge was already in the barrel and our aim followed him as he jumped to one side and stopped short in a clump of firs, wheeling quickly and facing back toward the blow-down, as if the shot he had received came from the east or beside him, instead of from his back tracks.

With his head high in air and with his first snort of fear came to him the second shot, through the heart, and he laid down *Our Antlers*, and after one-half moment, no sound or movement did he ever make again. But after walking over to the evergreens and gazing long upon the noble buck now the excitement had passed, we could hardly feel to exult over the victory. Though the head and antlers were perfect, and we were very proud of them, a cheerless feeling clung to us that would not vanish at our wish, to give place to triumph and rejoicing. And not until a brother sportsman, who kindly assisted in sledding him to camp, had with his cheerful conversation and fervent praise of the trophy, lifted us out a little, could we shake off this cheerless feeling, after taking *Our Antlers*.

THE MUSQUASH.

THE muskrat, or musquash, are quite numerous in the quiet waters of Aroostook, making a pretty fair business for the trapper if caught in the spring. Fall trapping should not be engaged in, as the skins at that time are worth but a trifle; besides the kittens being so numerous, many are taken which are small and worthless. When the ice is all gone in the spring it is more profitable, as the kits are about grown and all pelts bring a fair price.

In starting out with the canoe to set the traps around the boggy shores, say for two or three miles, fifty or more traps are none too many to be useful. Small stakes, two or three feet long are provided for each trap; the stub of a branch left on at the butt to hold the ring of the chain in place, should the stake be pushed down its length, or when the stake is wired at the small end to the bushes; also as many small branches of fir as traps, to mark the spot where each trap is placed. Usually two are trapping together; the bow man in the canoe places the traps. His evergreen branches and stakes are laid well up forward, butts toward him, next the traps with chains wound up about them, and a half yard of

wire tied in the ring is useful often to wire a stake to something or to fasten to an outgrowing bush, placing the trap in their path if possible; if not, bait should be used. It is about the same as useless, and a cruel way, to set a trap where they will not be drowned. It should be placed close by the water's edge, bearing firm and level so as not to tip over if the edge is stepped upon. An inch or two under the water is best always; if not, a light covering of grass or leaves. His first act is to take to the water but if caught and confined on the land he will twist off a leg or be eaten, which is hard for him and the trapper's loss. A hatchet is useful, as often a place can be cut out at the edge of the bank allowing the water to flow in just right for him, when a few small bushes at each side will guide him over the trap.

Parsnips, carrot or sweet apple is good bait, parsnips the best of these; but the most attractive bait for them is the musk of the older males. This is found when taking off the pelt, just beneath the skin, in two egg shaped sacks. Place these directly in the sun and in a few hours it is a free oil of musk. Carry this in a small, thick vial, with good sized mouth. Break a dry stick (which will absorb it best) about ten or twelve inches long, press the end in the oil a moment and stick down beside the trap, or beyond it six or eight inches. In the spring this is the drawing bait; in fact you can see one when in the act of swimming by, slow down, raise his nose, snuff the air and swim direct for the trap. Now and then a bait for a mink sticking up a little higher over the trap may add to your catch, or coming to a grassy point of the shore, free from bushes, perhaps it shows an otter has called lately, has clawed up the grass and earth in small heaps, and has left remnants of his food or other signs. Here

place your number two, three or even four, as it happens, and in such a manner as to drown him when he calls again in a week or so. Do this all from the canoe if you can; if not, the water is handy; wet well your tracks and the traps.

In the spring of the year as the warm days approach, by getting in ambush and keeping quiet, one can easily call them very near. The Indian is an adept at calling. He places the tips of his first two fingers upon his lips, and by making quick, kissing sounds imitates them to a nicety, and brings them to within a few yards of his hiding place.

A few are taken at times in a novel manner, when the clear ice first forms, and skating is in order, when two persons can have quite a little circus. This is by disturbing their house a little, when they will take to the water, and can be seen swimming just under the thin ice. Following them, they must soon put their nose against the ice to renew their breath. When one has breathed out his bubble of air and is waiting for it to become oxygenated, a blow is struck over his head, which frightens him from it, and without his breath he soon keels up beneath the ice, is cut out and bagged.

Many are taken in the fall and spring by the Indians. Two camping and trapping together, using the birch bark canoe altogether, disdaining any other kind of a craft. They look forward to this time in the fall of the year with pleasure, and so much do they enjoy the fall hunt, musquashing, they hardly wait for the first litter of kittens (of which they have always two, and often three of a season,) to change their hue from mouse color to golden brown, before starting in for the harvest. They consider the hams, or saddles, to be the best of food, and at this time have many a glorious feast. *Correct they are*, for although broiled musquash sounds different

from broiled venison, yet some few prefer the former. And there are many, knowing of their cleanliness and of what they eat, who are not at all fastidious about broiling and eating the fine savory saddles of the yearlings, whenever opportunity offers. At this, as a son of Erin has remarked, "Yees may smile—but, yees nade not." For a person unacquainted with, and eating it without knowing what it was, would pass his plate for "small piece of the canvass back, please."

We remember many years since of a trip on the Mattawamkeag waters with a companion, the time being the early Indian summer (as we always arranged to have it for a canoe trip in the fall, if possible) of leaving the head of Mattawamkeag lake at noontime, and of trolling for pickerel on the way down to the foot, beside the coves thick with lilies and their pads, or leaves, so many large pickerel darting out, and with a splash seizing the spoon bait, that we soon left them to their freedom, and arriving early at the dam built across the foot of the lake, just at the head of the falls to camp for the night. And that below the dam the trout, and very large ones, were taking the fly so beautifully that we very soon had full baskets and could wish no more.

Then the next morning of running the falls which we knew nothing of, except from hearsay, and wishing afterward "hearsay" had been of a former generation, when at noontime we were delayed two hours longer than usual drying our clothes and blankets, and patching the canoe. But aside from this, which was really but a ducking after all, we enjoyed this day as well as ever a day in our lives; swiftly gliding down the west branch of the Mattawamkeag, mile after mile, sitting quietly watching the shores, noting the elegant deer glades with well trodden paths to the water, past the rocky walls,

then the rolling knolls, and soon the quick rising hills running straight up from the stream toward the sky, where one could jump down sixty-five feet from an evergreen plump into the river below (but he should not). Then swiftly sliding downward in the stillness, past the merry little brooklets, often hearing their purling music, but rushing by with just a glimpse of them over our shoulder, and on down by the ledges, when voices from another and larger brook are calling. Upon our right hand we hear them, faintly at first, then quickly in louder tones, and as we grasp an alder to check the bark, we see the rocky mouth, and see its wild, laughing, dashing, noisy splashing, as it tumbles down the hill, over and between the rocks, and out before us, as we hold up and make fast to the bushes a few yards above its mouth; for few could resist its tempting look and to drop a fly among the little snowballs of foam, and trail it through the white curved lines, rings and half circles that formed at its mouth and upon the pool, eddying, and drifting out and downward with the current.

Only a short time, however, did we tarry here at the rocky brook, for it seemed mean to catch them when we had what we could use in the warm weather; besides, "they count up fast," says my companion, "when you are playing two, to have a third one jump in the air and hook himself upon the rear fly, and then safely land them all," (which he did). Again on we go, soon leaving the long dead water behind and descending gaily down another racing rapid. Then passing the east branch of the same name, which here joins the west, and we have passed entirely out of the beautiful forest to civilization, to a change—and so tame. Cow bells, fields, fences and sheep. Slow, sluggish water and a bridge; our wild, free and untamed spirits that we have been revelling in

are now low down; we are now no more animated than the cowboy we see walking behind his charge.

But after passing under the bridge over which runs the old military road, and then by the pretty little village nestling in the valley by the pleasant river, then a few scattering farms, and below we see again the welcome and enlivening forest, for which to reach and find a cosy camping chance beside one of our favorite babbling brooks, we actually exert ourselves for the first time since our ducking in the falls.

The next day, far below by a clear brook on the long, still water, we came suddenly in view of the white tent of an Indian trapper. But now as we are coming to where, on this excursion, we met with a quiet, happy camping scene, that fitted in so well with the musquashing, may we be forgiven for taking the reader this roundabout road, hurrying him over a part of this canoeing trip, when our plea is, we hoped to interest him, and if we could give him a part of the jolly fun and a good portion of the deep, quiet happiness, that at times we so much enjoyed and appreciated, we should be more than pleased.

We came upon the camp along in the afternoon upon the west bank, beside the river. He, or rather they, as he had his two daughters with him, were out on their usual six or eight weeks hunting and musquashing trip. He seemed a fine old Indian. He had visited his traps in the morning and was sitting upon the sunny bank skinning his catch. In a tree before him he had driven a hook, such as tanners use, to hook up the skins from the vat. He would cut through the thickest part of one's tail and hang it upon the hook; then sticking a heavy brad awl through its nose, pull it down taut and fasten to the tree with the awl, thus keeping it in a

good position and giving him as good as three hands to work with, when he would skin one very quickly. Then taking a withy stick from a pile of hazel bush butts, about three or three and a half feet long, would bend it to fit, leaving one part six inches longer than the other, slip the hide over (turned inside out) use the long end below as a spreader, and it was ready for drying, and the market. Their tent was open, showing the inside very tidy, their washing hanging upon the trees. A small beech, with its branches lopped off was well decked out with bright tin dippers, pails, fry pan, etc., while beneath a thick spruce that had its branches trimmed off below, was sitting the quiet sister, her deft fingers rapidly moving, making beautiful fancy baskets, a number already finished hanging upon the green branches.

The novelty of the scene was *the girls;* comely, though they were brownies; dressed alike, and at first as we stepped ashore at the father's invitation, we took them for twin Indian maidens, with bright, black eyes, hair black and shiny, braided, and the long, thick plaits hanging down over the scarlet shawls that were each fastened in front with a large silver brooch, from which were ever swaying, as they moved about, small chains with little charms attached, making altogether a bright picture, coming upon them in a moment, as we did, so unexpected, and the scene being quite unusual.

What was a little unlooked for from our red brother as we stopped and saluted them all, was the invitation to land. "Spose stopum rest little time, brudder," (which we did). They had been out two weeks, and asking the girls if they enjoyed camping and canoeing, one of them, her black eyes sparkling, "Oh yes," she answered, "guess me likum much; allus go wid fadder and take care of him; cook, wash,

catchem trouts, too;" and lively she chatted on for an Indian girl, doing all the talking for herself and quiet sister, who hardly said a word to us, but always had a pleasant smile for her cheery, laughing sister.

One part of the make-up of this quiet camping scene has often come to mind when cooking musqua — beg pardon, when speaking of cooking the musquash. Half-way from the tent to the river, in a hollow place that Nature had formed, just perfect for the purpose, was driven three beech stakes, about five feet long, their ends withed together at the top, each slanting well out at the bottom. To these was hanging from a stout beech hook, withed on above, a small old-fashioned cooking pot, three-legged and round bottom. This, the lively girl remarked, had belonged to her two "grand fadders, and no breakum, long time velly." Beneath the fire was built in the true Indian style, the wood laid up to a peak, the small blaze immediately under the pot; the tin plate for a cover was raising and falling with the steam, emitting a savory smell on the air, and we asked:

"What are you cooking, brother?"

"Oh, he musquash stew."

"How do you make it?"

"Oh, plently musquash, piece poke, onion, potato, cookum altogedder, velly long time, velly slow. No havum onion, go dig um down shore," (meaning the small wild onion). "Sometime findum 'sheepnoc' putum him in too, he good." (Sheepnoc is the bulb of one of the wild lilies). "Say boys, spose you likum musquash stew, good; you stay eatum some?"

We thanked him kindly and after examining his spruce bark smoke-house, nearly filled with partly cured saddles of

musquash, admiring it also, with which he was much pleased, we touched the tips of our fingers to our lips and waived an adieu to each of his rather pretty brownies, the one so grave and quiet, now frowning; the other so bright and pleasing, with a cheery smile for us to the last, as we stepped in our canoe and paddled on, down the Mattawamkeag.

DOWN THE MATTAWAMKEAG.

AT a settlers' new made clearing,
On the rarely travelled highway;
Ends their night ride and their teaming,
Just as it is breaking day.

Then turn about the pretty ponies,
Heading for their home again;
While two sporting, friendly cronies,
Look about them for the lane.

Now with knapsack, bag and blanket,
Axe and rifle, and a store
Of home-made bread, with pork and doughnuts,
Hasten to the river shore.

Down half a mile of grassy old road,
'Neath dewey boughs and dripping trees;
There laid down the heavy back load,
Scolded by the screaming jays.

Find they in the shady thicket,
Roofed with bark, their birch canoe;
Half a year though they had left it,
Still it was as good as new.

Soon upon the upmost branching
Of the wildest Mattawamkeag;
All was ready, then the launching,
Each with paddle dips ahead.

Down the narrow, rippling river,
Every moment growing swifter;
Dewy alders dripping ever,
All the way to open water.

Yet a little while they now wait,
At a clear and pebbly trout pool;
With enticing angle worm bait,
Taking largest from the school.

As the glorious sun is showing
O'er eastern hill top, just above;
Leave behind the swiftly flowing,
Paddling through pond lily cove.

O'er the first broad water shining,
In early sunlight, birds are singing;
Speckled beauties often leaping,
Close beside the wood-ducks feeding.

Tarry once again, *in hiding*,
At the brook for winter fishing;
Soon the wood-drake by is swimming,
Small the thought had he of dying.

On by meadow shores with writings,
Speaking oft of musquash feedings
Where the mink was lately fishing,
And a point with otter slidings.

Hark! they hear the waters rushing,
Just below they hear the fall;
Just above a deer is crossing,
Yet she lives to rear her fawn.

The baby deer was just behind her,
Fearing much to cross at all;
Then shied back to thicker cover,
Hark! hear its mother's whistling call.

To escape the rapid's rockway,
They must carry near a mile;
Which to them is only boy play,
Chatting, marching, single file.

Through the woodland and the meadows,
A fourth the distance as by stream;
And they stand beside the rapids,
On the west branch of the same.

Here they boil the blackened kettle,
Or its contents, all the same;
Eat their luncheon, not a little,
Speckled beauties from the stream.

Now with a coal light the smoke pipe,
Then again their jolly quick flight;
Down sunny waters, pretty sight,
Through the rapids with delight.

Down, down the ever flowing,
Ever singing, never weary;
Gentle zephyrs softly blowing,
While each cronie greets them cheery.

They enjoy their happy boating,
On the waters swift and clear;
Ever gaily downward floating,
Till the lakeside does appear.

By the right bank's quiet shade,
Duplicated down below;
By the glen and by the glade,
Slowly now the waters flow.

Then through the centre of the river,
In the sunlight bright and clear,
Dip their paddles, flashing ever,
To the lake now drawing near.

Now by the left bank, all is ripen,
Hill and dale and downward incline,
Decked in golden shades of autumn,
Wrapped in gorgeous mellow sunshine.

Lake Mattawamkeag! quiet, stilly,
O'er its broad waters just a ripple,
As by the cove and sweet pond lily,
Trolling, caught the golden pickerel.

Paddling on as breezes freshen
From the southland soft and lightly;
Wavelets lifting up the bow end,
On she dances, gay and sprightly.

Past the coves and rocky islands,
By the shores and leafy arches;
All up the ridge is golden woodland,
Down below are drooping larches.

Now a dam across the waters,
Narrow waters at the outlet;
Built by man and not by beavers,
Flowing back to upper inlet.

Many waters thus confining,
Flowing every cove and jutting;
Held in check for spring-time driving,
Of the lumber,—winter's cutting.

Strong the dam, built with an incline,
Rocky walls each side assisting;
With its gate to hoist at spring-time,
When the lumbermen are sluicing.

And the trout pool, 'neath the apron,
Deep from water always pouring;
Here they find the choicest fishing,
Jolly fine the chance for camping.

In the cheerful early morning,
Pleasant Indian summer time;
They are out to see the dawning,
On the dam, with hook and line.

Mists are rising from the river,
Rosy is the eastern sky;
Few such mornings seldom ever,
Happy hearts the reason why.

Here in God's country, all are happy,
Birds are singing everywhere;
Trout are leaping from the rapids,
Squirrels chasing on the shore.

Breakfast over, then the question,
"Shall we carry by the falls?"
"It is better, all's confusion,
Jagged rocks, projecting walls."

"But they told us of a roadway
Through the waters, by the jutting;"
"All serene, though that was hearsay,
We can only get a ducking."

Each one ready, keen and steady,
Swift and lightly on they go,
Flying downward o'er the maelstrom,
Like an arrow from the bow.

Steersman standing, set pole trailing,
Calm and fearless, has a care;
With his paddle, bow man kneeling,
Figures for an inch to spare.

Ho! the whirlpool, at the jutting,
To swap horses, no time now;
Waters rushing, set pole snapping,
Deluged is the stern and bow.

Ho! on the right hand see the big rock,
All are jagged on the left,
With scarce a passage for a wood-duck,
Both now feel the birch bark rift.

Now looking back, they see the right way,
See the way they should have come through;
How they wish they had old "hearsay"
Hitched behind their birch canoe.

Well beyond the rocky raceway
Shooting downward yet they go;
Then to shore beside the eddy
To drain out the birch canoe.

Now with spruce root neatly stitching
While turned to the sun and drying;
Afterward a little pitching
On again and swiftly flying.

Far ahead see waters bonny
Far behind the "dam the jutting;"
Thus did joke the stern end cronie
All recovered from his ducking.

Shorter grow their moving shadows
At the quiet hour of noonday;
Passing by the hill of echoes
By the deer glade and their pathway.

Now they hear the merry brooklet,
Hear its murmuring, purling, running;
Stop they here to broil the troutlet,
Dry their blankets, have their luncheon.

Sitting by the murmuring brookside
Dinner over, scrape tomahwee;
Dry it on the heated rockside,
Mix it half and half tobacco.

Fill they then the calumet,
Light it with a coal of hardwood;
Few there are so happily met
As these cronies in the wildwood.

Lovely day in Indian summer
On the banks beneath the green tree;
A la mode de Indian dinner
Fragrant smoke of half tomahwee.

Which goes sailing out to midstream,
Slowly moving skyward lazily;
And above them in the evergreen
Upward rising, curling, dreamily.

Just below a plover calling,
Sand peeps on the shore are bowing;
Moose birds handy by are waiting
For the pickings at the ending.

As oft before now dip they outward,
Outward o'er the calm, still water;
Always moving to the southward
Always meeting new in nature.

On Mattawamkeag's upper river
Currents vary, changing ever;
Pleasure marring? none whatever!
To its beauty adding, rather.

Stilly waters, always charming,
Leaping rapids, not alarming,
Wicked rocks 'twere well avoiding,
Always jolly if not harming.

And lovely are its placid mirrors
Where all is resting; quiet leaves,
Tranquil waters, sleeping shadows,
Trailing mosses wait the breeze.

Slowly drifting on such mirrors,
Silent, quiet, dreamily thinking;
Oft come quickly little terrors,
Then wide awake, to guard from sinking.

Again they hear the rivulet,
Music suited to the wildwood;
Oh, they never can forget
The brooklets merry, singing mood.

Ahead they see the snowy eddy
White with little balls of foam;
"Hold the bark a moment, steady,"
"Skip your flies, then trail them home."

Slapping's often out in midstream,
See! leaping gaily in the air;
The like of this not often seen,
Trout are jumping everywhere.

Leaping from the snowy eddy
Ever willing to accept;
Always one or more are ready
To come in from out the wet.

Flip, flap, floppity, "High!
Hold the net pard, I have two."
"And the third one, ain't they spry?"
"Let her go pard, that'l do."

Swiftly gliding, much enjoying,
Both sit gazing naught to do;
Paddle moving, simply toying
Merely guiding the canoe.

Listen! — Coming to join are other waters,
Both are calling, both together
Around the narrow point of alders
Soon embracing each the other.

Leave behind the pleasing wildwood,
All is tame around them here;
Just before them bridge and stage road,
Cow bells tinkling by the mere.

Civilization thus approaching
Breaks the charm of forest roving;
When sheep instead of deer are feeding,
Hie they quickly by the clearing.

Paddling by the pretty village
Nestling in the sunny valley,
Salute the prude upon the bridge,
Now again their spirits rally.

For below them plainly showing
They see the forest once again;
In the sunshine mellow, glowing,
Dip the paddles, steady strain.

Welcome, wild and pretty forest,
Once again they greet thee cheerily,
All so fully filled with interest
Well they love thy pleasing harmony.

Now floating down the long, still water,
Close to shore, they hear the streamlet,
And with its song a maiden's laughter,
Low and rippling as the brooklet.

Brook and maiden sing together
Laughing, singing maid and brooklet;
The cronies gaze one to the other
Wondering had the faries met.

Dipping outward from the shadows
The fairy camp was all in view;
An Indian with two comely daughters
Tent and fire and birch canoe.

An Indian trapper and his daughters
Camping by the charming river,
Trapping musquash on its waters
Each one helping one another.

Slightly startled were the brownies,
Not a whit disturbed the father,
As just glancing to the maidens
Asks, "will stop you rest my brudder?"

Singing daughter, smiling, pleasing,
They much admiring happy camping;
The father cordially inviting,
Cronies step out at the landing.

Find they there a happy grouping,
"Laughing Water" musquash cooking;
A quiet sister basket making,
Dear old fader musquash skinning.

Each maiden wore a shawl of scarlet
Fastened each with brooch of silver
Which "Laughing Water" says "is much old,
Cause once belonged to two grand mudder."

Cross and charms hang from the breast pin,
Bear and beaver, Indian totem;
Pendants tinkling at each turning,
"Laughing Water" often shook them.

Quiet sister 'neath the shade tree,
Prettiest baskets hang above her;
Her downcast eyes they seldom see,
Her heart is with her Indian lover.

"Laughing Water," quite bewitching
Sits gaily chatting with a cronie;
Tell's him of her jolly fishing,
Speaks lovingly of sister brownie.

And often laughing with the brooklet,
Her merry words are ever flowing;
While cronie with his ready wit
Delights to keep the music going.

While the father tells a cronie
Much about his trapping, hunting,
When he was in his prime and hardy,
And of the deer, in winter herding.

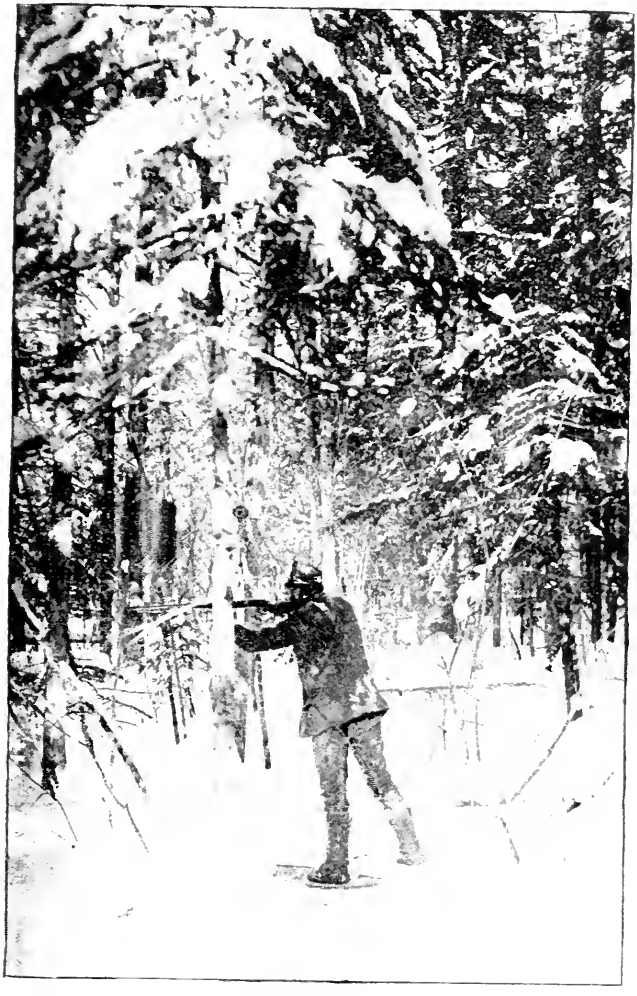
Of how he caught for winter use
More'n any udder Indian man;
Deer and musquash, big bull moose,
Dried and smoked the pemican.

"Laughing Water" nods to father
As the cronies rise to leave them—
"Spose my brudders stop to supper,
Likeum musquash, you much welcome."

But the sun now in the far west
With their camping yet to do,
Kindly thank him for his goodness
Step on board their birch canoe.

"Laughing water," with her father
Standing by them on the shore,
To the last they merry find her
Asking cronies, "come some more."

Salute the girls, good bye to fader
As they dip to dip ahead,
Another smile from "Laughing Water,"
Then, down the shadowed Mattawamkeag



STILL HUNTING.

DEER TRACKING.

AFTER a storm is the best time to look for a deer, as the tracks show plainer for us to follow if after a rain storm, and if snow, one knows just how freshly made. Besides he has been lying by in the swamp, beneath the thick evergreens, feeding but little during the storm, and is now hungry, and will travel slowly, feeding longer at his stopping places. He loves to wander around the foot of the ridges next the swamps, finding the browse more thrifty and plenty, and is handy to his favorite brook. Now this morning, if we would get one, we will start out real early, for he is up himself at daylight and already on his tramp whilst we are eating our breakfast. If not pretty sure of one quite handy, let us take our luncheon and a very light hunting axe, matches and our compass, *always*, for we are not sure of the sun remaining all the day out to guide us. We will travel against the wind all we can, keeping it in our faces as much as possible, then if we find fresh tracks going to windward we are pretty sure of a shot.

Here the leaves have been disturbed and are turned wet side up, and beneath we find the print of his foot; there, it is

plainer as his foot pushed a leaf down, the edges standing up like a cup, and now here in the soft earth is the full print of his foot; we will keep on this course as it is his line of travel; we see fresh bitings, and there he has actually stopped to feed a few moments. If the sun is shining out, an occasional glance toward it will keep our reckoning; if not, we must refer often to the compass, to have the course we are travelling always in mind, so at the end of the hunt we can tell readily what our course must be to return. A deer at his ease, and feeding along, moves slowly and quietly; we should do the same rather than hurry or make any sudden movements.

And now let us not shoot a brother hunter, and in fact we think no person should shoot at anything in the woods, when he sees something moving, until he is sure it is the game. It would be better to never shoot a deer than to have a lifelong regret. Ninty-nine times out of one hundred, if it is really the deer we see moving *we know it is a deer and are sure of it.* So there seems no excuse whatever for the man that shoots at random, saying, I thought it a deer.

If we get in sight of one and are so unlucky as to jump him before getting in our shot, we will not give it up altogether, for he, perhaps, only saw something odd, and likely never before saw a man in his life, and will have the curiosity to get another look at us. He often runs away a piece and stops hidden in a handy thicket on the knoll, where he can look back as we follow. Seeing such a cover, and knowing his style of manouvering, and his watching to see what we are, coming after him on only two legs, we do not gratify him by going straight to him, to see him kick out and run off again, but make a detour and circling around out of his sight, keep-

ing the wind of him (or certainly not allowing him to have it from us,) and come upon him from another quarter, and get a shot whilst he is looking earnestly toward our last whereabouts.

Now we will not miss looking such chances carefully over, if he has not had the wind of us, for he will stop most always in some thicker chance, and much prefers high knolls when he can look over the ground. If not seeing him at first we should get a good position behind a tree large enough to hide us and wait and watch a little, listening too, for if a brave buck and he sees us, he is often now stamping his foot in anger at being approached. And again at times he may take quite a run, and sometimes circles around himself, to see, or smell for us. Even after the second or third wild jumping, their curiosity has been known to often be the death of them. But if he once gets a good sniff of you from the breeze he will telegraph this to you by blowing his whistle, and this always means a good long run away and we must seek another's track.

He is on foot by daybreak, and feeding from nine to twelve, when he most always lies down to sleep awhile in the warmest part of the day, and takes a sunny chance on the leeward side of a thicket, or a sunny knoll where he will lie with his eye on his tracks at the first, as if watching for danger from something following them. Coming to such a chance, if tracking over snow, you sometimes can read his programme quite a piece ahead of you by his tracks, as he always stops a moment, looks back, and taking a step or two each way, will look to all the points of the compass to see if any danger lurks near his ruminating chance, sometimes stepping back on his tracks a rod or two to make doubly sure of his safety before

lying down. Seeing this writing on the snow you step backward and sly away out of his sight, remarking as you do so: "now if I had my duck gun and buck shot you might jump as high as you please, and I should take you on the fly." But you walk right away from him as if gone, and marking the very spot you know he lies in, by some tree or clump of them, circle around and use all your strategy to see him before he sees you, and not give him the wind of you. He is dozing, one eye half open, and is always most too quick "o' hearin;" and when first seen it is often with his head down, pitching for the lowest hollow at the first jump, his black heels and white tail are seen in the air once or twice and he is gone. Or if you are below him and he must run up the hill, he will bounce from right to left as if to dodge the bullet. If you do not down him, note his range, again try the detour plan, watching keenly to see him first if possible.

After tracking a deer over the light snow from early morning until eleven o'clock, I came in sight of a thicket of young fir trees into which the track was leading, when just ahead of me and within three or four rods I saw he had been back as usual to look around before lying down, leaving three tracks with the one I had been following. Knowing he was very handy, I took a step to one side to get out of his sight, when immediately I saw him jumping away through the evergreens. I had approached a little too near and he had heard or seen me. Following his jumps until he commenced his walking, I moved away to the right far enough to be surely out of his sight and then hurried on the same way he was going for a good piece, and again struck up to look for his track. After passing away by his probable line of travel, I was satisfied I was ahead of him, and turning down again I found his tracks

and saw he had turned back toward his sleeping chance. Pretty well assured this walking back again was curiosity, and that he evidently would return to this course, I sat down a little up the ridge in a thicket and took the chances of waiting for him. Presently far away I saw him through the open growth coming back with an easy gait, now satisfied the way was clear and that nothing was following him. Waiting until he was nearly opposite, one shot was fired, and he dropped in his tracks.

To get a deer in this manner, in the proper season when they are fat and fine eating, is, we claim, the most sportsman-like and the most pleasurable, satisfactory way. But to kill them late in the winter, and even toward spring, when they become miserably poor from not being able to range about through the deep and crusty snow, often four and five feet deep in Aroostook, seems most too cruel and must prove to be really unsatisfactory when they come to eat the meat.

When a rain comes upon these deep snows, wetting down three or four inches, then a still, freezing night, a crust is formed which bears up the pot hunter on his snow-shoes upon the top of it, while the deer with his sharp pointed feet, punches through at each jump. They are then started from their yard, or the few well trodden paths, and their first jumps are high and wild, being frightened fearfully by the yells of the crust hunters. They sink deep in the snow at each jump; the sharp crust cuts like a knife, first chafing off the hair from the legs, then the flesh is cut, torn, and bleeding, and when they can go no further, they turn meekly toward their pursuers, and those eyes, so almost human, seem to ask pleadingly for their life. This way of hunting them is cruel and is not as *sportsmen* do; and there are but few extenuating

circumstances in such cases. If a settler, far from any market, with a family of little ones, sees their faces pale for want of such nourishment, goes beyond his field and brings in a deer, he is not to be condemned. If the trapper, far beyond civilization, finds his stock of food has run out through unforseen circumstances, and he can shoot down a deer or caribou, and takes care of it, consuming it for food, the law might also excuse him.

But those fellows that start out for what they call fun, on the first suitable crust, find a family of deer confined to a few paths, over an acre or less of feeding ground, hemmed in by the sharp crust on the deep snow, growing poorer every day, being obliged to feed from the stumps of the sprouts from which they fed at the first of their yarding up, confined until they had eaten all their browse within reach, and now gnawing the maple bark and even eating cedar boughs, perhaps unable to get to the brook they love so well, which may not be but a little way from them, and not a particle of fat upon their thin, shrunken bodies, their mournful eyes saying to the hunters, "we are poor and famished for want of suitable food, even the more thirsty from eating snow these many days. Pray do not kill us now, you can see we are not fit for food, and our skins are worth nothing, for they are so thin, that they would shed the thick hair at each shake. Please allow us to live until the crust is made thicker and harder after the rain, which we know is coming soon, when we will walk away carefully upon the top of it to a new feeding chance by the clear brook, and not be so famished. We will promise to get real round and fat by next October, then if you get one of us, it will not be so heartlessly cruel."

But these men will not see their mild, pleading eyes; they

only see "deer! deer! at 'em boys!" Out of the yard they must jump, the old buck or strong doe taking the lead; the baby deer the last, jumps in the larger one's tracks as well as he can, but he is weak and the first one to be sacrificed. His little legs have found the bottom, made loose by the others before him; he is soon fast and cannot make another jump. His strength was soon used up, as his breakfast was simply sucking the stubbs of sprouts the older ones left. He looks pleadingly toward his relentless pursuers, and surely they will let this little baby deer live. But no; they are now deaf to its pitiful cry, and he counts, and they want to brag of the number they sacrifice. So on hurries a fat, oily-faced, red-cheeked fellow, that weighs one hundred and sixty-five, age about twenty, with broad shoulders and fat, short legs; in fact his whole exterior speaks of a good appetite and plenty of pork and beans at home. "Hurrah!" he cries, and plants his snow-shoe shod feet plump upon his back, crushing him still deeper in the snow. The poor lamb gives two or three plaintive bleats, but he whips out a long, murderous looking bowie knife, seizes him by the nostrils, bends his head back between his knees and cuts his throat, murderer fashion, from ear to ear, then leaves him lying there, to hasten on after the other fellows, who are overpowering the lamb's mother that they met coming back to the bleating lamb. She too is soon no more, with the same ghastly gash across her throat. On they go until every one shares the same fate. They save a few almost worthless skins (for at this time they are very thin indeed, though the hair is very thick upon them) too thin for anything but a lining, bringing perhaps thirty or forty cents apiece.

The boys are a long ways from home, and can only carry

a hide and a quarter each away with them. The balance they may bury in the snow, saying, we will come next Saturday and haul it home on the crust. Before the time comes round, the rain likely spoils the snow-shoeing and their sledding; consequently it is left to rot in the spring sunshine, or become food for the meat-eating wild animals.

But thanks to the late better game laws, for a change; and thanks to nearly all the boys, too, for the most of them are honest sportsmen, and abhor such cruelty as this unmanly way of hunting.

Two boys in midwinter found a deer yard within a half mile from camp. In it was the mother and two lambs. Four feet of snow and a crust would likely keep them there some time in their well-fed down paths. The deer ran to the end of their beat, and as the boys backed away from them, the deer stood with raised heads looking at them. The next day the boys visited them again, each with hunting axe, and this time the deer merely walked a little out of their way and were in sight during the time the boys were cutting them a good quantity of their favorite browse, enough to give them a good feast. This, they repeated every day or two, until a rain and soft snow liberated them; the deer in the mean time becoming almost tame. This was just no work to do, only a pleasure for the boys, and they would not at that time have shot one of them if paid the amount of the fine which they would be liable to, for so doing.

Yarding up of deer, caribou and moose is only on account of deep snows and their crusty surfaces. They get along pretty well, wading about up to their knees, until some heavy storm comes upon them, lasting perhaps for days, ending with rain and a freeze, and then they find themselves confined

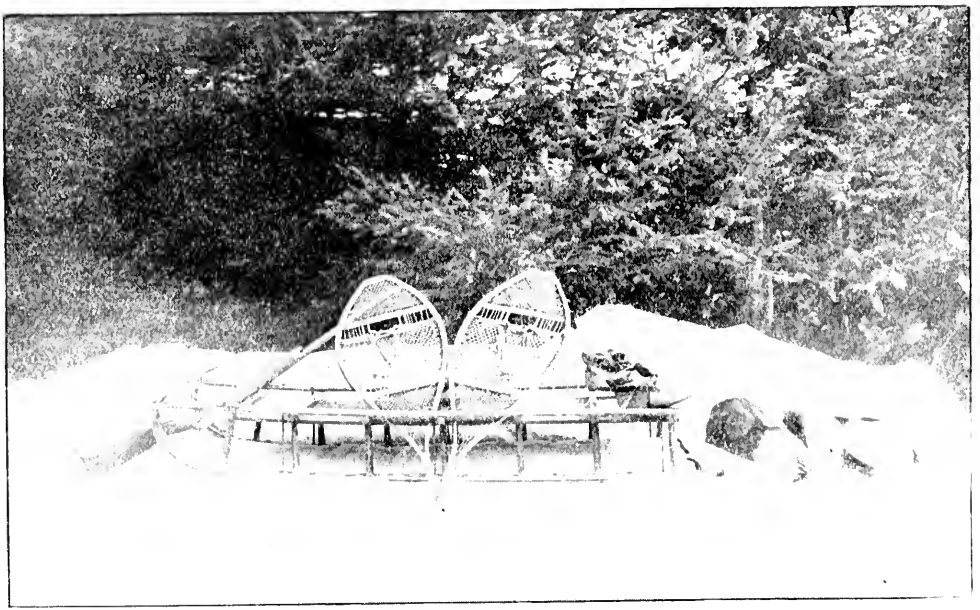
right there for a time. The red deer is the first to be obliged to accept close quarters; next the moose, when the snow is very deep, and lastly, the large footed caribou. Yet they seem to know what is coming and nearly always find some well-known lowland feeding ground beside the brook, before they are snowed in upon the ridges or barrens. Handy by the clear running, almost always open brook, is their favorite place for yarding, more especially the deer and the moose. The caribou is a hardy, independent fellow, and yards only when the deep snows are light and loose beneath, and the crust upon the top is sharp and knifey.

As we have said, the small spring brooks are scarcely ever frozen, and if ever, it is in some rather exposed place; even then the deer will often put his foot through and find nice water to drink, the same as always open in the swamps as it is in winter, warm spring water, protected by the thick growth of evergreens and the warm ground which is also kept from freezing by the snow continually falling from early winter until late in the spring. The cold winds sweeping over only the tops of the trees, from off the ridges, and losing much of its power before reaching the lowlands, where runs the spring brooks the deer love so well. And down below these friendly warm trees, the fir, spruce, hemlock and cedar, it is like another climate, quite warm compared with the ridges. Camping in such localities, we never, in the coldest weather, find any frost to interfere with pushing down the crotches to support our tent poles; so the deer can always find his favorite spring water in these evergreen lowlands; not warmer, wiser than in summer of course, but warm and pleasant compared with that from the lakes and exposed streams outside. Here the deer when at first yarding, will

walk about but little, yet feed until mid-day, visit the brook for a drink, perhaps cross, and try the sprouts upon the other side, buck or doe leading, whilst the young follow in their tracks, making but few paths the first day, as they do not tramp down large yards as some might suppose. (These yards, so called, are usually but paths, they following after each other in near the same track, all lying down within a few feet of each other at night, and the hunter can tell after seeing this sleeping place the next morning, the number of old and young, and their sex, as readily as if he had seen them all standing there).

The next day the snow may fall steadily and perhaps continue all through the night following, yet they having found good pickings on these paths already made, still keep in their old tracks, breaking out no new path, again visit the brook at noon for a drink, then turn back on the old path a little way and lie down for their usual mid-day rest, then up again and around, to feed until near night and only over their very few paths. The snow is deep enough now to keep them in these old roads for days. Then comes the rain and immediately after the freeze, and this settles the question for them in regard to new roads to get better feeding. Their old path is now excellent walking, while all outside of them is sharp crust and they continue to follow only in their hard track, finding poor feeding until the next rain or a thaw softens the crust, when they sometimes wade slowly around, making new roads, or perhaps over the ridge to another brook or branch of the same.

Toward spring, often after a very long rain storm, wetting the snow well down, the night changing to still and cold, gives them a crust which delights them, for now they can



THE TOBOGGAN AND SNOW SHOES.

walk away on the thick, icy crust to where they choose, and at times scarcely leaving footprints to be seen and followed by the crust hunter.

Then it is, if a fellow, early in the morning, was handy enough to them, we will say sitting just overhead in a scrubby hemlock tree (though the dear, gracious, goodness only knows how in the world he ever came to be there so very early on such a cold morning) he would plainly hear them *singing* in low *cheery, deery* tones, yet quite a little louder and stronger of voice than the "singing shad," which the old fishermen tell of. The young buck would take the bass now, in place of his father that was killed the winter before; the mother now leading the band, while the young buck follows in the rear of all, to protect his youngest sister, and is ever on the "qui vive" for any danger, as he listens to, and follows just after his mother in the happy song, which is one of their very few wildwood harmonies.

THE QUICKSTEP TO WINDWARD.

Oh happy deer are we,
Now that we are set free,
As we up and away,
At the first peep of day.

To the south, o'er the hill,
To the brook and the rill;
Where the young maples grow,
And the winds softly blow.

Through the evergreens warm,
That may hide us from harm,
Till the sun's brighter rays,
Shall give the warm days.

When the crusts disappear,
Then with nothing to fear,
We'll again roam at will,
Through the dingle and dell.

As the last note of their happy song floats away to leeward, the young buck adds, "And without more trembling and fear, of the well-fed *fat boy* on his snow-shoes coming after us with his great home blacksmith made bowie knife, with a piece of *our father's horns* for the handle."

FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

ABOUT the middle of March, in Aroostook waters, the trout in his darkened home beneath the thick ice, begins to frisk about and show a fresh appetite. A few can be caught at almost any time during the winter, by cutting holes through the ice over the quiet, deep places near the incoming streams, in the coves and at the inlets of the lakes, but they do not take the bait readily until spring. This is as it should be; they should be left in undisturbed quiet when they say to us so plainly: "we are having a rest." From the first of winter when the ice forms, until the lakes and streams are again opened by the warm rains and the sunshine, they are in poor condition from spawning, and feeding but little while lying upon the bottom, just under the mud and sediment, where the water in winter is much the warmer, though in the summer quite the cooler.

By cutting a hole through the ice in shoal, or even quite deep water, if it is clear, on a bright day, and kneeling down with eyes close to the water and your overcoat thrown over your head, the bright light excluded except a small ray at one place, then watching the bottom closely and keeping the bait

moving, the trout can be seen. Perhaps at the first a slight movement, showing nose and head, then their wriggling out leaving a roily swirl behind them as they dart to seize the bait.

Away back in our early sporting days, when the trout were so plenty that they could be caught in every shady pool, and were to be seen at morning and evening in the mellow sunlight, leaping from the waters in quick succession, and for mere sport often, as well as for the flies in the air just above and those fluttering upon the surface; when this animating sight was quite the usual thing to see all up and down the quiet streams, upon the lakes, at the inlets, and in the grassy coves, we often went *winter fishing* and caught them through the ice.

We remember a month of March as proving an unusually mild one, when old boreas ceased his unwelcome visits for near the whole month and the icy storms came not upon us. When only one half to an inch of snow fell occasionally, and this at night; and after the cool nights, the early mornings were mild and hazy until the sun breaking out making all clear as a bell, relieving the enameled trees and their ice encircled branches and twigs, and drinking the diamond drops hanging from the buds. With many sunny days for boisterous March, with warm southerly winds which were most favorable for winter fishing.

And early in this pleasant month looking out over the fields one morning, where the winter snows were piled up level with the fence tops, watching the small boys coasting down to the river, then on it and away over the smooth, white ice and out of sight, soon toiling back to repeat their jolly slide, the crust bearing them well up, only the light track of their moccasined feet and sled runners showing in the light snow upon the

crust, and such *elegant* snow-shoeing that we began thinking, for all this, with the mild weather, was very suggestive. Soon we espy Joe coming on his snow-shoes, when we immediately mistrust that he likewise is somewhat unsettled a bit, wavering as to things under the circumstances; and as he appeared before us we see he too has caught it, for his flushed cheek and shining eyes show a high stage of the trouting fever coming on, from a hankering after the lakes. Comparing notes, we agree that the only medicine, pleasant to take, and a sure cure for this contagious fever, will be to take a trip to the camp. Accordingly, the next day saw us off for the bonny lakes.

With the pung well stowed with such indispensable articles as were needed for the trip, and such stores as we were out of at camp, our toboggans tied upon the load, we drove out and through the town, lively with many teams and the busy hum and rustle of business. Away over the hills, holding up and stopping ever and often at the "turn out to pass by chances" on the way, to allow the many heavily loaded teams, nearly and often all the road. These always very numerous were more so this pleasant month, going to the village, often half a dozen or more in line. Many boxed up loads of potatoes, covered with blankets and rugs to insure against freezing at starting (often before daylight) and later to keep off the sunshine. Heavy loads of leather from the tannery; long and short lumber, shingles, knees, rift, butts, clapboards, pressed hay, grain, wood of all kinds, hemlock bark, and farmers with their exchanges. Nearly every team right merrily hurrying forward for town. Some slipping down the hills with break applied, others toiling up the rise beyond, to stop and chat with those already resting there, obliging us to break out

a new turn out around them, through the crust. All heading for the village, the depot, and a market, delaying us often as we met them on the levels at the turn outs.

But all things have an end, and they gradually grow less in number as we pass the scattering farm houses and trot gaily down the distant hills, soon leaving them all behind with nearly the last of civilization, as we turn off and over the long rise, and then down to the nearly unbroken forest. On through the quiet evergreens, the road now running east and west; even the south wind does not reach us, and we find it here at this time as warm as the month of June. The well trodden roads are thawing in the sun, allowing the pung to slip along after our horse like a feather weight as he skips on at a lively trot through the thick growth, the sparkling crust beside us being just on a level with the pung seat upon which we are sitting. A partridge that is sunning himself at the edge of the road, ruffles his plumage and elevates his small crest at being disturbed, then goes walking daintily away over the crust just out of our sight, but to return to his sun bath after our passing. Next a rabbit is seen, that is well used to the roadside, and the pickings of dried clover heads falling off the loads of hay, as well as the more thrifty buds growing in the light and sunshine. He deigns not to move as we pass him, sitting half asleep on the sunny side of the firs, but his temerity costs him dearly, as he is wanted at the camp.

As the sun beyond us, a little to the left, is creeping downward on its way, lengthening out our shadows on the crust that are ever following us behind, we make the last turn on our road and are soon at the end of our journey by team. Here leaving buffalo coats, wraps, and our foot-wear for riding, we pull on many extra stockings and over these our

soft tanned moosehide moccasins; pack our load from the pung upon the toboggans, and lash them in such a manner that should we upset occasionally we can tip back again all solid as before. Slipping on the show-shoes, we are ready, and away, on our three mile tramp (playing horse) and really enjoying it much over such a fine crust, with the moon keeping us company on the way, over our north and south blazed line, through the now really wild, unbroken forest to the hunting lodge. Almost every rod of the way is familiar to us, from our landmarks; the lay of the land, the brooks, a clump of evergreens, the rocky rise and quick descent, then along the side of the ridge close to the swamp, the beeches on the knoll and the merry little brooks.

Having all the time there is, we take the up grades slowly, often resting on the top a moment and admiring the lovely moonlit forest, so still and quiet everywhere among its lights and shadows. On such an evening the nightly ramblers were no doubt abroad as usual, but excepting "bunny," with his bright eyes at this time wide open, as he skipped away from our moving shadows, and a night warbler overhead in the thick spruce trees, favoring us with a short song, all seemed at quiet rest.

Coming to the down grades, we take the webbing from our shoulders, with which we haul the toboggans, and guiding the sleds outside the track, and along beside us, take an Indian lope down to the long levels below, which again require but little exertion to pull the loads over the level crust. Here looking back for a long way behind, we see a straight and narrow road made level by our snow-shoes, and leaving the tracks of our wide beech runners shining in the moonlight. Upon this now well packed road, should we have a rain, and

then freezing, we could pull out over it as large a load as the sleds would bear up.

At last, after a few tumbles and the usual upsets, we came in sight of well-known rolling land, anon the brook, and then the hunting lodge. We find it snowed in up to the windows, but after digging down with a snowshoe we get the shed door open, pull in the sleds, unlock and open the camp door, and light the lamps and a fire. A basket of birch bark for shavings, dry cedar and yellow birch wood being at hand soon heat up, changing the air and obliging us to swing open the door, and slide back the ventilator in the roof.

In camp again; how cosy it is, everything in its place, as handy as when we left in the fall; even the wild goose wing and dust pan, hang together as of yore. Hi! there is a mouse; this night he is choked to death between wood and wire, enticed by a piece of fresh doughnut.

Sleds unloaded, packages put in place, then supper of sausages, with fresh home made bread, Aroostook doughnuts and a cup of tea; next comes the fragrant smoke and then the welcome bunk.

This time we carry in a nickle clock; it will be company to hear its merry tick, and useful as well. We wind it up whilst Joe is out and set the alarm at four o'clock. Joe likes to sleep, and sometimes rather late mornings, which we tell him is a sad misfortune to become chronic with a sportsman, leading to a wonderful low, dull, stagnant state of animation and enthusiasm, wasting the most beautiful, bracing, and enjoyable part of the pleasant days. Besides this is not good for him, as he is too fat already to skip about light and airy on his snow-shoes, displaying altogether too much jolly protuberant rotundity.

We place the clock ticking away lively in an empty cigar box, on the shelf over his head, within two feet of his ear. Coming in and hearing it there, he wants to know what for and why? and remarks:

"Do you suppose I want that thing in my ear all night?"

"Oh, well, Joe, leave it there to please us; it will sing you to sleep, and you said we should keep it warm, and that's the south side of camp."

"All right, I'll get used to it I suppose."

It was too much fun just for one alone to hear him the next morning when the alarm struck up. The clock was a new one, and the wide, thin board shelf, with the cigar box, aided the circus, and as it rumbled on we began to think it might be an eight day alarm. It ended at last, and we heard a deep sigh and a sad groan, as Joe reached for the bootjack. Too dark to see, he aimed at random, drawing a long breath, mixed with "dang you" and such like, but we dove before the flash, and escaped.

"Ah, yes, I see; warmer on the sunny south side, is it? I'll make the shady north side hot for you when I get out of this berth! a regular Fourth of July, my sonny."

Feeling a little repentant for waking Joe so early, and pitying him as he had a cold, I jumped up, lit the lamps, built a fire and mixed him a good dose of "*Standard Liniment*," hot, which immediately brings out his usual good humor.

Just at daylight we are all ready for the lake and the fishing ground. Seeing that our fire is all safe and locking the camp, we slide our feet securely in the straps of our snowshoes and are off, levelling down another fine path to run over and for future use, to easily carry our outfit, that which we need to make a day of it; our handiest knapsack is again

the two bushel bag. At this time the contents consisted of our dinners, dippers, tea pail, fry pan, rubbers, extra woolen stockings, in case of wet feet, small packages, etc. Wrapping them in paper and packing properly, the sack (but half full) is gathered together at the mouth and thrown over the right shoulder. A cord is made fast to one bottom corner (which bottom corner hangs at the left side) then passed under the left arm, up across your breast and made fast to the gathered together mouth of the sack, with one round turn and one-half hitch. Should you wish to be relieved of it quickly, the end of the cord is dangling, give it one twitch and instantly you are free from it. Quite a load can be easily carried in this manner, requiring but little attention, leaving your hands and arms free for other use.

An elegant day it proves, and we enjoy the walk in the early morning through the wildwood, over the well-known path. The birds singing as cheerily as if 'twere nesting time, and the squirrels barking us a welcome, remembering us as friends from our having passed through their playground often before. Upon the way we step to one side, and from a hollow stub take our ice chisel, which has had a year's rest, and in a moment we are at the lake.

Ho! the bonny lake; so pretty in the early, sunny morning, surrounded by the gently rising hills of hard woods, all dressed in their winter garb of brown and gray, with the tall spruce scattered through, standing straight and prim above, spotted here and there with patches of small evergreens, beside which, and away to the top, is seen the white shining crust, showing plainly beneath the open growth and between the leafless branches of the hard wood trees, while below, around the shores, all is warm and melting in the sunshine

beneath the fringe of evergreens with their heads just barely nodding to the gentle southerly breeze.

Changing our moccasins for the rubbers, we are soon at the cove handy by, and cut a half dozen holes. At first we cut through five or six inches of snow ice; this is from the snow and rains and an overflow from the ice settling, and the lake water mixing with the snows and freezing upon the surface. Here we find a thin streak of water between the two ices, after which a foot and a half of beautiful clear blue ice. Just before cutting through this, the sun shining down in, shows us many colors of the rainbow at the thin ice yet left in the bottom of the hole. Stopping to admire these beautiful colors for a moment, we give three or four very quick punches with the chisel and the confined water rushes quickly to the top and often well over the upper surface. Our chisel, in form like the carpenter's slice, yet wider, thicker and much heavier, ground only upon one side, bevelling, with a five foot long, hard wood handle; it cuts fast and clean, and we soon have the lines placed, baited with fresh beef at the start, until we catch the little red fin roach which is preferable. A sprout or branch the size of a finger three or four feet long, is fixed firmly in the ice beside the hole, and *low down* upon this is tied the line; lowering the baited hook to the bottom, then raising it one foot, it is hung by a loop just upon a bud; the remaining slack is coiled and hung upon the bush. A trout taking the bait when we are not watching, the line falls from the bud in the water, giving him the slack to run away with, and swallowing the bait and hook and swimming on away, it brings up at the fastening below (a dead fast) and hooks the fish. And now we put to work our little fishermen. Fastening a small piece of birch

bark or paper (the size governed by the wind) about midway between the loop hanging on the bud and the water, and with this the wind keeps the line moving up and down, doing the bobbing.

"Hi! is that a bite?"

"Nay, nay, it's only the wind."

"Like to bet you."

"Ah ha! it's a good bite; he has the blower in the water (the slack has caught on somehow,) see him thrash the bush down in the water. Go it Joe!"

He is pulled out hand over hand and allowed no slack to turn with, until he lies flipping upon the ice. How clean and silvery bright he looks, rolling over and over, and trying many times to stand upon his head. He is immediately cared for, placed in the snow of fine ice, from the choppings, away from the sun and air. We keep strictly to business now, as the lines are often being twitched down. There seems to be a fine school below us; it is about their feeding time, too; besides, "when the wind is in the south, it blows the bait in the fish's mouth."

Near the middle of the day, the trout do not bite readily, and often keep away, until late in the afternoon. This time is improved in catching the pretty little silver red fin for bait, using a tiny hook and very small bait. He is often nibbling at this time, but hidden in the grass, when the trout are on the rampage.

Aware that quick changes often come with little warning, we take a half hour while it is so pleasant, to build our barricade. A few forked stakes are let into the ice, braced and withed, a dozen small poles for rafters and a small shelter tent over these, completes the wind break; and now, should old

FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

"boreas" find his way back while we are at the lake, he will find we defy him, with our backs turned upon him and our faces turned to the sunny south.

Just in front of the barricade upon some small, green butts, laid closely, side by side, to keep the fire above the ice, we *boil the kettle*, and have our dinner, sitting upon a pile of fir boughs, over a pine bark flooring, enjoying an elegant sun bath as we watch the lines and bobs whilst eating. In the afternoon we darken the holes with the ice choppings, as the bright sun over them makes the trout wary of approaching, and hooking on our small red fins, alive (a choice bait,) succeed in taking a nice school of larger trout; afterward many smaller trout and fat silver roach were caught; all of fair size are packed immediately, while those less than seven or eight inches are shown the water, when they quickly scoot to the bottom.

Trouting through the ice is now not so much practiced, but in those days, long rows of set lines for togue and trout were often seen upon the frozen lakes. The fisherman when leaving his lines at night, would run the small hook through his live bait beneath the back fin, being careful not to injure the back bone, when the bait swims quickly to the bottom. Raising the fish up a little way, the loop is hung upon a twig of a bush, the slack line is coiled and also laid upon it, when the bush and slack line is pushed part way down through the ice, or below freezing. Just at night or early in the morning is considered the best time to catch a large fish, and coming along, he seizes the small chub, and after a bite or two, swallows hook and fish, always invariably, head first, moving away with the slack line and bush, and either the line frozen in at the surface or where tied outside is a dead fast, which

hooks him and he is fastened, usually to stay, when after vainly fighting for awhile, he sulks and then remains quiet. Most of the winter fishing is not really very desirable, one finding a cold, paralysing time, when the wind is unfavorable and it is usually unsatisfactory as to results. We never knew of but one party ever doing a real fine "GEORGIA, ALABAMA" *land office business* at winter fishing through the ice. This was on Penobscot waters, as we heard the story; a party of two cut a hole below a dam, in a pool, where the trout were locked in. As their chisel punched through, the confined water burst out, the trout following and coming with it in a steady drove. The water subsided, yet the fish kept popping out; some lively kicking was done to save them from going back, but at last the men were satisfied with a two bushel sack full of trout.

During the last days of March, the rains, with the ever increasing warmth of the sun, having much reduced the deep snow, and another crust forming during a cold night; we take this time to look over a line of mink and sable traps, down through the long, swampy lowlands. The line running through the swamp and by the foot of the ridges, often neared and ran beside a small spring brook which was now all open from the sun and warm rain, until another winter should pile down its deep snows upon it. It was always of much interest to us, from being in many places alive with the very smallest trout. The cool spring brook in the summer and the warm spring brook in winter, and its waters pure and sweet at any time are nearly always of the same temperature. We came upon it at first, at its head, and the springs that feed it; two tiny streams are making their way down, soon joining in one, growing a little wider and deeper, for a

short way, then a uniform size far as one could see, showing itself at this time in a dark line between its snowy banks deeply shaded by the dense swamp. And at our feet, and all along in many of its turns and windings far below, are small pools of quiet water, and gravelly, spawning beds, where can be seen the baby trout, the largest at the head of the brook no longer than a little finger.

Each year far up the brooks from the large waters, here can be seen these sprightly little fellows in many places, in large numbers; and in the early spring, by looking closely, there may be seen the partly developed baby trout, with its little sack hanging to it beneath, and this little embryo is from the egg left on the spawning ground late in the fall before. Winter or summer they are here, and as many growing large enough, they run down to greater waters, and are replaced by the spawning in the fall. As we bend over them, they are frightened at our dark shadows and dart away up and down the small stream, and beneath the fine woody sediment, to hide in their late winter quarters.

And so it is all through the forest, everywhere in this large county, and it would be modest indeed to remark that our spring brooks are numerous. Nearly every small stream, some quite diminutive, when fed by the never failing springs, are the home of the baby trout. They never freeze to any depth, even in exposed situations in the forest, nor do the lowland brooks they feed, save just sufficient to hold up the snows in winter, which protect the small trout until balmy spring opens out and brightens up their small territory. Here they are safe from the old, hooked-nosed trout, yet have their enimies even here.

The otter getting far back, seeking some secluded spot

away from the males to rear her young, follows up the brook, and in some hollow log or more often at the knoll beneath the pine stub, close to the brook and among the larger roots, goes down, and then up and under, and there makes her nest. Here close beside the brook, her little ones can play out in the rain or sunshine, and as soon as old enough, are taught the art they are to follow, by practising upon the small trout. The mink also seeks the same places for the like purpose, and for the same delicacy for its little ones, as well as the otter to hide them from the males, who would destroy them if possible.

As the little trout grows a bit bigger, they move down along, settling in a new home for awhile, but are soon seeking a little wider, deeper water, again growing tired of their small pool and having the growing appetite; down they go to lower, deeper holes in the small brook, when at the last, feeling big, bold and brave, gay and frisky (being about the size for the small boy's fun) and when a little roiled up and excited with the late freshet, they follow on behind after the late spawning trout, eventually shooting out into the larger waters among their older brothers.

THE BEAVER.

VERY much has been written about the beaver and all of our forest animals by the scientists, giving their history complete, so all that is left us (fortunately, perhaps) is some minor points. These also interesting to us, they must necessarily skip and leave to the trapper, as "Old Boreas" would surely coagulate the very marrow in their bones, should they invade his playgrounds and bleak territory, sitting around upon the breezy ridges or humped up upon a hillock on the barren in all kinds of weather, watching the manouvering of the animals. To be quickly convinced of the beaver's apparent superiority over many of the forest animals, one should examine his works, and watch an industrious family building a large dam, flowing many acres of low land, changing it to a lake, and see their cuttings, from the smallest shoots or sprouts, to trees fourteen inches in diameter. His idea of building the dam, causing the water to flow far back, giving him a swimming chance (up and down what was before but a shallow run) to his new wood lot that he has discovered, making for himself a new lake or pond of his own over this small brook running through the lowland, and giving suffi-

cient depth of water to swim to many new feeding chances around the shores, even in winter beneath the ice, and deep water in front of his house to store his winter's wood for food; this seems to come very close to reasoning.

A cute fellow is the beaver; and just here not to be too partial to one and unjust to others, while we would give him all credit, acknowledge him an industrious worker, an ingenious architect and a wide awake fellow when abroad, knowing just when to dive beneath the surface, rather too quickly too, as he sees or hears the canoe coming around the bend, yet we have many others deserving of much notice, and he should not have the credit of being the only bright one dwelling away back in the wildwood. Among the many of us, it may not be the greater part, that realize how very near many of our forest dwellers approach to intelligence and understanding.

The beavers home is built close to the edge of the stream where there is a good depth of water, the house being large or small, according to the size of the family; the usual size seen, for a small family, is some four or five feet in diameter at the base; four feet high, nearly oval in shape, sloping downward to turn off the rain. Many sticks and bushes that grow handy they use in its construction, gathering and bringing for the house all the shoots and cane like sticks from which they have formerly eaten the bark and left beside the stream, with large flakes of fibrous roots, sods and mud which they dig handy by. The many sticks working admirably as binders, keeping all in place, and at the last covered with the muddy sods placed grass side down, which it is stated that on a rainy day, using their broad, flat tails as trowels, they smooth up to a nicety. Often in the fall along

the stream in the vicinity of, and upon the top of the house now being repaired perhaps, and showing fresh black mud, may be seen the cane like sticks of new wood from which they have eaten the bark, now showing at a long distance, brightly in the sunshine. This gives them entirely away, for although they are careful to be in hiding themselves at the least unusual sound, these bright, newly peeled sticks notify the trapper of their return from their summer cruisings, to fix up their habitations for winter.

Their rooms, or nests, nicely lined with grass, are well above the water from below, and yet beyond danger of freezing from the outside. Close to the nest, below, is their passage down to the water, which is never allowed to freeze but little, even if likely to, which it is not. The many sticks being crossed in every manner, support the heavy mass above (their roof) from falling in upon them. Their home is well built to keep out the cold, and the warmth of their fat bodies while in the nest keep up the temperature. Then with the colder weather comes the snow, covering all during the winter, with the wind drifting an extra share upon their house, so that at times you can scarcely tell where their dwellings are. And here, when snoozing in their cosy home in the centre of of their house below the cold, they have what they want, a warm, dry nest while they are sleeping, and a dry chance above all wet from below. Snug quarters for such hardy fellows after all. And upon the outside while boreas holds high carnival, they are each curled up like a huge football, their broad, flat tails flipped around to one side of them between their bodies and the open passage to the water, partly, at least, protecting one side of them from the (not very cold) air from the water below. This knowledge of them was gained

from cutting into a house in the spring and finding a very aged beaver frozen stiff in this position in his nest.

As they increase in numbers and grow up, a pair or more will start out from the old home to housekeep for themselves, making the journey usually up the main stream, often finding a smaller branch coming into the main, which after examining they settle near its head, if finding chances for good flowage and plenty of young wood. The old ones assist the young pairs to build their new dam, which when completed the old ones return to the old home. Often a family become disgusted with the cruel ways of the trapper, and fearful of yet more murderous intentions on his part, they all desert their home together and find a sly chance which is known only to themselves, for a long time, and then, when the trapper happens to trace them out, he may see such a village of beaver houses as makes his eye fairly twinkle over the prospect of rich furs, the excitement and the dollars. Then again, when being driven from, or voluntarily leaving their home, they will settle upon the same stream, often but a short distance above, sometimes finding all favorable for them without building a dam, only their house, which they must have on the boggy lands, only living in the banks of the streams where they are high, dry and loomy.

Should the trapper wish to catch but one beaver, he can do so by setting the trap in the nest inside the house; but he only gets the one in this manner, as the others will not stay to take such a chance after seeing one of their number caught. To do this, he sets his trap the same as for the musquash, and by cutting through the house immediately over the nest, the exact spot known by the white frost showing upon the outside coming from the beaver's warmth of body and his breathing.

Setting the trap in the beavers bed and covering it nicely with the grass from the nest, the end of the chain fastened upon the outside, and the opening he has made neatly closed, tight as before. But should he take the time he may catch nearly every one by setting the traps at the points, or beside the stream, some little distance from the house. Finding such a place both above and below the house, usually is correct. If the stream is not as yet frozen the traps can be set near the shore, as for the musquash, but in a little deeper water. A dry pole should be attached to the chain, placed and fastened so as to allow him to plunge quickly to deep water and drown. Too light a trap is not as desirable, but having none sufficiently heavy to hold him down beneath the water, a stone can be added to the chain. Here the medicine (so called) comes handy for the beaver, as for musquash. This is the beaver castor found upon the matured males as upon the musquash, used upon a dry stick in the same manner. Not having the castor at the first of trapping, bait with poplar wood, pushed down beside the trap.

After the ice forms, to catch them beneath it is the best and most satisfactory way, if the hunter will take the time to do so. They are not wholly dependent upon the wood sunk in the stream in front of their dwellings for their winter food, but are travelling or swimming up and down beneath the ice to different feeding grounds all through the winter. Many trappers say the wood provided for winter is a reserve, and only brought up to the well-packed floor of the house and eaten in the extreme case; so the traps set a little away from their house upon the points, and baited with newly cut wood, is seen as they go up and down.

In water deep enough to drown them quickly, cut a place

through the ice large enough to work handy, and drive the four dry stakes for the platform upon which to rest the trap when set, about twelve or fifteen inches below the ice. The stakes may be made ready before driving, by wiring together, forming the square, then cross wired, forming the resting place for the trap. Upon this wiring, weave in a few small evergreens enough to form quite a nest, leaving small ends to float erect in the water, partly hiding the trap and serving to steady it in place, in case the edge of the trap is stepped upon before the pan. Baited with a young green tree; poplar is the favorite with them, and many branches may be left on, the top pushed in the mud at the bank and the butt immediately over the trap and fastened to the stakes. The beaver anxious to carry off the tree to his house, will be caught while resting upon the trap and platform, in the act of cutting off the butt. A dry pole to hold the trap always, the ring to slip easily from top to bottom, when there is a stub of a branch always left on, to prevent the ring from slipping off, and the beaver soon drowns upon the bottom of the stream. One or two out of a family may be caught by setting the traps upon their dam (which is so near level that the water flows evenly over it,) by cutting out places two or three inches deep and setting traps in them, but seeing one of their number struggling in irons is sufficient to drive them all away to seek new quarters. To catch them a little away from their works, singly and alone, and drowning them quickly is the better way. If traps are new and bright, they should be smoked over evergreen boughs. If set upon a muddy bottom, the mud stirred up will settle over them hiding their brightness.

We have been told of a trapper, who as he was travelling

around the edge of a meadow or barren, and as he was passing through a piece of young and mixed second growth growing beside the meadow, came upon the works of beaver, showing fresh cuttings, then after tracing a short way he found very recent signs of them. A poplar tree had been cut down which was some three or four inches in diameter, and a piece taken from it, and apparently but just dragged away; following the trail a piece, he soon found their road running around and beneath the downfalls, between the old bleached stumps and their bare roots, beside the clumps of bushes, all with the view to the easiest road toward the stream and to be as much hidden as possible on the way; then nearly straight across the open meadow to the water. Knowing the beaver though a swifter in his element, the water, when on the land as a racer, not a success, he determined to lie in wait and kill one if possible, though having nothing but his axe for a weapon. Finding a good hiding place on the meadow, he waited long for his return for another log, feeling confident of success, as he watched through the low growing bushes.

After waiting until near night in a drizzly rain, he raised up, about to continue on his way, giving up the watching, when he discovered the beaver coming toward him, but not from the water as he was expecting and had been watching, as the beaver had taken some other route to his wood lot and was now coming toward the water and directly to the trapper. The beaver was slowly toiling around a rise in the meadow that was covered with bushes, one paw and forearm over the log, with a firm hold by his teeth of the end, thus lifting and drawing it along. As the knowing beaver approached to within a few feet of the man's hiding place, the air, though thick with fog and mist, gave upon it a strange taint, and

caused the beaver to drop his log and look wonderingly toward the clump of bushes. As the trapper suddenly half raised himself and sprang toward him, with the axe uplifted to drive it through his scull or hurl it with unerring aim should the beaver attempt to run, the beaver merely bowed down his head, remaining motionless. He saw and knew his situation at a glance; cut off from his way to the water and no escape. He crawled a step or two toward his would-be destroyer, and stopped again with bowed head, like a begging spaniel. This was rather too much *instinct* for the trapper, who was a human being after all, and proved it when he dropped his axe upon his shoulder, turned to one side from the beaver and hurried on his way.

Furthermore, this jolly trapper stated, that once upon a time, late in the afternoon of the day, as it was on his way, he stopped at a beaver's wood lot when expecting them to be coming and hid to leeward of their path, and where they would likely be working if they came, wishing to watch them, and that he did not wish to shoot them as they were the only pair upon the pond, by which ran his line of traps. Seeing a large white birch nearly cut off, he took his position where he could watch this, and laid flat upon the ground behind a small mound, that he might be the more quiet. Soon the pair of beaver came and began their work, each to his tree. One he said, was a huge old fellow, though not too large to be yet very supple, nor too old to be funny and frisky, and this one went at the big white birch partly cut down. Before long he caused a trembling among its upper branches and just as the tree was tottering upon the small piece left uncut, he jumped backward and flapped his broad paddle tail out behind him with a whirl and a whack upon the ground.

Then sitting upon it, straight up in the air like a squirrel, with his eye up the tree watching its top a moment, and as it began to tip with the breeze, his forepaws held together in front of him like a trick spaniel and moving them up and down the while, at the same time using his tail as a spring for his whole body, he bobbed up and down like a baby in a jumper, and actually laughed aloud as the tree came crashing down.

THE OLD MONARCH.

UPON the knoll well up the rocky rising lands,
Beside the sportsman's trapping line the monarch stands;
Outlined upon the sky when seen from lake afar,
And on the brightest days is seen its latest scar.

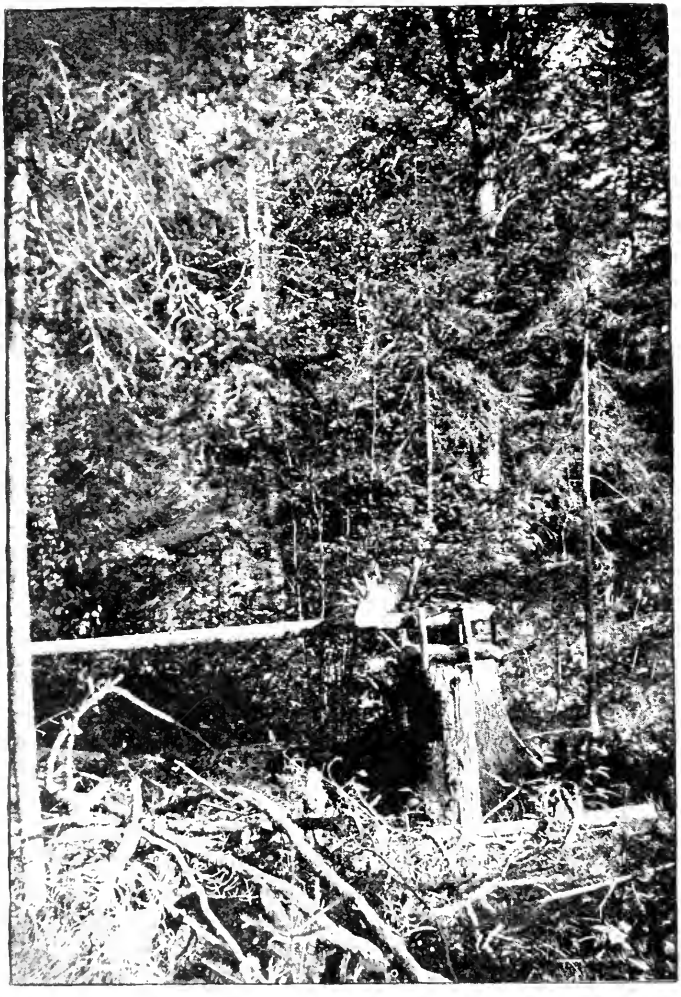
A Monarch still, that to boreas yields no place,
Till time and storm shall more conduce to his disgrace.
Not many years have passed since on it there did rest
Upon three stubs of limbs, high up, an eagle's nest.

And with the king of birds upon the remnant of a bough,
It did not look so lonely then as it looks now;
Tall, bleached and bare, all hoary gray with age,
It yet defies the storm with boreas in his rage.

Stripped clean by wind and rain, of every limb bereft;
No branch or twig, no bud, or tiny leaf, is left
To cast their shade, or waive and tremble in the breeze,
Yet still erect the giant stands above all other trees.

Years long agone it looked as old as now, to-day,
All weatherworn and smooth upon its bole and gray
Save one long, scathing streak, all furrowed down its side;
The lightning came, 'twere not enough that it had died.

It yet stands firm upon its feet though it is dead;
How many, many years with spring and fall have fled
Since first two tiny leaves peeped out and saw the sun,
Who of us all can tell? God is the only one.



THE LOG TRAP OR DEAD-FALL.

ON THE LINE OF TRAPS.

MANY not at all acquainted with trapping would no doubt be interested to know something of what is meant by a line of traps. They are set in line, or are running a certain course, which at times may vary as we come to thick tangled swamps, stream and lake, though at times directly through a swamp, and again alongside it, when as good or better trapping, as it is the better travelling. Then down along the stream a piece to trap the mink, also to place a trap of well proven springs for the otter if any chance offers, and for a suitable crossing to the other side of the stream to continue the line, yet in the main, keeping to the original course to reach some distant lake, stream, mountain, or lowland, which is to be the terminus.

We cross the lake usually at the inlet or outlet, by canoe or raft. Crossing the stream often at the rips, or if not, just above or below by raft, which is two or three dry cedars of good size, cut down, rolled in and withed together. Then with the aid of a dry spruce pole, always to be found handy, we are soon on the opposite shore tying the raft securely to the bushes, to be there on our return.

Spotting the line, is taking a small chip out of a tree upon each side of it, as high as one can reach handy, so as to be well above the deep snows. From this tree you look ahead on the course, selecting another in line with this, to take a slice from each side, and so on. The same as all spotting of lines through the woods for marking off the townships and sections, excepting that the trapper and hunter will mark more trees, giving him twice the number of spots so he may quickly find his way; and this prevents his getting off the course in stormy times. Even then, when the snow is falling in damp flakes and is driven against the trees by the wind, the spots are many of them not to be seen. Again there are many moonlighted evenings when it is nice to have the line plainly marked, for the hunters are often forgetting to hurry, with the moon in prospect, being so much interested in providing new baits for traps in good locations, and adding more weight here and there, that they, and their shadows, are often late passing over the line, hurrying on to the home camp to enjoy its welcome comforts.

Early in the fall of the year when the weather is mild, dry and pleasant, *in the mild September*, is the time to build the new line or to repair the old one. One might carry quite a little outfit beside his light, narrow axe if he would improve all the chances that offer and fully enjoy his excursions over the line; and may we make a suggestion (to the uninitiated only.) should one start in on the hunting and trapping or the tramping and camping, always to carry with him a little salt and pepper, so much needed and appreciated when we broil a trout or a bird. At the same time we will find it handy to carry a half dozen fish hooks and a line or two, for we come to a stream many times quite unexpectedly. Then with our

pocket knife we can play woodpecker upon the dead spruce and get a fine, fat wood worm for the small hook, or shoot a bird or squirrel, with which we can get a chub, and then with this bait often a fine trout, which gives such tone and relish to the luncheon, by adding the speckled beauty, *broiled.*

So a small wallet containing hooks and lines, salt and pepper, a small vial for *sure dry* matches (as a reserve,) a surgeons three cornered needle, twenty or thirty yards of the finest shoe thread, a small piece of beeswax and a generous piece of surgeons court plaster, all carried in an inner pocket is quite correct. Now perhaps, knowing you have this needle and plaster, you will not cut yourself. Good! cheap insurance.

Usually two are trapping together on the line, which is the pleasant way to do. They leave the home camp provided much like the following: One rifle for shooting bait, as well as for larger game should it come in the way and offer to bite them. Each with light hunting axe, weight two and a half pounds, heavy poll, thin and long bitted, with strap and case to carry hanging from the shoulder; good serviceable pocket knives which should not have *pewter blades;* compass, always; as many steel traps as they can conveniently carry at the start out, to be left as they grow too heavy, hanging them up as they work along to good chances, some to be set where left, others to be moved on at future times. Trappers leave them hanging until wanted with but little fear of their being stolen, for none but the lowest dregs of the half human would be guilty of taking them, as this is considered by all to be the meanest kind of thieving. Many steel traps are set low at the first of the season and gives the trapper more fur. The mink especially are dodging in and out of the low-down places, and is not afraid of wetting his feet, so usually the

trap is under water an inch or two the bait sticking up beside it with chain enough to allow him to get to deep water and drown.

The best chances for the sable are in and around beside the swamps, though they are taken on the ridges, particularly in beech nut time, as they, as well as the fisher, will eat the beech nuts, though both are carnivorous to a murderous extent. The old pine, as well as other dry, decaying stubs, are just elegant for the house to set the steel trap in, and here is where the narrow bitted axe works to a charm for cutting into it, and the rather heavy poll helps to drive it. The spruce stumps left by the lumbermen are fine for the dead fall, though many of them too low for our deep snows; those upon the knoll are best. The dead fall does not require to be wide at the mouth of it, for the sable or mink; in fact a narrow entrance is best. So the fair sized fir trees, cut as high as one can chop them handy, gives us a chance to build the dead fall for these fellows, good for any time during the winter, and they last for years. There is little fear but what the sable or fisher will find the baits even if high. Give them a small rough spruce piece to climb up by if so wished, though usually they get there just the same. A south exposure is always best for the entrance of the trap; nealed wire is good for the spring pole or tip-up, and a spool of it comes handy frequently, though the greater part of the trapper's strings and ropes are the inner bark of the young and straight cedar trees and twisted withes; for tying on the baits, the cedar bark is complete.

The needful luncheon must be put up and carried along, and not a scanty one is satisfying when the boys are building traps and spotting the line; for earnest and active, deeply

interested in the pleasant work, noon comes quickly, yet they are always jolly hungry. The dead fall for the sable and mink is much the same wherever used; but for those unacquainted with it, that may be interested, we are pleased to describe it.

The dead fall, or wooden trap, if properly built and set with sufficient heft upon the fall piece, will do a good business, however much may be said to the contrary. A large log, a down pine stub, a square cut off fir or spruce tree, is usually selected to build upon. Dry cedar splits are provided a foot long, and a half to three-fourths of an inch thick, for the house which is shaped like a V. The splits may vary in width from two to six inches. These are made wedge shaped at one end that they may be driven in the log or stump upon which the house is being made. The hunting axe struck in and then withdrawn, opens in the stump a chance for them to be driven solid for the house. Immediately in front of the V shaped house is laid the bed piece, which is generally of spruce a foot long, two and a half inches in diameter, the bark left on at the top side, beneath flattened to fit. In front of this bed piece of spruce, to keep it solid and to receive the long fall piece, are driven two stakes on a line with the splits. The fall piece and bed piece are from one tree and fit together nicely, the fall being from six to ten feet long, according to convenience. The near end of the fall, fitting and resting upon the bed piece (or choker;) the outer end may be supported by resting in the fork of a small tree; if not, a forked stick is provided and withed to a tree, the top of the tree afterward cut off to prevent swaying and springing the trap. Upon this fall piece rests the weight of logs (their ends close beside the trap) that pin down and kill the animal. Next the spindle, or bait stick, upon the end of which is fastened

the bait. This is the length of the house floor, bed piece added, and is a green stick the size of your finger flattened a trifle upon the two sides. The riser, a small piece from off the same stick, not over three and a half inches long, flattened a trifle, completes the different pieces. Being now ready to set the trap, we lift up the fall piece with the weight of logs upon it with our left arm placed under it close beside the trap, lay the baited end of the spindle (or bait stick) far back in the narrow part of the V shaped house, the outer end resting upon the bed piece (or choker). Upon this outer end of the bait stick (with the right hand) now place one end of the rizer, and holding it straight up, ease down the long fall piece and weight of logs carefully upon its upper end and the trap is set. Now cover the top of the house with a thick bunch of fir boughs laid on bottom side up; over these a piece of bark to keep out the wet, all slanting backwards; an old junk upon the bark to keep it in place, and a stick placed for the game to climb up, and it is finished.

Fisher, Pekan, Black Cat and Peconk. By these names he is known and spoken of. The Pekan is not as numerous as we could wish, though their cry is frequently heard at evening over the ridges. The spruce knolls and dark spruce growth, and along the top of the ridges are the haunts of the fisher, and at such places along the line a trap is placed particularly for him. If a dead fall, it must be built solid and with a good weight of logs to hold him, as he soon learns to travel along the line, stealing the baits and tearing down the sable traps without getting pinched enough to mind it. But coming to the trap set purposely for him, with thick splits driven solid in the stump, sufficient weight upon the down fall, a beautiful bait to his fancy, he at last reaches in, giving

it a yank that is about sure to spring it, even when you think it overloaded, when he finds *rest*, *quiet*, *peace*. But for the old, wary general, that has robbed the traps and eluded us a few times, we must give him the steel trap and the tip up. And in this case the steel trap need not be too large; a good single spring trap that opens out large enough for his foot is correct. For the tip up, first a suitable crotch or forked stake is cut, sharpened and pushed down beside and withed to a tree (always provided the suitable tree with a fork is not growing just right for the house and trap). A long pole is cut and placed on this fork, the small end for the trap to be fastened to. The larger end should be of good heft, as it is the tip down of quite a little weight. (As it now rests, it reminds you of the old well sweep without the old oaken bucket). The trap is wired to the end of the pole by the ring of the chain. For holding the pole down, in front of the house, and trap, a stake long enough to stay there, and well hacked upon all sides to help keep it down, is driven just right for the length of chain, and just right to be up even with the house floor. This stake is cut square across it and well in, and a deep slice taken out from below the cut, when a corresponding piece for a hook is notched, and sliced out the same and to fit that in this stake, and the hook fastened to the end of the pole beside the trap ring. This hooks down the pole, and if the notches are square cut and not beveling, it is all right to stand the wind until the fisher is caught, when at his first jump, up it goes. A fisher seldom breaks away as he has no chance to employ his muscle, except to dance in the air. An old dry stub upon a knoll chopped into, is good for a house for the trap, choosing the south exposure. It is best to drive in a couple of wedge shaped stakes just over the entrance, for a bark roof to keep out the storm.

The fisher in winter is frequently killing the porcupine for food. By some means, some dodge best known to himself, he gets him upon his back to avoid his sharp armor, and bites him underneath and at his throat where there are no quills, killing him very quickly, yet not without getting many a quill imbedded in his cheek, as is often seen after being captured. So this, in winter, is a good bait and easily procured, as they can be tracked to the old pine logs when out on sunny days, leaving a wide path in the snow behind them. The fisher takes most kindly to the wing or leg of a partridge, rabbit or frozen chub, and if hungry, may be caught with his every day food, the squirrel. Deer meat he is quite fond of as well. Having killed and dressed a deer at some place, the refuse, if left upon a knoll raised up from the ground, that he may get underneath it, will prove almost a sure chance to get one, if he passes within a half mile to leeward of it. Then if any is left in the spring after the snow goes off, when Bruin is again ranging the hills, he may call once or twice to nose it over, when he, too, may be caught.

A little after sundown, the fisher wakes up from his long day's sleep, and from his den in some hollow log, or often from a large, leaning, hollow cedar tree or the hollow branch of some old monarch of the forest, pokes his nose out to note the time and the weather. And after a look around below, steps out of his house and reaching as far up the branch as his short forearms will allow, and settling his sharp claws in the wood, has a fine scratch and a stretch out before coming down to the ground. Then backing down to near the ground he turns and springs to the old log twelve or fifteen feet away landing as light as a bird and leaps away to the first hillock,

stops and gives us his peculiar cry, which, from the sound of, the Indian says, he is called the peconk; then quickly away again, he is soon upon the height of land, when his cry often comes louder than before, like *Pe–c–o–n–k*! and after a short time he calls just once again; then far back of the ridge it may come to us faintly, when probably meeting his mate he has been calling to, his cry is heard no more for the night.

They now start off together on the war-path to make their nightly raid upon some of the many unwary innocents that may be off their guard, or quietly sleeping in the moonlight, but more particularly this evening perhaps, to kill and eat Mrs. Bunny and her little daughter, or what is yet more likely, to jump and seize some young and giddy partridge of the feminine type, which never would obey its mother and often roosted too low, alas, and even to-night in spite of her late warning.

Oh! birdie, roost high in the evergreen,
Little fear in the bright sunny day;
Yet at night you'll surely be seen,
Should the fisher creep softly this way.

One of the reasons of the fisher not becoming more plentiful is owing to the old males, who are not fatherly to the young when they are quite small, but kill them, everyone, if finding them when the mother is away hunting for their food. It is rarely they are seen in the day time, as they are mostly night ramblers; though occasionally, like the sable, they have been discovered lying close down upon the limb of a thick spruce without making a movement until shot. And now and then, one returning to his den in the morning, later than usual from his night excursion, has been suddenly interviewed

by a dog which knew what was wanted of him (having been educated in the woods) and quickly jumped up a tree, where he was easily cared for.

Many places along the line of traps, are growing young, thrifty, yellow birch bushes and clusters of sprouts, of which the rabbits are very fond. Some of these are cut down a few at a time, when passing over the line, for the rabbits, which though plenty in the swamps, do not always show themselves often enough to suit the trapper, unless they are invited. The buds growing high in the sun upon the bushes, they much prefer, and getting the scent of the strong, pleasant odor of the fresh cut birch, they find it readily. A few copper wire snares placed here, provides both bait and food along the line at such chances. Then should the fisher or sable rob the snare, he leaves a writing upon the snow to that effect, which is noted by the trapper and his case comes on immediately, as he is more than likely to call again.

Coming to where we had a steel trap set for a sable one cold, frosty morning after a light snow storm, we found the trap was gone, and another description of quite a little circus portrayed upon the snow over the crust. The first part of the performance was all over for the time, the actor having retired behind the scenes. The trap was set upon the west side of an old road that ran north and south over a dark spruce rise. The track of a large fisher showed he had been leaping along from the west to cross the road about four rods to the south of the trap. Reaching our line, which here ran in this old road, he had stopped before crossing and turned his nose to the north wind which had tickled his snuffers with the odor from a mixture so highly pleasant to him, he must needs investigate. With a few jumps and then

slow walking steps, he approached the trap, walking around the house in which it was set, and reaching in, seized hold of the bait, in doing which he put his forefoot upon the pan of the sable trap and was caught by two toes only. As the trap sprung, he made a wild and high jump upward, falling and rolling over as he struck the snow, breaking the chair, which was a light one and full of frost, leaving the ring and one link as hitched to a light sapling. Then he tried jumping with the trap, heading eastward across the road, when finding the jaws of the trap pinching his toes, he slowed down for a fight with it. Here he gave a lively leaping and tumbling performance, whirling around and biting the jaws of the trap, leaving the marks of his teeth in the iron as he crushed it down in the snow. Again he started to jump away for a distant swamp to the eastward, when finding he fell sprawling so often, he now tried walking carefully. In this he did nicely, dragging along the trap beside him, soon turning in a broad circle and heading for his track where he first came upon the trail. Here passing through the small growth he became hung up with the trap, when after backing around to all points of the compass, he, with his own forefoot dug down in the crust a chance to almost conceal himself; and here we soon found him with just his nose, the imprisioned foot and the trap in sight. As we drew near, his eyes gave us a strong hint of what he would like to do to us, yet he never made a sound. He was a beautiful specimen of the Pekan, so large and well furred out, with a tail to be proud of, considerable gray around his head, and his cheeks well filled with the ends of the porcupine quills. A small beech was cut off with the proper fork left at its end, and while doing this his eye was constantly following us, as he would

push out his nose a bit, and again draw himself far down. The beech fork was placed firmly over his neck, as we wished to take him alive, but he would slip from under it very quickly. Again this was tried, and several times, before he could be held as quiet as we wished, to be muzzled and to snap the collar with the chain upon him, far back of his fore shoulders. At last we concluded we had him; and he was yet so stuffy he would scarcely spit at us, and it was lucky for us, though not for him, that we took the precaution to have the shot-gun ever in readiness during the time, for just as we were in the act of snapping the collar together, he with a quick roll over, released his toes, slipped from under the beech fork at the same instant, and was making lively leaps for a thicket, when the captain telegraphed him to stop over for our train.

Over the trail on the line during the first snows, each one is particular to follow exactly in the Indian path, tramping down a good road, not knowing how long they must use moccasins before good snow-shoeing. Thus a road is marked out which is on the improvement, being travelled over after each storm. Often it is quite level and smooth, even from the moccasin tracks; and when the snow everywhere outside of it is covered with a noisy crust (if travelled on) the path is hard packed and can be walked upon in the moccasins without noise, which is a point, if creeping for a shot. The path is usually pretty clear from annoyance, in the way of sprouts and windfalls, as they are kept cut out in bad chances to pass along. This path is handy for, and often followed by the caribou. Coming upon it, they most always step into it for the good walking, and if it is running their way, will keep to it for quite a distance.

To get a shot at one betimes, and at times, is a point with

the hunter, which he must make. So coming to a nice sly-around chance where the caribou are so free with this private narrow way, they cut for them three or four fir or spruce trees well decked out with the gray moss that is ever waving like pennants in the breeze, leaving them resting one upon the another like a natural windfall. Sooner or later the caribou are going to tarry here for awhile, to be out of the wind, for a sunny spot to lie down and ruminant, or for a fine feeding chance to stand around and eat of the abundant moss.

At the first of the winter on these first snows, from a half inch at the first, until near a foot, the boys mostly use moccasins, as they can clip it about so light and easily, back and forth over the line; and for the best ones (still hunting as well) they prefer the moose shanks, tanned, with the hair left on, and the hair worn upon the outside. These do not wet through easily like the buckskin; always using an innersole for their moccasins of any kind, except when snow-shoeing. The best innersole they find to be one side felt, the bottom side rubber. They are correct, and even a home-made pair are not to be despised; the thicker part from the rim of a felt hat for the upper, and from the leg of our cast-off rubber boots, the under side.

These they lay aside when the snow-shoes are used, and pull on their soft tanned moose hide moccasins, with as many pairs of new woolen socks as possible, on the cold days. And now they are having enjoyable times on the snow-shoes, strictly attending to the trapping; tramping early and late, working for the pleasure of it as much as for the profit. Well, strong and hearty they are now, and have become so inured to the cold that they would not notice it if it were not for the darkness of some days. Those *black*, *cold days*, without the

sun, they hardly wish for, yet it takes a pretty cold one to cause them to hump up and scud away for camp. Every new storm sees them right off the next morning after, on their snow-shoes with rifle, axe and knapsack of eatables, on and away over the line in the same old road. Tramping down the new snow, the one behind *breaking joints* as they term it, which means stepping just where the head one did not step, leaving the road beautifully smooth again, and as easy travelling for them as on a house floor. Why? Well, the land varies just enough, often rolling, with occasionally a rise, and then the down hill grade is gay; it is not monotonous at all, and from a well made snow-shoe (from the hide of a caribou) after one gets agoing, the spring of them lifts him so lively on.

Some of the fattest and best dressed old bears are every winter, and even in the fall of the year, wearing overcoats so large, fine and shiny, that we often envy them their possession; and these big fellows are many of them wary and grow cunning from having been pinched by too light a dead fall, or from being at some time caught in an old and worthless steel trap. From such a trap they soon slip out from, or smash it against a tree, smiling the while to think how little their strength is known, and ever after taking care to avoid all trappish looking places. A thorough trapper and renowned bear hunter once gave us a recipe to cure such old, keen scented and wide-awake fellows of this complaint. He says: "Cunning as old Gentleman Bruin is, he mostly follows the same path. Finding this, and at a place where the bushes grow pretty close to it, place the trap in his path. A little from the trap, before and beyond (as you cannot tell from which direction he may approach) push down some fir or spruce boughs, their tops tipping over the path just right to brush his eyes, as he trots through them by moonlight."

And this sets him blinking, when he madly growls "Rats!"
Diverting all his thinking from the hunter or his traps.

And the next moment he steps in the trap, and is circumvented.

Bruin is most exceedingly fond of beech nuts and when he can find them over the ridges, he can scarcely be induced to take a bait, for he will be cruising about the hills, nosing over the leaves until the deep snow drives him to his den. At the rips is a good chance often to trap him, as well as at old camps and older camp grounds, very secluded old wood roads beside the big swamps, and as he sneaks through the rocky ravine. And at the rips is when his tracks may be looked for, often not in vain. Although he swims the dead waters as easily as a deer, yet he dislikes to wet his fur, if a little cool in the fall or spring, so often his regular crossing is at these shoal places. Here finding his tracks, the toes pointing for or from the rips, induces us to make a try for him, expecting him to cross again. The steel trap set for him does not require a lot of logs heaped up, but simply a few evergreens pushed down beside a good sized tree each side of the trap, the bait fastened upon the tree, well beyond, not too low down, and a log laid crosswise for him to step over immediately into the trap.

A young friend kindly furnishes us with an account of his first bear trapping. Said he, "It was in the spring of ninety-one, that I made my first attempt at trapping the bear. The snow went off early in April and I immediately set to work building the traps or deadfalls. I set up twelve, placing them about a half mile apart, making the distance to the last one six miles. It took the better part of the day to attend to

them; that is to keep them well baited and in good working order. For nearly three weeks I was almost daily on the beat, for the walk, enjoying the tramping through the fragrant pine woods, but as yet without success, as to my first bear. I often found the traps sprung, probably by the porcupine getting inside, thus escaping the fall of the trap as it sprung."

"I was getting a little discouraged as I was very anxious to catch a bear, when one morning as I arose and found a heavy rain had set in, is it any wonder that I hesitated that morning about facing the storm? But my great desire to get a bear overcame me, and I pulled on my rubber boots and struck out over the line. The first traps handy by had not been disturbed, but others along the line were sprung and some torn down, showing something larger than porcupine was abroad this time. This began to look favorable, and growing excited, and being ever anxious to see the next trap, and again the next, I hastened on without waiting to repair any damages, feeling a presentiment as I measured off the long yards of wet leaves and mold, that this was to be my lucky day."

"I must admit that I made good time, and soon passing another trap, demolished like many others behind, I remembered there was but one more chance for me. Only one more trap! Being well warmed up to the business in hand, it took but a few moments to walk to the vicinity of the last trap, and quickly my eyes were peering through the dripping branches toward it, eager for a glimpse of the entrance; finally coming in sight, my last hope vanished upon seeing it was torn down like many others. I was rather reproaching myself for taking such a day for the tramping, as I slowly walked up towards the trap, when a dark object and a movement beneath

the fallen logs attracted my gaze, and in two leaps I was beside the trap in front of the entrance, and standing there, as if in a dream. I had no words to express my amazement at the sight I beheld. I had hoped to find a bear in this, my last trap, but here lay three, an old one and her two yearlings, all caught beneath the same downfall. One of the cubs was alive and unharmed, but could not extricate himself, so I carried him home alive all right. The other skins I have tanned and these two trophies I use at home for rugs."

OVER THE TRAPPING LINE.

HIGH up the hills are cronies sitting
With breezes blowing gently by;
Far from camp they sit waiting
For the dewy leaves to dry.

O'er the trapping line repairing,
Tenting here on their return;
Now the morning much enjoying
With the rising of the sun.

Just behind them poles and crotches,
Blackened back logs and the embers;
Bed of fir boughs and the impress
Speaking all of quiet slumbers.

For their safe and restful sleeping
Thankful hearts, the cronies feel
To the One that has the keeping
Of the wildwood, hill and dale.

Breakfasted at early dawning,
Now the sun has just arisen;
'Tis a bright September morning,
Bidding fine for day and even'g.

CAMP CARIBOU. (Front and Porch.)

Shelter tent with bag and blanket,
Rifle, axe and coffee kettle
Lie behind them on the granite,
Just below them runs the trickle.

Speak the cronies oft of starting
On their way down the rill;
Yet they linger ere the parting
From the sightly granite hill.

For the birds are ever winging
Back and forth o'er the divide,
And at sunrise all are singing
Through the forest far and wide.

The sparrow and the chickadee
Always friendly, now and then
Light upon the round wood tree,
While often chats the little wren.

The moose bird sitting on a pole
Whistles notes so wild and weird;
Tame and saucy, ever droll,
Mimicks many another bird.

While from the pine tree oft they hear
The sparrows song so gladly heard;
Soft and sweet, and long and clear,
Come cheery notes of this loved bird.

They can see an ancient monarch
Firmly standing straight and tall,
See the lightning's ruthless mark
Above the other tree tops all.

And just below them on its side
Rests a pine tree on the ground;
Men were born, have lived and died
Since its prime, and yet 'tis sound.

There is built upon the pine
A wooden trap with heavy crusher;
This is on the trappers line,
And is for the cruel Fisher.

All the way as they were coming,
Wooden traps were oft repairing;
Hunting axe was ever swinging,
Rusty steel traps often oiling.

Thick about them granite boulders,
Scattering fir trees, little spruces;
Just beside them at their shoulders,
Mountain ash tree red with berries.

Here was once the eagles eyrie,
Now his call is never heard;
Who could ere so thoughtless be
As to harm this kingly bird.

Oh the lovely autumn morning,
Breezes blowing rich and rare;
Johnny Frost has been adorning
All the woodland far and near.

Green and red and golden yellow
And the moosewood's mottled leaves;
All around is rich and mellow,
A balmy fragrance from the trees.

Sun now well up o'er the hill top
On its journey nearer heaven;
Drinking every little dew drop
Cronies onward march again.

Leave the rocks of granite bleaching
On their south and sunny side;
With the ferns and mosses peeping
From the north side where they hide.

Leave the down pines sleeping, dreaming,
Beneath the spruce and rocky waste,
Where the eagle once was screaming,
Where the nighthawk makes her nest.

Down beneath the chubby spruces
Leave behind the fell delighting;
Stepping over ferns and mosses
As little streamlet calls inviting.

Now the way is down the woodland
And oft beside the little streamlet;
Beauty shows on every hand
From the gray rocks to the inlet.

All the way is pleasant walking,
Quiet chatting, naught to do;
Listening, watching, all observing,
Down the line to the canoe.

By the large, old hollow pine,
Close beside the trapping line;
Here cronies peeping in, discern
Black twinkling eyes of porcupine.

He is safe from fisher there,
The black cat cannot harm him now;
For a ball of needles sharp and bare,
Would penetrate his cheek and brow.

Now they cross an ancient pine road,
Where it passes over streamlet;
'Tis said a lifetime since 'twas used,
When mostly pine was cut for market.

Wet and miry where it crosses,
Needed bridging, bridge in view:
Once juniper logs, now level mosses,
Yet underneath as sound as new.

And the oldest stump of mosses free,
Plainly shows the axe blows given;
Where are the men that cut the pine tree?
Where the men that drove the oxen?

Far above, the whispering pine tree
Seemed the answer, high in ether;
"Here are all that ever left thee,
Here man and pine tree live on ever."

"All are here in happiest bands,
Where all is joy and love forever;
In these bright golden forest lands,
Our silvery lakes are ruffled never."

Now the streamlet hastening downward,
Falls in many a pebbly pool;
Where cronies stealing softly forward,
See smallest trout in waters cool.

Here's the deer trail, plain to see,
And where they tarry for a drink;
A steel trap hangs behind a tree,
To set for martin or for mink.

Where the spruce logs once were piled up,
Awaiting snows for road to stream,
Grow the birches, many a fine group,
Here are partridge often seen.

These sunny spots near brook or spring
The partridge love, some birchen mound;
If but one escapes by taking wing
He brings a mate to this loved ground.

Here the old camp once was standing,
Now thrifty birches, second growth;
Here cronies see the partridge budding
As they are passing back and forth.

And after feeding from the birch top,
Eating birch buds in the sun,
They all sit happy on a hillock,
Wrapped in sunshine every one.

Each way running from old camping
Are grassy old roads, sunny, green;
Running in and out, and branching,
Often here a deer is seen.

On these old roads, grass, and clover,
With sunny openings, shady cover;
Such pleasant spots have many a lover,
Enticing every wild-wood rover.

Near this camping runs the streamlet,
All sparkling in the sun to-day,
With deeper pools and larger troutlet;
Here cronies while an hour away.

In quiet, and watching for a deer,
Neither seem in haste to move on,
Until a cronie speaks out clear,
"Let's to the lake and have the luncheon!"

"Agreed!" a cronie answers; "stride!
To the inlet, then the lakeside;
Then to the little mountain brookside,
Where the view is far and wide."

Soon they reach the mossy land,
Leave behind the birchen timber;
Peeping through they see the bend,
See the water's sunny shimmer.

Here they find their birch canoe
Turned from wet and in the shade,
Safely hidden from all view
Beneath the trees beside the glade.

Down the inlet now they glide,
With delight they make the change,
For cronies love the waters wide
As they love the hills to range.

Down by the quiet, drooping larches
Past the sandy, grassy islands;
Past the leaning arbor-vitæs,
To the lakeshore's points and sands

And while sailing down the inlet
Bow-end cronie skips the fly,
Takes half a dozen spotted troutlet,
Prepares them on the way to fry.

Out upon broad, open water
Speeds the bark as dip the paddles,
Thankful for the sunny weather,
Light of heart as flitting swallows.

Yet in their souls a depth of feeling,
A grateful, quiet, happy gladness;
While o'er the wildwood shadows sailing,
On a mirror of His hills and valleys.

Around the rocky point of white sands,
With just a zephyr from the west winds,
Gently lifting up the fir ends,
Here cronies land at foot of highlands

Here they land them at the brookside,
At the welcome hour of noonday;
And while the luncheon they provide
The merry songsters trill the lay.

Here the caribou have been drinking —
The tracks were made the night before;
Up the hemlock an owl sits blinking,
Waiting for the sun to lower.

But as the smoke is wafted to him,
Eyes open wide and with a sneeze,
Quickly leaves his shady limb
And sails away behind the trees.

By the brook a hawk is flying;
Behind the trees the squirrels hide;
In the pool are waters falling,
Singing down its rocky side.

The softly flying Canada Jay
Is always present at their eating;
Sees the smoke though far away,
Sits handy, watching, patient, waiting.

O'er the brook the thrush are chatting,
Four black eyes are giving glances,
Some disturbed from noonday napping
Yet friendly near by in the branches.

By the brook the rocks are mossy,
Graceful ferns beside them growing;
Tiniest grasses fine and flossy
Waiving with the currents flowing.

Midway the brook on a mossy log,
Waters gurgling out and by him
Sits a little spotted frog,
Often winking at a sunbeam.

Now sitting quite still after luncheon,
Part in shadow, part in sunshine;
Always much to please attention
While they on the shore recline.

Fire extinguished quickly always
On such warm and pleasant days,
For the wary woodland rovers
Do not like the smoky ways.

Down the lake a loon is calling,
Swallows flying through the air;
Autumn leaves are slowly falling
Zig zagging down to shore.

Upon the shore come little wavelets
Flip, zip, lapping alway;
On them borne are little leaflets,
Landing on the pebbly shoreway.

In the pool dwell baby troutlet;
Oft they venture out to wavelet,
When fearing they are rather small yet
Hasten back to sheltered brooklet.

Across the lake a fox is drinking,
Yet while lapping on his guard
Sees the fish hawk's shadow coming,
Skips for cover, he's a coward.

O'er the lake the fish hawk flying
Oft as motionless in space;
Downward ever keenly eyeing
For a fish near sunny surface.

Forward, turning, circling, hovering,
Now he makes a trembling stay;
Now straight downward he is darting,
Upward rising with his prey.

Far away a partridge drumming,
'Tis like a young one, his first courting;
Drums to have his lady bird coming,
Always comes, but slowly, loitering.

Lakeside songster, singing sparrow,
Oft repeats his whistling "I see;"
His call today and call tomorrow
Will always please the listening cronie.

Nature now seems dreamily resting,
The chatting thrushes quiet keep;
The moose bird's head beneath his wing,
The little frog has winked to sleep.

A cronie's low tones, soothing proving,
The listening cronie now reposing;
The watching cronie, nothing moving
Against the hemlock soon is dozing.

Beside the birch bark lightly lapping,
Little wavelets come and go;
Lulling cronies, keeps them napping,
While ceaseless is the brooklet's flow.

By the north bank while they rest,
Up the shore a buck is stalking;
Wave and zephyr from the west
Both are with him in his walking.

Nearer, slowly nearer wading,
Nipping grasses tender growing,
Just above the waters flowing,
While the cronies both are snoring.

Soon he espies the birch canoe
Lying quite still on the shore;
At first, surprised at something new,
Then thinks he's seen the log before.

Not a blue jay for the whole day
Have the cronies heard or seen;
But if awake now they would say,
"Hear the blue jay's warning scream."

Buck steps nearer, gives a stare
At the cronies resting there;
Throws up his head, snuffs the air;
A zephyr whispers, "All is fair."

Now the moose bird on a dipper
Sends it rolling down the bank,
And the blue jay screaming nearer,
Buck paws the water, gives a stamp.

Wake the cronies, each are shivering,
See the whole thing at a glancing;
Shots are fired, as often quivering,
Buck goes safely, gaily prancing.

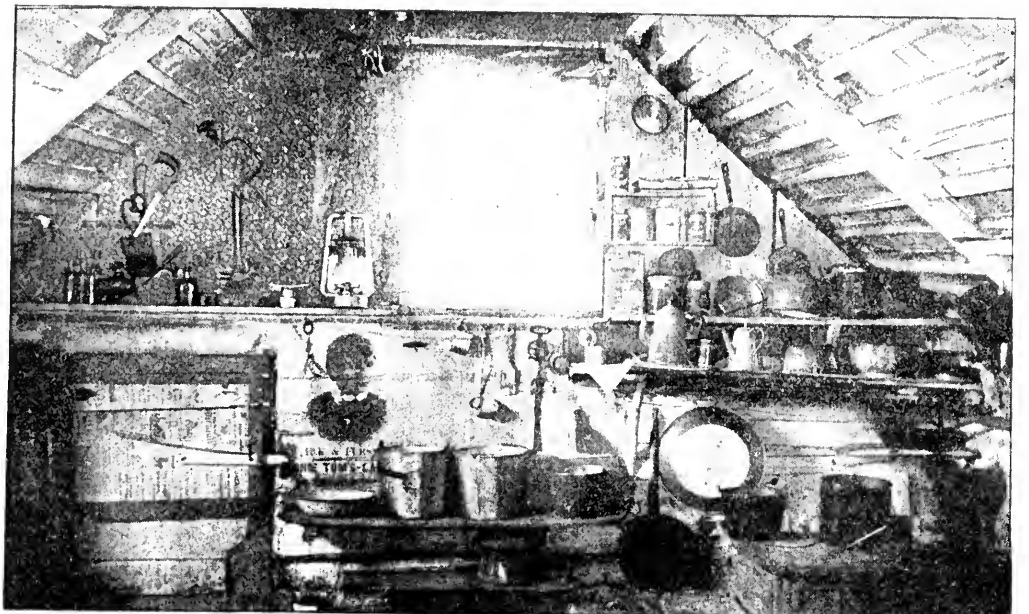
Cronies look each to the other,
Neither have a word to say,
While the moose bird strokes a feather,
Laughing blue jays fly away.

Yet music-making little brooklet
And gentle winds to please combine,
As cronies gather up the outfit
And paddle to the lower line.

Dancing, skipping down the shoreway,
Skimming o'er the waters blue,
The wavelets with the grasses play,
Far back behind the birch canoe.

Between the shore and bushy islands,
  Where each year the loons are nesting;
Then o'er the bar of whitest sands,
  Gliding on through rushes rustling.

Anon they reach a sapling pine
  Which marks a path they 're often tramping,
And there we leave them on the line,
  Slowly jogging to home camping.



CAMP CARIBOU. (Interior.

THE CAPTAIN AND CREW.

IT is many years since, and at first thought, it would not seem that half of them had passed and gone, with their many clear, bright, sunny, autumn days, when with dog and gun we tramped the hills and ridges, and visited the beech nut groves, often returning late and through the shadows, but with many a ruffled grouse. And later when the snowy winter came, we tracked the wary buck so untiringly over his many wanderings with scarcely a thought of weariness. Should you, my companion of many rambles through the forest, and over the waters, chance to read this description of one of our many excursions, your memory will serve you as mine does, that although the time passed too quickly, yet we enjoyed every moment of it. Now at the first, I call to mind a few remarks you made to the little gray as she was gaily trotting, when coming home with us from those upper lakes which we had been visiting, she seeming as brimful of joyousness as ourselves, sitting behind her, as we were swiftly rolling down the old soldier road that lovely day in the late Indian summer, when the little gray was actually covering a good ten miles an hour, coming down the long grades on that lovely old road. The old

concord wagon, with its noisy, clucking axels had outrun the cluck, and was giving us an imitation of the railway train on a down grade (like, we will say, the new straight line, "Bangor and Aroostook," when it shall come, swift and smoothly gliding across this same old Aroostook road, direct, slap, bang, spank! right into the towns of Aroostook). When the birch bark canoe that was securely lashed upon the two wheeled calamity towing behind us, had stopped its bouncing, seeming now as if yet smoothly running over the surface of dead brook, and you again whispering, "quiet, lay low; black ducks ahead!" I see you holding on your gray derby hat, I steadying the little mare, when you say "Let her go pard! go it Lil! gaily for home if you wish to," as she trotted right through a covey of partridges in the way, scattering them to right and left, and up in the evergreens beside the road, the little gray fairly flying. "Go it little lady! never mind the birds, as we have plenty; run all the game out of the old road if you wish; you cannot take from us any of our six weeks of good time which we have had in these last twenty-one days."

I see you shaking hands with Uncle Nat, our good natured host, upon the shore at parting, when the canoe, lifted from the "calamity" was ready packed for launching out, resting stern end upon the sandy shore, while the bow end was lightly bouncing up and down upon the waves, with your humble crew in the bow end impatiently balancing his paddle, Uncle Nat still grasping your right hand as you ease up the birch with your left. And on those fat, red cheeks of his, the happy smile, when we promise to remember his request: that we again save for him some bear or cub steak, his mouth fairly watering at the recollection of a former contribution; he wipes off his smooth shaven chin with his red bandana, and gaily

waves us a bon voyage, as we both dip together for the white caps just ahead, and the chain of lakes, with their inlets and outlets, their many brooks and clear little brooklets far beyond.

Good-bye Uncle Nat, we, too, since then have wished you bon voyage, and truly believe that when you landed from your last, years past, your spirit was welcomed upon the golden shore.

Looking over our shoulder when a long way up the lake, we can see Uncle Nat leading the little gray over the hill to pasture for three weeks of freedom, while we are paddling away from civilization, unharnessed from business cares for the same length of time. And on we move, but not any too fast to please us, as we have the wind nearly ahead. Dip, dip, we ply the paddles, keeping the nose of the birch bark canoe a little quartering to the waves, heading up as near as possible to make our point, which is the mouth of the inlet and the river. Often this is a hard pull, as today, with a pretty heavy sea. It is no time to swap jack knives when the waves are rolling lively; you must watch them and handle your frail craft accordingly.

And she obeying like a well trained pony, feels the guiding hand, holds her head just right, is on the top of the large wave when it breaks, gliding down with it serenely, and then entirely escaping the next big one, heads up again for the daddy of them all, which she cannot escape; quick and lively now she goes, and balancing upon the very top, high above the little valleys all around, proudly bows her head to old boreas and all his threatenings, and gracefully settles down from over the big wave, and on steadily as before.

We are now where the wind sweeps the lake with its greater

force, and requires care, a little sleight of hand and steady, strong pulling at times, to aid the little lady in her proud and even bearing. But she is a daisy and rides the waves like a duck. Yet we are just now not filling our pipes or telling long stories. The Captain, in the stern, is frequently taking long, vigorous pulls as we wish to ride a wave nicely; again a quick, strong dip or two with the proper twist of the paddle in the water, sends her right by the big bouncer that breaks just astern of us, sending its white spray in the air, while the crew in the bow is pulling ahead steadily, and occasionally, by curving strokes, assisting to right or left.

And now, at last, we are leaving the large waves behind; the wind is not as heavy here, the work lighter, the waves are growing smaller, and we head straight for our point over the smoother water. The wind is lulling and the forest breaks its force, so we ease up on the labor part; the Captain dips lightly, yet she speeds along full faster than before. The crew takes advantage of this, lays aside his paddle and picks up the *brierwood*. The mouth of the river is just before us, and as we approach it a flock of black ducks fly up from out the flags upon our right, and circling well around us and far above the trees, lay their course straight for the lake above.

In the quiet river, by its wide mouth, and upon its still waters we now slip along almost without a sound, closed in upon each side by thick evergreens. Here the last sight of man or human habitation is shut out entirely. How much later in the day it seems to be here; the sun is well up as yet in the western sky, but kept mostly shut out by the dense foliage of the evergreens.

Now good-bye to all cares or troubles; pains, aches, or sickness comes not here! What, never? Hardly ever. Well,

why? I cannot tell you half the why's. *Fit up!* Strike for the forest, lake, and stream. Stay September and October. It's the only way to really understand it. My companion stops paddling, while the canoe keeps on without a dip of the paddle, so used is she to do our bidding.

"Well, what's the matter, Cap?"

"Is not this grand," says he.

"Ah, the scene impresses you!"

And why should it not. All up the bank upon our right, on large and small, the late afternoon sun is gilding the sides and tops of the firs and spruces, while through the openings between we can see upon the mixed, wooded, higher land beyond and above, many golden-topped evergreens high over all. And now upon the bank again, between the golden trees and at their roots, we notice the granite boulders so old and bleached, and some moss covered and gray, showing their heads among the dwarfed red maples and baby evergreens, all in pleasing harmony, while at the feet of all, the glistening ripples along the shore adds a pretty line of beauty. While on our left, the dark, thick spruce and fir trees, growing so thick upon the mossy bank, shut out the sunlight from below and mirror themselves in the water beneath, true to the real above. Our "little lady" moving slowly and lightly along over the centre of the narrow river so deep and quiet, shows her counterpart keeping her company. Away ahead and far behind the scene is but little changed.

"Hark! hear the bell bird."

"Ah, yes indeed, that's him; how pretty, and how fitting to the pretty river with its dark shady, and light sunny bank. Well has the rare bird shown his good taste in choosing his home to ring the only bell to be appreciated here. God

himself speaks to us here, in language that needs not the loud and long crash and clang of big, brassy bells to gain our attention."

"Mr. Crew, I rather like the belles; its rather lighter."

"What, the belles?"

"No; we are getting out of the shadows. See! yonder is the old rolling tier, and don't you remember the nice brook?"

"Surely sure! all sereno; let's camp."

"Correct; it's high time we were about it."

And we take a broad sweep around, near to the opposite side of the stream, so as not to disturb the trout, cross and land just above the brook and trout pool, upon the grassy camping ground. Lifting the canoe a little on shore, side on, we commence, with a "hurry up boys," on the camping for the night. Firearms are taken out and placed to be both safe and handy. Next the tent, which is soon in position. The canoe is then unloaded and turned bottom up upon two logs, in such a manner as to keep its proper shape, and its contents placed part in the tent, the balance safely housed beneath the canoe. Seeing driftwood in abundance, lying handy on the shore, with our favorite fir boughs close by for the fragrant spring bed, the worthy captain takes his fly rod and is soon whipping the pool for our supper. High! a rise at the first cast. The wood collected, bough bed completed, sleeping bags spread out upon it, lantern hanging in place in the tent, we touch off a Portland star match and our fire is quickly burning just in front. Camping in some spots would use up much time compared with this; but with everything handy, your coat off, jolly hungry, sun about down, you can accomplish it in almost the time that one can write out the *modus operandi*. Straightening up to take a good long

draught of the rich, pure air we feel drifting down upon us from up the stream, and off the trees, we hear from the captain.

"Hillo! cut off some pig pork and parboil in the small fry pan."

"Aye, aye, sir."

This is placed upon the fire, resting upon the back log and fore stick, which is raised nearly a foot from the ground, giving room for draught and chance to feed the fire beneath as we please. As the pork is freshened and fried, the captain shows up with his large fry pan full of trout, placed in after his own usual style, leaving scarcely room for a minnow in any place.

"Well, Cap, this is gay and fine; being rather busy, I did not see you catching many. Isn't this a pretty mess?"

"Well, yes, rather, with a half dozen larger ones lying upon the canoe."

"So there is."

He now monopolises the clear end of the fire, inadvertently of course, which we yield apparently with a good grace, knowing he cannot be outdone in the cooking any more than in the catching of them.

Supper. Elegantly browned trout; half a dozen of Uncle Nat's new land potatoes, boiled; one raw onion each; bread and butter; cup of tea; Aroostook doughnuts.

Supper over and all made clean again, the captain leans back and quietly enjoys his cigar, while the crew, upon this occasion, under the circumstances, and after such a trout supper, still clings to his old love, the brierwood. Sitting upon our camp stools by a cheerful fire, we enjoy the last of this fine day and evening. The stars are shining out, not

too thickly, which we take as a good indication for a fine to-morrow. Some little bird, sitting among the trees upon the opposite shore, and seeing our fire brightening up, and being only just a little bit sleepy, gives us a part of his song, reserving the long, joyous strains until sun up in the morning. Now and then a far-away fox snaps out his little sharp bark, calling his mate to accompany him upon another of his nightly rambles, to pounce upon poor bunny if possible, or the young and giddy grouse that gets much good advice, but will often roost too low. A musquash swimming smoothly past without a sound, nor indicating what might be his propelling power, though his rudder plainly shows behind, is not at all startled while passing through the line of firelight, yet dives instantly at the snap of a brand. One wide-awake silver roach is yet lying in wait, just beneath the surface of the fire-lighted water, often showing his glistening scales above as he pops out after some very unfortunate insect which should have been quietly sleeping beneath the drooping alder leaves.

Having finished our smoke, the fire burned down to a few coals, which even these have a cheerful look as the light breeze blows away the white ashes from them and they show again brightly, we get us a drink from the cool brook and step inside the tent, button snug the entrance and say good night to all the furry, feathery, and scaly tribes of forest and stream, and get our sleep.

We are awakened at daybreak next morning by a heavy bear leaping quickly by the tent, the ground trembling beneath his weight as if a small earthquake were coming. Likely, he was on his way home from one of his visits to a settler's sheep pasture, so much elated with his success that he trotted right up beside us before taking the hint.

"Had he only telegraphed a little sooner with his whistle," said the captain, "we would have arisen earlier to receive him."

The tent flaps are tied back and the fire soon blazing. After a good cool bathing of the face and hands at the river, with plenty of good "Welcome" soap (always needed when camping,) we are again all fresh for the day. Firstly, breakfast seems to be in order for the first move always, and we immediately trot out the wherewith, and make the coffee, which in a short time, with the dry driftwood fire, is sending its aroma out on the breeze. And now we have the fried pork ready for the trout; in fact it is too near the crisping point, and we are just taking it off the coals in front of the fire when we hear peculiar exclamations from the captain and see him reaching for his rifle.

"Oh! you little thief, but I will — no, I will not shoot you after all, for your fur is not prime. That's too cute for anything; same time I want to kill you."

A mink, with the very last one of the trout which were on the canoe bottom, was just entering the stream with it in her mouth, when he first saw her, and was now swimming with it, safely across to a heap of driftwood upon the opposite shore, where her whole mink family were likely feasting upon the others. We substitute a partridge in place, though the fish are jumping at the moment within thirty feet of us. But fried partridge, quickly browned, for a change, cut not too thin, just right, is not over-coarse eating, we tell the captain, as he is, or rather has been known to demur somewhat against this frying process. But now our breakfast is ready.

At home, they are about this time in the morning just turning over for their best sleep; while we, having retired

early and slept very warm and soundly, are well rested and refreshed at daybreak. Sleeping warm and comfortable through the night adds much to the enjoyment of an outing, and really is essential.

For fall and winter we use the "buffalo bags," which are made from the larger skins of the buffalo trimmed to a straight edge upon three sides, the long neck part and curly pate left intact. Lined with a good firm blanketing, which may be of some pretty figure, or bright plaid — as it is to be the outside, sleeping next to the warm fur — sewed up in the form of a bag, with a firm, deep stitch and the best of doubled threads. Try something like this, fellow sportsmen, when the occasion requires, and let those that laugh while warmest be the winners. Sleeping in these handy beds, so much better than the blankets, we can turn and turn again, and are always snugly tucked in, usually needing no fire the first of the hunting season to sleep by.

Later and when the snow comes, the addition of a good large caribou skin beneath us, tanned with its thick warm hair left upon it, an additional blanket over us, and if camping in a tent a nice cosy fire through the night at our feet, the tent flaps tied back and we are very comfortable, even during the very cold nights. Then let the pure bracing air whistle around our ears; it only gives us a fine appetite for a good hearty breakfast, which fits us for the tramp over the hills after the wary game, which we must have while camping in the forest.

We remarked to the captain as we sat down to breakfast that at home they were likely yet sleeping, while we were up in the cheery morning early, before the sun; and have been sitting down beside a jolly fire out in the open air, fully ap-

preciating our coffee, and are now in the best of spirits, having satisfied a regular woodsman's appetite. The sun is just rising above the trees, the birds as usual in the bright mornings singing and calling everywhere around us, and the trout leaping in the pool, when we repack our canoe, wet down the fire and push away for up river.

The worthy captain takes his paddle at the first, and has placed the pole handy when occasion may require it, and as he dips away in the pleasant morning, our birch bark canoe moves gaily over the smooth water, as if like her captain, full of happy buoyant spirits. The crew, in answer to the captain's kind enquiries, having eaten a good breakfast, and now enjoying a fragrant smoke of old Virginny, says he feels very well generally, thank you captain, and now as he often does, under such and other hilarious circumstances, speaks to the captain now and again about things, and really for the captain's good, and in the most kindly and advising manner always from best intentions; but is grieved for the captain's sake, only, that this is not always appreciated according to its full value, nor always too well received, though given him without any charge, and often after having been studied upon in the most philosophisticatory (?) manner.

"Now don't dip too strong on the first start captain; lets go stilly and shoot a caribou; and I enjoy your merry whistle at the camp—but, no—don't hum "you're left blooming alone," when you're just budding out. We're off for a free and easy time; lets not hurry at all, it's no sign of a good sportsman to be hasty; not the proper thing at all. Let's take the easy part in the most easy way possible, and save our strength for the hard water and the carries, and when there is so much to interest us we will slowly wind our way around the winding turns, and—did you articulate captain?"

"Ahem, I forgot to pick you a bouquet of cow lilies before starting."

Coming now to swift running water the captain lays aside his paddle, takes the pole, and as the steel point clinks upon the rocky bottom, the little lady raises her head slightly and goes leaping up between the rocks and over the rapid water in a style that is the admiration of the whole crew, and as our praises are poured out to the worthy captain rather voluminously, we are promised, much to our disgust, that he will teach us how to do it all alone by ourself, while he promenades the shore and gives directions.

Occasionally, in the bow end the crew makes a display of wonderful aptness, by quickly pushing his paddle between the bow of the bark and an ugly, jagged rock, but finds it seldom necessary. Yet the one in the bow should be in readiness and quick at times to fill his place.

Wishing to straighten out a bit, and lighten up the bow end of the canoe, we step ashore, leaving the captain to pole up a long piece of shoal, though quick water, by himself. Rising the ridge running parallel with the river I travel along toward the top of it, in hopes of seeing some of the gentlemen that carry upon their heads a nice set of antlers, as they frequently leave their tracks along beside the shore.

Perhaps at this moment I am even now passing by an elegant buck, with beautiful horns, just a little out of sight yet, seeing nothing of him, while he is quietly looking me over through the trees; and after I have passed stands perfectly still, or takes just one step, with raised head and wondering eyes, thinking what manner of beast is this now walking by. Does some one remark they do not reason or think? Surely I have seen them when they thought to get away quick was the

first thing to be thought of. I have often thought, could we catch the scent of a deer borne upon the breeze like the hound, it would be a power in the way of still hunting. Do I hear another remark that I must be a deer pig? Oh no indeed, for there are times I could sell myself wonderfully cheap. "No more cow lilies please."

After travelling quite a piece along upon the ridge, I start away obliquely toward the stream again, and soon come to one of those small brooks so clear and cool, it does one's heart good to gaze upon it; and how it cheers one up if a little strayed perhaps, and almost choking for a drink, to catch the sounds of its first low murmurs upon the breeze. You stop, eagerly listen, and now are fully convinced that 'tis the merry brooklet just on ahead, calling to you in its low, melodious tones, and soon liquid and clear it sounds to you, and keeps calling, saying, come, come, come; here I am and pleased to see you; pretty, laughing water I am always called. Come and court me; I am not false hearted, and *can never give you cause to hate me though you love me;* and I am always blithe and gay, running, leaping, waltzing, dancing, singing through the woodland.

> Many lovers have I, which never pass me by,
> But stop to kiss me as they go, and laughing on again I flow.

But, oh! the cruel choppers, they are cutting. Always cutting down my pretty trees, which I so love and so much depend upon; and can you believe me, kneel down and kiss me, while I murmur low, for I can only whisper this: "*Those fat fellows, the lumbermen, often dam me.*"

> Yet while I may, I will be gay,
> Laugh and sing while on my way,
> True to the trout, true to the deer,
> And all my lovers that visit me here.

You are a pretty little brook with a clean, pebbly bottom, deep little pools and bright sandy bars, and have really told us true; for now, just here, are the heads and feet of what was some of your noble trees. And just below again, we see that several old giants of the ridge have at the last laid down across your banks, as if they loved you to the end; and rather than to fall and lie mouldering upon the lower ground away from you, they leaned always toward you until the very last, and then laid down beside the little brook they had so long sheltered and shadowed, your loves being mutual.

But the little brook, always alive, is always flowing to moisten the roots of the old and the young trees, and as we move down beside it, it is going with us, running in and out among the rocks, and down a quicker descent to a tiny dead water, with a little fringe of alders, at the head of which the white gravel worked off in clean beds, speaks plainly, as being another spawning ground for the trout.

Again with happy, gurgling laugh, it is running between and eddying around the rocks, to repeat its merry tumbling at the bottom beside the river. Coming in sight of the river we espy the captain, who has grounded the canoe upon a sand bar, a little below, and while waiting for the crew, has strung up his lancewood, and is just right in his glory.

The noisy brook helps me to get quite near to him behind some bushes without his seeing me. He is standing in mid stream with pole bent, paying out, and then reeling up again. The sun behind a cloud is nearly hidden, and just a pretty ripple waving over the stream. The picture, coming a little unexpectedly upon it, has an interest. I sit down upon a rock, and watch, to read his pleasure from his face. I cannot see just where the fish is, while fighting, but he is using all

his tact to keep him from entangling in the alders. Now his satisfied smile, plainly says he has him about played. He reels up, and soon has his head in the bottom of the landing net, the tail flapping near the ring of it. I step out upon the scene.

"Well Cap, caught any?"

"Hillo you! aren't that any?"

"I should think so; what will he weigh; two pounds?"

"I'll take you over."

A slapping on the water in mid stream above him, attracts my attention, and looking, I see a rock, placed upon another rock, holding secure a withe, upon which are strung a half dozen or more very large trout.

"Had some fun I guess, by the looks, out there."

"Well, yes; I never saw trout snap a fly prettier, but they dart for the alders. I must leave them now if I wish to save my leaders and flies, but I venture to say I could load you down if I wished to kill them."

"A nice string they are Cap; we must split and broil one for our supper."

We string on the extra nice one, push around the canoe, and pole away from a nice fishing chance.

"Where did you hit the brook pard?"

"A half a mile over beyond."

"Gamey?"

"Very, and full of spawning chances; caribou and deer tracks and their crossings. They have a trail to and by one piece of rips; have crossed today, by the look."

"Why didn't you shoot one?"

"Please tell me what we could do with a big buck on top of this load in the little lady?"

"Would you have shot one upon the river bank?"

"Would a duck a swimming go?"

Another nice piece of smooth and easy water, and we both ply the paddle. Footprints of the large game upon the shore, and tracks upon the bottom where they have crossed and waded out, and ploughed up the opposite bank. Just around a turn in the river we come upon a covey of partridges that have walked out from the bushes upon a sand bar, and are picking now and then at the gravel, and hesitating about flying over to the opposite side, as if the younger birds are as usual waiting a while to get their courage up before flying over water.

The captain lays the canoe ashore upon the other side of the stream, reaches his rifle, and orders the crew to be quiet, if they can for once, and to hold the birch steady.

"Say Cap, did you ever get two of their heads in line, and cut 'em both off at one shot, slick and clean? Are'nt they cute and pretty, and so tame; just like hens for all the world. I should think you'd be ashamed, too?"

"Will you be quiet?"

"Birdies, if you hesitate another moment you are lost; can't you hear the click of the lock of his old, weather beaten rifle? Some of you will lose your pretty little heads soon. Shu, hens! shu! why don't you shu?"

"Can you possibly shut up, and stop wriggling?"

"Why, certainly."

He lowers, then raises his rifle, and again lowers it down, as they are constantly walking about and picking at the sand, not at all frightened, as we are lying close beside the alders. One holds his head steady at last, looking up the stream, when, crack! and he is beheaded. As the body flutters off

the sand bar into the water, they all take flight, part over the stream and out of sight; the others just over where they were sitting, and up in the trees; one sitting near upon a dry cedar limb, stretches far out his head and neck, when another shot, and he, too, is minus his head, his bill and throat part only, hanging from his neck.

"There! I told you birdies just how 'twould be, but you doubted our voracity; yet this is much better than to have the foxes get you, and cruelly crunch your bones, and still I feel for you, or shall after you are broiled. I will now lay you carefully away in the cool end of the canoe, and cover your plump bodies with these green fir boughs from your native wildwood.

Soon another of the many, noisy, small brooks is seen running in close at hand from off the upland, with a jolly little cascade near the shore, and another, a twin sister, just above. The clear, cool water, as it reaches the river, comes rolling and sparkling over the rocks, down among the sunken logs lying crosswise at the mouth, gurgling under, and eddying in and out among the alders and willows along the shore, and into the pool, delivering a volume of cool water. Such a brook, pouring its cool waters in the stream or pool in this way so generously, quite a body of water in the river is made nearly as cool as the brook itself. And here the sportive trout are to be found in the coolest of it; and surely here, if any place in the stream, when the sun runs high and has changed the rivers and lakes to a warmer temperature.

"Say, Mr. Crew, don't this look troutish? and how is the camping chance?"

"Stylish and showy; wood and water of the very best, and another superb fishing chance, surely."

And each are quickly paddling the bark sideways, showing us to be of one mind, as we lay the canoe on shore, side on, ready and very willing to lay by the paddles for the day, and stretch out our legs on shore.

Our temporary camp is soon coming to order after our usual manner, and as it is yet early in the afternoon, we leave the captain to finish up the preparations for the night, pick up the rifle, and stroll away up the stream. Soon finding the old supply road which runs mostly near the stream, but occasionally making a little back in the forest, anon the stream, comes in sight again, which it follows along beside to the next bend in the river, when again it is away in the forest, and the stream is bidden adieu for a little way. As we walk slowly over the old road we must admit to ourself (but not to the captain) that we are always watching for a nice buck; and often, as now, leave the grouse, that eye us for a moment, and then, with ruffled feathers, to walk slowly away in the bushes beside the road.

How very still the forest is at times, and you notice this full more if alone. A faint soughing of the wind in the tree tops overhead; the low chirp of the wood robin as you pass the dark thicket in which he loves to dwell, are all the sounds that here break the lovely quiet.

Now, my dear reader, say you are to-day, this lovely autumn day, strolling like myself through this gamey forest with your rifle, and still hunting for the larger game. You have toiled up the ascending ground to the pleasant old supply road that runs along the ridge, followed it for awhile, stepping down and over the little ravine, crossing the brook at the same time, and tasting its cool waters (just what you have been wishing for). Then continuing on up again and

along the road, you take a seat upon the higher ground, or stand motionless, leaning beside a tree to rest you a bit before moving on. Your light, creeping tread has not been heard, even in this quiet stillness, until just the last step. You are sitting here looking over all the forest your eyes can take in, watching while resting, for the movement of a deer, not thinking anything about the smaller game that you do not want to shoot at this time, so your eye is traversing the spaces three or four feet above the ground. A covey of partridges, just a little way beyond you, have either seen or heard you coming, while you are not aware of their near presence. The birds were, part of them, quite busy before your approach, but now, knowing you are near, all are perfectly motionless. They were taking their afternoon siesta, after filling their crops with the choice pickings. The sun is warm and they have wandered to this sheltered spot, out of the wind, and at such times being warm, and comfortably situated, are even very lazy, and some of them half asleep. They do not take to wing half as quickly as on blustering, windy days, but remain quiet, some watching, all ready to spring and fly at any instant. Two or three of the birds having found a soft, mellow, and warm chance in the rich loam where a tree had tipped over, throwing the soil up to the sunshine, were dusting themselves, which is a luxury they love to indulge in during dry weather. Others were sitting upon the leaves, eyes half closed, sleeping in the warm sunshine; others again stretching themselves lazily, reaching far out and downward; a wing and leg stretched out, touching each together at the tip ends, head and neck turned a little away. This is repeated with the other wing and leg, when, after a good shaking of the whole body, and with many a wig-wag of the

tail half spread, they step around among each other, always speaking in whispers, for fear of Reynard and other detestable neighbors.

As you now step forward to continue your cat-like tread and stalking, the red squirrel that was hidden mostly behind a tree, a few feet beyond on your left, out of your sight also, as well as the birds, eating his spruce cone with his eye ever on you, now quickly jumps, with an angry bark, around the tree, out of your sight again, as you appear opposite; then shies back, and when his sharp eye meets yours, as you always have to look at him, he again, with loud scratching upon the bark, claws around and runs nimbly up among the branches, giving you a long, victorious chitter over his wonderful escape. You laugh aloud to see him, braced upon all fours, giving quick, convulsive barks at you. Then turning to proceed along, take a step or two, when up go the whole covey of partridges, all at one time, and together, with such a loud whirring of many wings that you are startled much more than you care to admit.

Reader, this is like, and often seen in our dear old Aroostook woods. Often we have passed by, leaving the birds sitting in the trees just over our heads, not shooting one of them. Of course for good reasons — we do not need them when we have three or four on hand, with trout at every pool on our way; beside when one wishes to see a deer which may be standing near by concealed from you, at the moment watching you, it is hardly good judgement to wake the echoes shooting grouse. More than that, we will, that we shall not be this manner of men that shoot elegant game, leaving it to spoil upon the ground, or, later on, having to throw it far away from the camp to escape the stench. Passing down the road-

way a piece farther on, we come to a shady valley between the ridges, running to the stream; down through this, leads quite a trail over which has lately passed some of each, of the deer family, and is their runway (or rather walkway, in these unfrequented woods) where on the way, they likely cross the stream below, and on away through the forest to some cool spring or larger waters. Here, now, we see the track of the noble moose, who is so much larger than the caribou, yet leaves the smaller track, which is like that of the domestic cow of the settler, and quite different from that of the caribou, which is wide spread, the dew claws often showing in the wet soil. And following along, here, too, in this half dry run is the fresh track of a bear, or what might be termed freshly made, yet the bear crossed it days before, as the track shows it has been rained upon since being made, and contains many little particles blown from the trees during the last high winds.

As we are once more leaning beside a tree looking down upon the bear's track, so much like those of the big schoolboy we used to see in early days, heel prints and toes so similar, the only great difference being the long nails, or claws, we are suddenly awakened from our day-dream of very early schoolboy days (the girls and mud pies) by a sound thump upon the ground. This revives and brings us around again. Looking up the road a buck stands facing, looking toward us; as his eye catches ours, another stamp upon the earth and then all we see is his reddish brown rump, a straight up white brush and his heels, as he jumps away in the bushes, head down, and out of sight. I change my position to a spot a little to one side, and to leeward of where he made the jump, and wait awhile without seeing him; and had I given him five or ten minutes longer he would have been seen walking to the

place to take another look at me; but being rather too anxious, I crept on his track a piece, and he on his way back seeing me first, wheeled, and telegraphed me that he was away now for the hills and a good long run. I was so disgusted with myself for not being always on the watch that I returned immediately to the captain.

"Well," said he, "what luck?"

"None."

"Shoot any birds?"

"None."

"See any big game?"

"N—n—one."

"Did you hear or see the falls above us?"

"No, sir."

"Well, what have you seen?"

"N—nothing."

"Well, Cap, what have you seen?"

"Nothing."

"Gracious! what a whopper! I heard your rifle."

"Musquash."

"Good! where is he!"

"On the coals."

"What else?"

"Nothing."

"Caught any trout?"

"N—o."

"What's in the big fry pan?"

"Nothing."

"Let's see?"

"Let it alone!"

But I lift the cover, and there they were again. It was full

of them, all so nicely packed in his same elder maiden lady style, spoon fashion, the same as the lumbermen have to sleep, well browned upon both sides—not the lumbermen, but the trout.

"Say, Mr. Crew?"

"Well, sir?"

"Will you be so kind as to replace the cover on those trout again; lay aside your rifle, introduce yourself to that piece of 'Welcome Soap' upon the canoe bottom, thence to the river-side, promenade back and turn out the tea?"

"Why, certainly, captain; and don't those trout look crispy and fine, and they smell so good; may I then stay to supper with you?"

Supper. Double dose of double browned trout; broiled musquash on toast; extra toast and toasted on the coals; tea and Mansur's Boston gingersnaps.

Next in order, wash the dishes; next, one cigar and brier-wood pipe; next (and rather slowly, because between whiffs) biggest and longest hunting story of hair-breadth escapes, the prize to be the skin of the muskrat, to be decided by vote of the crew; next, drive a couple of stakes nearer the tent and on a slant toward the stream; pile the two large back logs inside of them, one upon the other, and get two flat rocks from the stream for andirons, of the kind that don't go off in the night and shoot us on the spot; place the smaller log on these for a fore stick, remove the brands and coals from the old fire to the new chance. From the pile of driftwood, which is a mixture, pick out some of the best hard wood and make the fire, to be lasting, or to give warmth until near morning. Next, tie well back the tent flaps to get the benefit of this cheerful fire; also to let in the moonlight, but

not to shine upon our faces. Next, into the buffalo bags, upon the spring bed of fir boughs and good night.

Once more we are up to see the day breaking and the sun rise, as we have said before, and we must be repeating, but this is a brand new morning; one we never saw before, and brings anew to us the cheerfulness, the agreeable sensations one can so well appreciate after a well resting sleep, when up in the very early pleasant morning. This is the most agreeable way for us, as we so much enjoy it.

Like the schoolboy, anticipating much on his holiday, the sun seldom is ahead of us, to shine upon our faces whilst in bed. About this time, too, our sleep is light. Any little noise; the first peeping of a bird, handy, or the chattering of a squirrel awakes us and brings us upon our feet to welcome these glorious mornings.

While the crew are getting breakfast, the captain, who yet proves a good provider in the fish line, with his fishing line, as it is just in his line, is landing a few more half pounders, to be sure of trout for his dinner, remarking, "he is just doing this for practice, having no voice for trout himself." As the sun rises they begin jumping in the pool, and soon their merry slaps are as frequent as if 'twere in June; even in the quick water just above some fine ones are sporting, and immediately his flies are on the spot most sure to deceive them. Pretty, clean, bright, silvery roach are taken two at a time, and allowed their freedom again, although they are a nice, sweet fish, and when trout prove scarce are saved for eating.

We have just settled the coffee with a little cold water when the captain hails the crew.

"Hillo!"

"Hi, what's up?"

"Bring the landing net."

"Good! that's the tune."

We look around, see his fly rod doubling, and rush down with the net.

"Look sharp now; take your time; he's a dandy, the very daddy of the school."

He soon gives up fighting, however, and as he shows up along shore I lift him out and present to the captain — a three pound *mud chub*.

"Ahem! that settles it; is breakfast ready?"

"Sartin sure."

Breakfast. Fried ham, lots of gravy; Aroostook buckwheat flapjacks, all sizes; two eggs each, boiled twenty-five minutes; coffee, with condensed milk; sugar to taste.

Everything snugly placed in the bark, we proceed slowly upward. The current is strong upon some down grades, but the setting pole is always victorious in the struggle over these places, and we make fair time. In many places we paddle close in shore where the overhanging vines and bushes often brush our ears, and after passing one of these we come to a cove of shallow and quiet waters; a gamey looking chance, with grass and yellow lilies growing near the shores.

Before fairly in sight of all of this, a heavy splashing in the water, and a loud snort, told us evidently what was up. A moose! One sweep of the paddle laid us quartering to the sound; two rifles were quickly raised, and our eyes were scanning the locality, but we could see nothing of the game, it was already away. Paddling carefully in and by the spot, we saw where it had done some feeding, the roily water it had left behind, tracks upon the bottom, among the cow lilies, and beyond, its heavy jump through the miry alder ground. We

stepped out, drew up the canoe a trifle, and crept about a bit, hoping he might wait a moment before taking to the woods, but returned without seeing the game.

We had hardly spoken since the first splash, but now the captain says:

"I told you!"

"Yes, you were right enough."

He spoke of hearing something, and that it must have awakened him in the morning, sounding as if in the water, and would bet it was a moose. On our return home, passing this camping place, we saw the tracks of the moose where he entered and left the water, crossing just above our tent.

Now and again the river broadens out, the waters more shoal, and we are often out to stretch a bit and lighten up the birch, pushing it along over the sand bars. Quantities of fish of different kinds we see in the clear waters. Large ones lying upon the bottom could be taken by spearing if one wished, but the plump six and eight ounce trout, taken near the brook at our campings, are really the best.

Often the large ones swimming quickly out of the way drop back to deeper water and lay quiet, heading up the stream; the captain looking at them longingly and as if about to throw the artificial, hesitates but a moment, knowing we shall not miss them, and again lifts us forward.

The muskrat, but little timid here, starts out from the bushes to swim across just ahead of the canoe, and seeing us so close upon him, his head goes quickly under, his hind legs kick once in the air, and he is plainly seen swimming beneath in the clear water, making back for the shore again. The pretty little water turtle we occasionally pick up as we are passing, to examine again their pretty mottled shell, when

struggling and kicking for their liberty we drop them in and they make their best time for the bottom.

Away up ahead, a glossy, dark mink is seen upon the rocks watching for a trout, or his luscious fresh water lobster, and seeing us approaching he darts into the end of a hollow cedar lying upon the shore. Coming to this we ground the bark upon the sandy bottom of the rips, and as a very little trapping is in order on the trip, we set a trap for him inside the log, leaving the head and leg of a partridge as a persuader to soon come for it over the trap; and here we find him after dinner waiting for us in the trap.

We back down and cross over to the deeper water, and on.

"Captain, it's dinner time."

"Quite true you're saying; and we must be near some brook again, as when you see the mink along the stream at this time of the season he is often handy to his favorite little streamlet."

True enough; we are soon beside the mouth of another rivulet. Selecting a rise of the ground almost within reach of the brook, another pleasant spot where we could sit eating our dinner, the while having the pretty view up and down the river, we build the small fire we wish for the cooking, beside a rock, for a chimney, our smoke drifting away from us over the bushes and down river.

"Hillo, Cap, what are you doing down there in the smoke?"

"Oh, just fishing a bit for a change."

"What do you wish for dinner, Cap?"

"Trout."

"Oh, gracious! trout again?"

"Yes, sir; trout again; and trout now."

And he lifts a nice little fellow, dancing up and down, from the reeled up line, slap, against our cheek.

"Say, Cap, what's the matter with having broiled partridge?"

"Nothing. What's the trouble with having both, and a boiled potato?"

"Nothing; but what's the matter with you, hungry?"

"Awful, awful hungry."

"All sereno."

After dinner, pushing on again, we find the water more shoal in many places, and the bottom a bed of round rocks of all sizes. Getting a rub now and then makes us cautious, when we must slow down to a more moderate speed. As we round the turn we can see a long distance up the stream, and all the way its quickly moving waters are rippling downward, leaping, dancing, all sparkling in the sunlight, eddying around the rocks and darting in and out, toward and from the shores, falling over little shelves of rocks and bars of sand and gravel, old logs imbedded in the sand and old trees with bare washed roots, lying lodged in midstream.

A point makes out from the foot of the higher land upon our right, over two hundred yards distant from us. We are just loading the brierwood for an after dinner smoke when the captain's low "hist" and whisper causes us to look up the river. A bear is just stepping into the water from off the point, to cross the stream on the rips to the other side, a sight we but seldom happen to see, but are often looking for. As he commenced his slow march through the shoal water, we commenced shoving the birch with our paddles for all we could do under the circumstances, to get a little nearer. When he was near midstream and we were hung up by the rocks, we laid by the paddles and took up the rifles. At this moment, with his head close down to the water, and without

raising it at all, he turned it half round and looked sneakingly toward us and stopped. The crew fired a shot, and he dipped down in the water when it stung him, but moved on in a hurrying trot. Then the captain *tickled* him, scratching his back, when he turned completely around and ran the gauntlet back, when had he kept on as he was going, a few feet more, a good shore was before him. A few steps on his way back and he gets another shot, and as he leaps on the faster, another; yet he reaches the bank after a hard struggle, and succumbs to circumstances.

This is quite the usual way for the game, to take back on their tracks, thinking they will be safer upon the ground they have just before safely passed over. In the excitement, pushing the canoe hurriedly over the rocks after the bear, we made a big leak in the bottom, obliging us to haul out for repairs.

Accordingly the tent was again raised, and in a short time we were once more settled down "keeping house." The canoe is turned bottom up to the sun to be thoroughly dried, and we proceed to remove Mr. Bruin's coat and pants. This work, no small trifling job, kept us busy quite a while, and with our preparations for the night used up the rest of the afternoon.

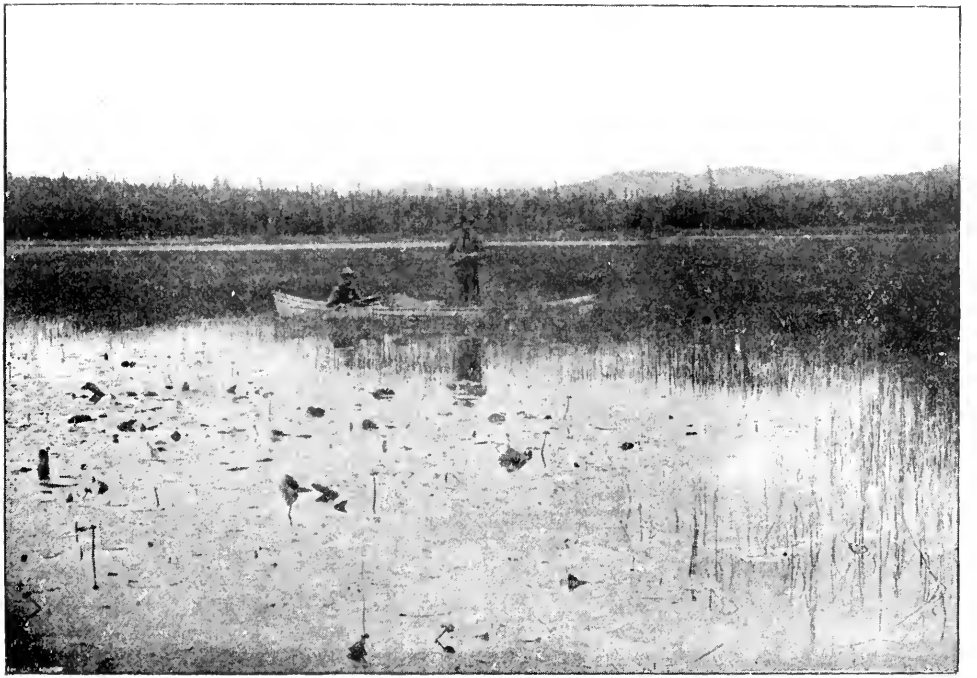
The next morning, the captain having procured a suitable piece of birch bark, sewed it neatly over the damaged place, and with gum from the forest, and grease from our pork, made pitch for the edges, making the bark all as tight as before, after which she is soon upon the water, reloaded once again, and then away over these ever moving waters, skipping quickly o'er the pools, on through their many winding channels, by their rough granite walls, hugging close up to, and rubbing by many of their noble old sentinels as on we go, slowly at

times, but steadily on over the now never quiet but always murmuring river, for new scenes and fresh adventures.

At last we come in sight of the falls, which now are beautiful. The white waters come dashing over the rocky walls above, tumbling, hissing, whirling around the great boulders and huge old granite giants, that stand quiet and unmoved in the midst of all this turmoil, as the waters leap out and past them, and go crowding and tumbling down to the bottom pools below, and here forming little floating islands of beautiful white foam, white as the purest snow, and which the merry breezes so love to sport with, for as they go chasing by it they catch upon their wings many flakes of oddest shapes, large and small, carrying the little ones a piece with them, which soon drift away in the air like white millers on the wing. Dropping the larger ones, which go sailing down, gaily dancing at the first, over the troubled waters, when reaching the calm, smooth surface, make a few waltzing motions and go smoothly down, to disappear from view.

After having lunch at the falls, and a restful smoke while watching the merry tumbles of the waters on their way down to the pools below, and now and then seeing many a trout jumping high up, only to fall back again, and see a few succeeding, for they stem up some of the weaker currents, getting up one step at a time, and are resting there beneath some friendly rock; we begin to make ready for the carry, and bundle and strap the cargo all in packs.

The graceful little lady who has so bravely faced all the difficulties on her way, and laughed at the fitful ways of the winds and the waters, now lies quiet on the shore beneath the falls, quite subdued by their haughty manner, their many ceaseless voices and this rough ascent. "Cheer up little lady, for



LILY LAKE.

you are yet the acknowledged queen of the waters, even though you must now be carried around their high and rocky ways. Even your captain, with his setting pole, is at last barred out."

"Rather rough getting along up there, Cap."

"Sure! there is no need to tack up any more signs, forbidding trespass upon those waters, and as the big frog said to Paddy 'we better go round.' Nature's high stone walls, with her hose turned on in full force, we will pay due respect to."

The captain swinging the birch over his head, bottom up, the carrying piece tied to the middle crossbar to have it bear nicely upon his head and shoulders without chafing, he holding, balancing and steadying it with his hands grasping the side rails, pushes on ahead followed by the crew with a back load and the rifles.

Half way over we stumble in among a covey of "Aroostook's fine forestinal (?) roosters and pullets," and we are very willing to stop for a rest and a part of the birds. Returning, and another trip over, well loaded, completes the carry. We are now upon the shore of a handsome little lake. Such a pretty, round sheet of water, with well wooded shores, we feel we must make a flying trip around a portion of its border. So before loading up again we take the canoe, now so light and buoyant, and speed swiftly across to the opposite shore, and on beside it. At the mouth of a still running brook we see a mammoth beaver house, now uninhabited, the signs about it showing plain what had become of the beavers, or a part of them, as the trappers had left their hunting axe, which we found partly imbedded in the ground, thickly coated with rust. A number of very old cedar trees that had fallen across the brook, long, long since, told us by their much worn down

surfaces and old scratches, that this had been a roadway for the beaver and the otter for years. The mink and muskrat both visited here, or lived near, as remnants of the minks' food were seen upon the trunks of the fallen trees, and the musquash had eaten his lily roots upon the drift and left his fresh water clam shells in little heaps upon the shore.

Walking up the brook a few steps, a caribou trail crossed it here; a well trodden path upon each side, so much and so long used it was trodden down in the soft soil much below the mossy surface surrounding it. Coming to the brook they had evidently jumped it, each one in crossing, which is unusual for them if walking quietly, and the reason for which, was, they disliked to get their feet upon or between the many very old and slippery logs which were deeply imbedded in the soil upon its banks, but plainly showing, lying thickly and crossed in many ways in the bottom of the brook. Leaving this very quiet place, for such a gamey looking one, we continue on around and return to Lily Lake carry, and our baggage upon the shore.

This is the river drivers' camping ground, and one end of the carry, where we find all our kit as we left it, undisturbed by the bears or mink; and this being a pleasant situation we concluded to camp here for the night.

"Well, Cap, this is jolly."

"What's jolly?"

"Oh, these nice camping grounds we find so often; this in particular. The pretty lake view, and all; altogether it is really picturesque."

"Sho!"

"Clean, dry, grassy, gently sloping to the lake."

"Well, whose fault is it?"

"Now, Cap, that's derogatory; you should be truly thankful to marm nature.

"Yes; and the river drivers, who haven't left us a stick of hard wood standing, for the broiling of our birds."

Next morning, contrary to our usual custom, we sleep very late. The day before was a long one for us and a little hard on the muscle, and the sun on this morning was up before us, but did not get the chance to see our faces while in bed, as it arose behind us, our tent facing the west.

"Which accounts for sleeping late," says the captain.

"And, hist! what's that?" said he, sitting up in his buffalo bag.

"Well, if this isn't funny."

"What?"

"Look!"

Boys, you that may seldom see a grouse alive, except on the wing, we won't get roily if you doubt this, though it is a true bill. We had pitched the tent close to the partly consumed back logs left by the river drivers, in front of which was their large bed of ashes, and here had made a small fire to cook our supper. It being a mild night we did not need more fire and slept without its pleasant company. Every spark had gone out early in the night, yet the ashes that morning were warm (from the morning sun,) and there, between the logs and ourselves, three feet from our toes, was a partridge dusting in the warm ashes. When the captain sat up she was as much surprised as he, but merely took a few steps to one side, stopped and shook a cloud of the dust from out her feathers on the air. Then as we laughed a little, she took the hint that she had acted ludicrous, looked a bit angry, elevated her slight crest and neck feathers, and with a "squit,

squit, squit," walked on around, close behind the blackened back logs. When her head and neck came in view at the other end of the fire place, she stopped with one eye on the captain, who was holding his long rifle muzzle nearer her head than ever before pointed at a bird. She looked so clever and innocently inquisitive that the rifle was lowered, when she, with the slowest, precise, even, dainty steps, with one bright eye ever on us, walked out of our sight among the hazel bushes and small evergreen trees behind the tent.

After a late breakfast, we are soon *en route* for the upper lake. Paddling around the shore after leaving our camp ground, we soon find the thoroughfare between the two lakes, which being shoal and rapid, we again have recourse to the steel-pointed pole, and soon are at the head of the quick waters, and on the large lake which we have been several days heading for.

And now bidding good-bye to the swift and frisky waters that have so often, in their jolly gambolings, racing, chasing, leaping down the grades, much opposed our progress, yet now forgiving all their merry pranks, we paddle away cheerily, directing the little lady as she again proudly raises up her head and dances over the little waves for the brook above. And soon the pretty group of islands, ever green and ever charming, burst in view before us; all standing boldly out over the deep waters of the lake, and all so like each other, with the little wavelets sailing down between them, or dancing from shore to shore, from the one to the other; all nearly circular in form; all well wooded with evergreens that have not as yet been disfigured, and these elegant islands made to look a sad blot upon a clean sheet, by the carelessness of sportsmen or others, but stand intact, quietly waving over their rocky foundations.

Islands of beauty! long may you be allowed to keep as green as now, and may you always escape the careless hands of those who may forget to extinguish every spark of their fire, and be left to wave in the breeze as prettily as you do to-day, in pleasing harmony with the little waves that lave your rocky shores and moisten your roots.

Passing between, and by the islands, our worthy captain, by vote of the whole crew, unanimous, has just been promoted. This is for his able engineering over the lakes, through the rapids and whirlpools, by many a wicked rock and snag; and for his many indefatigable exertions, his quiet resignation and nontalkbackativeness (?) in regard to too much from the crew, and his many amiable qualities generally; has been promoted to the very highest and most honorable position on board the birch-bark fleet, and is now the "Commodore." He now suggests (merely to tickle the crew, we imagine) that as we are now upon the big waters, to try for a big fish. Accordingly we face about toward him, sitting in the bottom of the canoe, straighten out, and leaning back against the forward crossbar, light the brierwood, reach the troll line, and while he lifts us gaily along, we run out the line with the old fashioned spoon bait at the end, well sunk down in the water. This old decoy yet occasionally deceives a large fish, as we succeed in taking a beauty. But this one only do we try for at present, for as we are often saying, "give us the little fellows and we are better suited."

On we go, and on beyond open out the blue waters of Big Fish Lake. Rightly named, for here, even at the present day, the fish are most numerous and of many kinds. Some of the trout family (togue) so large, we dare not name the weight. We dip together lively for the big brook, where if

we dip a pail of water for our tea, it cannot be disputed that we are drinking from twenty-six different branches, and five pretty little lakes, and all within a half day's tramp. What spawning chances for the trout, and what a territory for game and fish. Here it will be a long day before artificial hatching will be talked of. And for the game, the forest here is suited well; all so gloriously wild, among the hills and between the many sweet waters. No tinkle of the cow bell here to warn them to get back, away from this, to far beyond the distant hills, and leave forever their cool, shady streams and choice feeding grounds.

As we are well out upon the lake and can see the extent of it and the thickly-wooded levels and valleys, the mountains, hills and ridges, all so beautiful, so grand, we have ceased to ply the paddles, or dip but lightly, as the little lady drifts with the breeze, while we gaze enraptured upon this inspiriting scenery.

Hark! what strange sounds do we hear, that so very seldom reach the ears of mankind? It is repeated in a few moments, and the sounds come from over the hills, perhaps a mile or so away.

"Commodore, that's no caribou!"

"No, a moose! listen!"

This is well worth the waiting to listen to, and is to us a crowning sensation. After a little, it is heard apparently upon the higher line of the ridge.

"A cow moose calling!"

Sure enough, this time we hear her plainly. Here they roam in peace, undisturbed for the most of the year. Some few are taken still hunting; some by calling them to you, imitating their own calling to each other, by making nearly

the same sounds through a birch-bark horn made for the purpose.

But in the months of February and March, with four feet or more of snow upon the ground, with then the rain, and after a still, cold night, forming the crust upon the top of the snow, then appears the Indian upon his snow shoes, and he can soon run one down, or even walk them down, at times. He having the good travelling, his snow-shoe bows just cracking the crust, which settles an inch or so, keeping him from slipping about or losing his balance, while he travels on with springy steps untiringly, and with every advantage of the game, which being so heavy, and with hurried trot at the first, sinks to the bottom of the snow, soon tiring out completely, and at the last, turning in its tracks, awaits his coming. In this cruel, wolfish way, they are thinned out the most. The white hunter occasionally takes a hand at this, but not for the hides only, as often does the Indian. The Indian claims a free and roving right to what number he likes, taken when, where, and how he pleases.

At the time for calling, in September and October, on a quiet, moonlight evening, with his good sized, birch-bark horn, the Indian in his canoe seeks the locality where he knows they wander. Now, placing the horn to his mouth, pointing it in a likely direction, makes the sound very similar to the cow moose calling. If a moose hears this he is sure to visit the locality sooner or later, and he can on a still evening hear it for miles. He locates the sound to a nicety, and if handy, is quick to show up to view, or is heard tramping about the vicinity.

After calling a moose, if in your canoe, get a position where you may have a nice shot over the clear space which

you have chosen, and be concealed from his view; also to have the wind from him toward you when he comes. If an old monarch, and well deceived by your pretty good imitations, sees nor smells you, he is likely to charge right up to the opening, smashing the sticks as he comes, appear in sight before you, and stop again to listen, as he has been doing frequently during the intervals of your calling. But if a little suspicious, he may approach slowly, watching, listening, stopping often. At such a time, a strange taint in the air, coming to his keen sense of smell, will cause him to disappear entirely. Again, should you hear him handy by, and he seems not inclined to show himself, dip some water, hold it shoulder high, and allow it to stream back again slowly; usually, upon hearing this, he no longer hesitates, but steps boldly out to view. Too much calling overdoes the thing, and too much shooting will often madden him, when, if life enough left and can locate you, he may try to be revenged. One or two well-directed shots, and he jumps a little away from you, and if let alone, and is not directly followed up, will likely be found lying down in the first thick chance. Give him quite a little time, and when you do approach, have the wind from him always; go slowly, look keenly, and step as softly as a cat, for even then, if not dead or fatally wounded, chances are he may see you first.

Well, we have been idly drifting, off and on, and slowly dipping ahead, talking moose, watching the shores, gazing upon the enchanting hills, when perhaps we ought to have been hurrying forward to our camping.

"Commodore, what is your time?"

"Very nice time, indeed, thank you. I am enjoying this very much; how different from the rushing, rocky stream."

"Which pleases you most, Commodore?"

"Both; and we need not hurry, for this, like those swift, white waters behind, we are enjoying, and both will always be in memory with the outing."

So you may drift, little lady, all about at your sweet will; there are no rocks here to harm you while we enjoy another bright, sunshiny streak in our outing we would not miss.

For we can hurry when 'tis windy;
Build a camp fire when it's cold;
But if pleasant, quiet, sunny,
Sure our time is never old.

The day is indeed superb, and the sun is hardly to the south-west point, and our tenting for this pleasant night can soon be accomplished, after which we will, on following days, be adding to its comforts and convenience.

On the old camp ground again. Here are the blazed trees we spotted years ago, now grown so large that the marks have nearly disappeared; they are healed-up scars, the edges have grown together almost. And as we pick a lump of gum from off them, we are again reminded that the companion who blazed the line has ceased to accompany us on our pleasure trips. We remark, as often before, would he had been spared to be here to-day, with happy laugh and constant cheerfulness, as of old. And yet, what is so often said, in his case must be surely true, "what is our loss is his gain." For he, too, is on shore, from off all turbulent waters, and has long been camping upon the ever bright and lovely shores of the heavenly lakes, beside the ever green, ever delightful forest, in the midst of the happiest hunting grounds.

We select our camping place with care, this time, choosing

an oval, dry spot quite near the lake, among the evergreens.

For here, we now decide to stay
About the lake where breezes play;
Oft on the hills to while away
Many an hour and autumn day.

"Isn't that so, Commodore?"

"Yea, yea, yea, yea!"

To look out upon the water is pleasant, especially when sheltered from the winds. After the tent is raised, a small channel is made close to it to turn off all water if a heavy rain, insuring us a dry bed. Rock maples are cut for our fire and its backing, or back logs; these are piled three high and staked behind. As the winds will be breezing in mostly from one direction, we oppose them greatly by a barricade of logs and a row of small, cut and sharpened evergeens, pushed down beside them. This is a help to the evergreen chimney just behind the back logs. Also, with others growing near, mostly hides our white canvas from the curious neighbors, the caribou, yet whom we will be pleased to see calling upon us, if on their journeyings they pass in this vicinity. A suitable log is cut and laid lengthwise, with one already lying upon the shore, upon which two the canoe is placed crosswise, bottom up, thus being on a good bearing to keep its proper shape, and always to be found dry upon the inside on the frosty mornings. The sun, reminding us by its waning light that soon it will bid us another good evening, the Commodore proceeds to collect the fir boughs for our bed, and the crew hustles around for something for supper. We find all nicely arranged by the Commodore, for the fire, in front of the back logs; two maple hand junks, for andirons, are placed well out

to right and left in front of the back logs, upon which rest two maple fore sticks of uniform size, giving a level rest for half a dozen cooking utensils at a time, if we wish. Beneath these fore sticks he has placed small, light wood, with birch bark, to which we touch a match, and immediately a cheerful fire is burning, lighting up the evergreens again for the evening, just as the sun is leaving them for the day.

Our trout are dressed and lying upon a clean split beneath an evergreen on our left. Our pork is freshening in the pan which is resting upon the foresticks beside the black tea pail, while we occasionally lightly feed the fire beneath from the Commodore's motley pile of wood upon our right. We see he has saved the larger limbs, has cut them short and left them handy for early coals. A snug lot of hard wood of all sizes, also to be placed as needed upon the hand junks, and which makes the jolly lasting fire. And in his large pile, so varied and so quickly gathered together, we notice slabs of bright spruce from a tree lately blown over, broken almost off and rived up just right for us by the winds, and its pleasant perfume greets us as we pass by it. Pine knots and bark, hemlock and yellow birch bark in large, thick flakes, to be broken as needed; dry spruce limbs, without their ends; no scraggs, nor blazing boughs to rush a roaring, frightful blaze upward, burning and browning the pretty evergreens uselessly, and with the sparks dropping upon the canvass, or smoking out the cook and causing him to *misquote* in his agony. But instead, and as we have said, in order to always please the cook, we will place upon the hand junks, as needed, the two sticks of hard wood, in front of good sized back logs, and from time to time feed underneath from the pile promiscuous, as it is this that gives the clean, nice fire.

Our back logs at the first are more particularly for the chimney back to keep away the wind from the fire, and reflect the heat at night back upon our feet; later on, some cold, rainy night when they are then only well dried, they will be rolled in and burned, giving a royal good fire until morning.

A clean, clear fire to cook by, or sit down to and enjoy is well appreciated and a saving of time. The lazy way is usually a huge armful of cedar branches thrown at random in a heap, then set off with a sheet of white birch bark, like a bonfire after election.

The Indian says, "Some white man he make big fire, strange; first smoke kill him, then fore mornin froze to death," while he (the Indian,) "always make littleum fire, lay close by, keep warm, have comfort."

The tea has been long enough steeping upon the coals, the trout are browned, yet juicy inside, the pig pork just crisp. Oh, not too crispy crisp, just right. The Commodore has placed some birch bark upon the canoe bottom, to keep it from blistering, as tonight it is our table; just the right height and upon which we place the pan of smoking hot trout and the tea pail. Beside the little lady, one upon each side, he has arranged the camp stools, and is now raking out his favorite hard wood coals, upon which he places the wire broiler filled with bread, which is wonderful quick to take a nice light brown. The tin pail of butter, cool from the spring, is already beside us (and which, by the way, is not quite as heavy as at our first camping) from which the toast is buttered and laid upon the smoking trout.

"Put on the cover."

"Correct."

"Well, pard, is supper all ready?"

"Sure! Oh! bring the previous."

"The what, Commodore?"

"Two raw onions; they are an excellent appetizer, and good for a cold."

"Ah, Commodore, certainly; your elegant toast, now hot and flakey, no doubt has the flavor when it so pleasantly greets the olfactory sense and — Oh, certainly, if you please."

By moonlight and firelight, with the lantern suspended from a tree lighting up our table, we proceed to discuss the toast, trout and tea, enlivened by a cheery serenade from our particular friends, the loons. Our friends, always, wherever we are; we never harm them, for we much appreciate and love their company.

Our first morning at the home camp has a dubious look as to a continuation of the fine weather. The sun rises and bids us good morning as usual, but soon hides his face behind the clouds.

"Well, Mr. Crew, this don't look like an elegant day to go for a haunch of venison, it is going to rain."

"All right, Commodore; we can always enjoy it, you know, if it does not last too long; can busy ourselves around the camp, have a nice fire, cut wood and keep it burning to dry ourselves by; gather a good pile of pine bark from along shore, and putter around generally."

"Sure; but what for dinner?"

"Partridge stew on rainy days."

"Where's the big fish? I thought we were to have it roasted?"

"We can broil it if you wish, as it's split, dried, and now about smoked, hanging in the trees near the back logs."

"Exactly! hot biscuits?"

"Certain, sure; we've the little tin baker, and plenty of Horseford's."

"Say, Mr. Crew, this big fish is actually fat, and a thick one."

"Course it is; no use to dry a thin, poor fish; a dozen or two for each of us to carry home, dried, and smoked a little to flavor them, will be correct."

"Even so; and this is the place to pick up these fat fellows, 'single gent's' I take it, should we catch any thin racers we will let them go again."

It is just daybreak the next morning after the rain when we are awakened by the gabble of black ducks along the shore immediately in front of the tent. They have espied our white canvass among the trees, and the old mother gossip with her neck stretched out toward us, a little mistrustful of the appearance, and the faint smoke drifting up, is swimming about among them, gabbling away, no doubt telling them the biggest kind of duck lies about hunters and of their horrid appetites for black ducks, young ones particularly, altogether unaware that the Commodore was wide awake, listening, with his rifle resting over the back logs between the evergreens.

One young fellow, becoming tired of her long, gibble gabble turns his attention to an early stirring minnow that pops up after a half drowned insect which he gets, and is down again much too quick for ducky, who sits gazing long upon the tiny ripple left upon the surface, without a smile.

Another stands upon his head, apparently, for a moment, and is feeding off the bottom; then as he rights up again upon the surface, wags his tail and shakes his head, with his eye washed clean and keen for business, makes quickly and noiselessly to shore and gobbles a poor little tired frog that had

peep, peep, peeped! all through the rainy night, and gone to sleep at last upon a rock, right in face of the enemy. This being most too big a bite to swallow easily, and very choice food beside, another ducky swims him down, grabs a leg of the frog, and although hard pressed by another still, these two succeed, after much pulling and shaking, flapping of wings and mumbling duck growls, to divide poor froggy, each swallowing quickly, the rightful owner for once securing the larger share.

Old mother quacker, since her grown up family have all turned about for something of more interest, and are paying no attention whatever to her tiresome prattle, at last mistrusts they think her an old chestnut. But like many an old duck before her time, she cannot stop when wound up early in the morning, and gabbles off another glib story, laughs at it herself only, loud and coarsely, then raising herself up as high as possible, treads water with her big feet, and flaps her wings directly at the Commodore, intending to fly the next instant. But, alas! for madame ducky, it was her very last flap and quack; the Commodore had only been waiting for a little more daylight.

After breakfast it looks as if it might rain again; then in a short time it lightens up as if to clear away. It is one of those half-and-half mornings, when you declare it isn't going to rain, at the same time you don't wish to lay a heavy wager against it, but you really do want to go fishing; and as it soon looks more favorable, the Commodore accepts an invite from the crew, when we turn over the canoe and place it upon the water. Taking our dinners and the troll line, fly rod and landing net, we paddle out from shore and find just a little bit of a breeze lightly sweeping about to all points of

the compass, as if quite undecided as yet which way to wing its new flight thus early in the day. The little lady is in elegant shape this morning, even after the storm, and feels so light and buoyant, gay and airy, that whilst we are each one arranging our seductives for the trout, she goes gliding about with each puff of the breeze, light as a feather off a duck.

"She feels light and free, when relieved of her bundles and budgets, and is taking on airs," remarks the Commodore.

Yet he smiles to see her skip about in her freedom, and we know he loves his bonny boat, as she dances down the wind a little way, when meeting a whiffle from another quarter, as it is flying about as lightly as herself; she waltzes up the other way again, skipping over the little wavelets, nodding her head to them, to right and left, like a born coquette upon the promenade. When having our tackle all arranged, the Commodore lays aside his lancewood, picks up the paddle, when immediately the little lady bows lightly, obeys gracefully and cheerfully, walking straight forward, with her usual dignity, over the pathway her master points out. And now away she flies over the waters, down the wind, like a bird skimming its surface o'er; for the breezes, no longer undecided, are accompanying us down the lake.

Zephyrus hurries on behind.
Blows stronger and is pushing us.
When soon the waves, in manner kind,
Gallantly are lifting us.

So, with the jolly waves she loves so well, bravely assisting the little lady, each helping her up, and upon its crest, there steadying, then handing her safely down to the next, which gallantly receives her and passes her on, we are soon far down the lake, and in smooth water at the mouth of a

bonny brook, which brings down the clear waters from the springs above, to cool the pool at its mouth. Here the trout constantly keep visiting, and lie upon its sand and gravelly bottom, with an eye up toward the surface for their choice flies, and are always ready to dart in among the schools of small, silvery chub, which is the greater part of their food.

Keeping a little away from the pool (always remembering an old saying, "if you want a good trout, do not throw your bait directly at him,") down by we paddle, trolling the spoon bait some fifty yards or more behind, and as this passes by the outer edge of the pool, one or two light twitches are given it, and we feel some small fish fast upon the hooks. The line is drawn in lively, hand over hand, and we have him; but as he is too small a trout to be taken from such waters, he is carefully taken from the hooks and allowed his liberty, when he darts under the birch, showing his thanks by lively wriggles for the bottom. We turn about, pay out the line again, trolling over near the same ground with line well run out behind. Coming near the edge of the pool again, the Commodore sweeps away, out from it a piece, then back, and after passing, heading on again the same, bringing the spoon bait more upon water we did not disturb. And now we feel a tug upon the line that sends a thrill over us, and means "big fish!" The first twitch not heavy; the next quite a yank; but the third, a tug and a pull, for all he is worth. All this taking up the time only of slowly counting one, two, three.

"Isn't he telegraphing lively?" asks the Commodore.

"Yes; says he shall try lines and titles."

Then, with quick darts from right to left, rolls over and over, comes to the surface, showing his white breast as he

swims upon his side, turns again, and goes for the bottom, but does not get there; sulks, and hangs back, keeping low down, yet has to come right along. Telegraphing his every movement so direct from his mouth to your hand (and which he has been doing since giving the spoon bait the first angry slap of his tail upon swimming quickly up to it, and not just liking its appearance, or being unacquainted with the silver bug, turning away, then back to chase and eye it again, to his finally snapping it up and landing in the birch). And now he soon starts up again from below to the surface, jumping clean and clear out from the water, showing now his large size and fine shape; shakes his head in the air, jingling the silver spoon against the brass swivel, which we take it he means, "Chestnut!" And as he drops in again with a big splash, pretty well played, we answer, "Halter broke," and draw him in, hand over hand; steadily, and faster he comes; now we have him well under weigh. He opens his mouth, and then we hurry him the faster, filling him with water, which helps much toward his docility as he reaches the canoe and is run directly in the landing net, rooting his nose hard against its bottom, wildly flopping his tail back and forth as he is kept moving right along, up in the air and down in the canoe, without any slack line or any chance to turn, since he cried "chestnut." A few more are taken in this manner, and the troll is laid aside. The Commodore, with the flies, now brings the trout alongside to the net so fast, and such fine ones, that we soon have trout to eat, to dry, and to spare, and are willing, to the pool, to say good-bye.

We now go skimming away from the pool, down around the shore, feasting our eyes upon all of interest, breathing in long draughts of the fragrant air. Keeping just a little way

from shore, over the now smaller waves, which are once more flashing in the broad, open sunlight that is shining over the waters and the well-wooded and variegated hills, warming the moistened evergreens, from which a sweet perfume arises, and is wafted over the waters by the breeze. The squirrels are chasing along the shores, happy to have another sunny morning. The blue jay — the beautiful scamp — is screaming as usual at sight of us, notifying the ducks and every deer within hearing to get away out of sight, for the enemy is abroad, and on the war path.

"You are a very pretty bird; very, indeed; we cannot help admiring your beautiful blue dress and elevated crest, but never shall injure our voice singing your praises, and remember, with much satisfaction, of catching a number of you robbers in our wooden sable traps."

And the loon, with his jolly call, "Ah — oo — o — hoo!" Here in line are five of them; how cheerfully they greet you, and always at first sight, without ceremony. And often in the middle of the night, as the wind fans your fire to a blaze again, they will, like the watchman of the night, make known the fact that they are awake and are singing off the hours. We call them our "Ethiopian serenaders," in full evening dress, with their black coats and white waistcoats. We never shoot them for the fun of it, nor to exhibit superior marksmanship, for they belong to this elegant panorama, and are a beauty here; taking them away from the middle of the picture, it loses one of its prettiest parts. One wishing a specimen for the taxidermist may be excused, but they are not fit to eat, and were never given to us for that purpose, as the ducks, partridge, and deer family. And his Oh — ah —— hoo! is not to us a melancholy strain. We have heard one say,

"What discordant sounds." We do not agree; on the contrary, it harmonizes here, and upon all the lakes, most splendidly. Only listen to the echoes of the loon's happy laugh, and his long note of call to his mate, and the far-away answer. Hear it all echoed and repeated, again and again, far back of the mountain beneath which you are camping. 'Tis right royal music in the evening, over the calm waters, in this grand old "forestinal amphitheatre" (?).

Our eagle is again sitting on the tallest pine, watching over all, and seems the fitting king, as he is, of all the feathered family living upon the shores, or that fly over these waters. To shoot him down in all his majestic pride and power, that fits him well, and he is worthy of, would seem to be an act of thoughtlessness; a deed committed by one wholly devoid of appreciation for what is beautiful to see on an outing, and we should pity the one having so little appreciation for a picture, so much more perfect with such living objects, all of interest and beauty. Shoot the eagles that each year nest at a lake, and chances are, five to one, that you will not see another there for years. They cannot do any harm here, except to take a few fish, which they should be welcome to when they are so plenty, more especially as they have to be satisfied with the roach mostly (the trout roosting too low generally;) and ours never carry off any large sized babies.

Far down the lake, by a small brook, we lay the canoe on shore and step out to have our luncheon. Lunch—eon. How cheery and welcome sounds the long drawn call, coming to the boys over the water from the companion detailed to make the coffee and cook the trout beside some little brook. Then leave off switching the stream, "reel up," put those last caught trout in the basket, put the grass over them again,

down cover, push in the plug, untie and cast off from the bushes, dip and dip together, lively, for to get there before they are too cold to be nice.

The Commodore is soon cutting his favorite broiling wood, small maple or birch, whilst the crew starts a fire beside the rocks near a good log for both seat and table, the Commodore having already faced of a level place for the dishes. The black tea kettle is in its usual place; not that we need hurry up the tea as yet, but the black kettle hanging over the blaze, upon its forked stick, adds a prominent part to the scene and stirs up the enthusiastic enthusiasm of the crew, as he sits dressing the trout upon the shore. Our new luncheon box is on the bank beside us, and by the way, we are as proud of this new acquisition as a young doctor of his first medicine case. We throw back the waterproof cover, as we are requested to hand the broiler, make the tea and set the table, and are pleased and surprised at the showing, as we had no hand in this, and supposed the Commodore had simply hinged on a cover, as a lunch box. But we see small tin boxes by the dozen, or less, all snug in their partitions; one of butter, one of sugar, salt, pepper, tea; in one a hunk of old fashioned mottled castile soap, a half cake of Welcome, towels, etc., while the other square, after removing a paper of biscuits, shows the broiler, two tin plates, two dippers, knives, forks, etc.

The worthy Commodore, who yet (secretly) prides himself much on his broiling, is having his usual good luck with the trout, is turning them once more flesh side down, and now gives them that last satisfied glance, and luncheon is ready. Sitting astride the log, facing each other, the luncheon box beside us, the tea pail within reach, our broiled trout before us, we find our appetite for them as fine as at the first. Fresh

baked biscuits, thin slices of bacon, tea and broiled trout, and we wondered if they ever tasted so good to others. Not if they caught them at the market.

After dinner we pack in and are quickly off again up the lake; but first thing to do says the Commodore, "let us extinguish the *fire*," and we leave it when sure, and not before. No smoke to be seen is not always a positive surety; a most thorough wetting of the ground, and underneath a log as well as above; for should a spark be left, the wind rises and fans it to a flame, and away it goes, high, wide and lively. In building a fire in the forest, we should use judgment as to a safe place. It is always nice to get to a brook, stream or lake, for usually we want water for our tea or coffee; then it can be well wet down with our tea pail; if without a pail, in five minutes time one can make a bark cache; if no bark handy, we can use our hat; but if we think our hat is too good to be used for this, we have made a mistake in going out camping; should have stayed at home, are not true sportsmen, and are doubly sure we have no business upon this man's property. A fire left burning in an old stump will often last for days; also in loose ground filled with fibrous roots, when the breeze assisting, it sets fire to all around, spreading out, and away, on its often fearful quick run, destroying thousands and tens of thousands of dollars in property, all burned and lost simply for the want of an honest, manly thought; doing no one good, but the owner a cruel injury, which seems a poor recompense after trespassing upon his property.

As the owners of the beautiful wild lands never have, and are kind enough yet, not to debar us from hunting in their forests, let us all be ever and always careful not to destroy, or be the means of destroying the lovely woodlands, for their

sake and for the sake of so much elegant game that becomes bewildered, suffocates, drops and dies, and is roasted to a crisp in forest fires.

"Idly drifting again little lady, while we are talking of forest fires are you?"

We now straighten up to lift the lady on her way, and we find her light and free, after the day's sunshine, for the least little dips keep her moving lively, and when we throw our strength upon the paddles, she gaily leaps away with such spirit, that the eagle fairly screams with delight.

> While you are lightly dancing, little lady, o'er the waves,
> While so lightly blows the breezes in the sunny autumn days.

Canoeing, at a time like this, is more than glorious; we cannot tire of it in the pleasant weather, and it takes the coldest, rainy days and hard work, with any amount of poor luck, to crush down the enthusiasm at any time. Even then, as we have before remarked, give us a good night's sleep, and after a hearty breakfast, the hard time of the day before is all forgotten, and we are just as ready to push off again, trusting to chances as to wind and weather; for with the strong though light paddles, springy and trusty, our sure to-go-off-rifles, a few of the necessary eatables from the camp, our muscle well hardened by exercise, keeping an eye out toward self preservation, using a little discretion at all times, enables us to go and come safely, without having to swim for it or go hungry. At this, the eagle pays no attention whatever, and looking back we are sure he is fast asleep at the very moment we are expecting to hear his loud screams of approbation.

Leaving him sitting upon the highest branch of the old weather-beaten pine, his form clearly outlined by the blue

sky, we dip along leisurely to camp. And it looks very inviting as we approach the home spot this afternoon, pretty well satisfied with our day's catch, and yet mindful of the pleasure enjoyed from seeing much that was beautiful, and many a bit of interest on the way.

"Ahoy! the camp. Well, Mr. Crew, we have had an enjoyable day, and I take it you have been pleased, and are feeling gay?"

"Well pleased, worthy Commodore, and always, *mostly always*, well pleased with the chief of the squadron, and *wonderfully* well satisfied with the crew.

With the first peep of day in the east, the night's dark shadows begin to show; lying beside each other upon the leaves, as we awake and lie quietly, listening to one of our little feathery friends, the wood robin (or wood thrush) and his oft-repeated "Chat! chat!" and his few, short, liquid notes of melody, continued from time to time, hints strongly of rain when he sings so much in the morning. Slowly comes the morning light; the shadows begin to take some form, and we can make out a ripple on the lake, from between the trees. An early squirrel has left his warm nest, skipped by our feet, and is now in the top of the spruce beside the tent, biting off and pelting us with the bright cones. He flips them over his head without regard to where they fall, knowing his bright eyes can find them all afterward; one thumping on the back log, glances in, and telegraphs the Commodore; another drops upon the tent, bouncing off, and striking so near his head, outside the tent upon the leaves, that he is now wide awake for the first time, since he lighted his cigar, and wiped the supper dishes. The noisy blue jay flies about this morning without his usual

squawk, and all the little friendly birds, that pick the crumbs we throw them, are quiet, but the wood robin, while he in the darkest thicket over the lower land, is ever piping forth, happier than all in the dark, cloudy morning. Down upon the tent comes now the rain drops; the squirrel is heard scratching down the spruce and scurrying through the leaves, behind the tent, and away to his nest; while we turn out, start up the fire, and welcome the new day, rain or shine.

"Another rainy day, Commodore."

"All right; let's make it rather enjoyable than otherwise."

Breakfast over, we cut some forked stakes and straight spruce poles, get out the small shelter tent, and very quickly we have near the shore a workshop, kitchen, and dining hall. Sitting in this, looking out over the lake, a cosy little Indian fire in front, we prepare some large fish for smoking, by putting in the splits, for spreaders, and doing other small jobs to add to our comfort and enjoyment. The rain is just nothing to disturb us in the least; not at all steady nor threatening, it lights up frequently, and begins to look very promising toward noon. After dinner is over and all made tidy again, sitting in the dining tent, enjoying our smoke, the sun peeps out, the clouds roll away, and once more lake and hillside beams forth in broadest smiles. The lake is so beautiful, we are irresistibly drawn out upon it again, and promise ourselves a short trip before evening, on another exploring expedition.

The Commodore, now sitting upon the shore, is admiring a pretty scene before him, "while it lasts," he says, for when the breeze increases it will all be changed to waves and swells. Parts of the lake are as smooth as glass; for an hour it has been almost wholly unruffled. Just now, "Zephyrus"

is softly breathing over the forest, yet so gently, you barely see the movement of the tree tops. Near the shore it is perfectly calm, and all a mirror for the rocks and trees. But out a piece, where the zephyrs play down from over the trees, and first kiss the water, there the pretty change commences. Down they go on many light wings, and lightly sweep the water for a short way, then rise a little above, leaving it smooth as they are above it, soon to dip and rise again; and now they are joined with more breezes from on behind, and many widen out and dip down together; some catching on, keep to the water far down the lake; others to the right and left, desert the main current, and rise and fall, and following after, dip and skip a little way and end, leaving behind, in many spots, tiny, rippling waves that are sparkling in the sun, and it strongly reminds us of the very last hour of the very last of the thinnest, honeycombed sheets of ice remaining of the long winter's accumulation, floating and dissolving in the warm sunshine, at midday, in spring. But now we see the great mirrors, all changing, in the lightest of breezes, as the many currents of air sweep again over them, ruffling long, narrow, and then widened-out stretches, flashing and changing, and we compare them to the northern lights. Finally, more new wings are added, all join in the gliding waltz; soon all is again a ripple and a sparkle, then the little wavelets, then the waves. And upon the waves, as they lightly lap the shore again, the "lady" is now placed, and we are off.

Troll, and fly, and bait rod,
Rifles, axe, and dipper;
Landing net and brierwood,
Knife, matches, and tobacco.

And all aboard for "Bonny Brook." Out again and over

the waves, so wide awake; so wild and free at times; so calmly and peacefully sleeping at others, we pass again and again, always feeling the most agreeable sensations when canoeing, and as happy as the swallow skimming along the surface before us. And are we not like him, almost ever on the wing, as free as the breeze, to fly away over the waters, wherever fancy calls.

The eagles, for to-day we see two of them, are now wide awake, but merely look grandly down on us as we pass them by, and as they are not watching their fishing chance, we turn around, facing the Commodore, and run out the troll line. Trolling in those days was quite in order, and many large fish were taken in this manner. The Commodore, with his usual good judgment, guides the lady just right, by the brook, and as the spoon is passing through the coolest water, spinning around, it is seized by a large fish, and we feel him hooked solid. The scientific way is fly fishing, and elegant sport it is; yet there is some excitement in playing a large fish on the troll.

"I say, Commodore, talk about your fly fishing; here is some fun for you now; just feel of the line a moment, and note his manœuvres."

And the fish tugs to right and left, goes to the bottom to find a snag to rub his nose against, rises, breaks water, and jumps out, then in again, and tries to turn back and twist off the hooks, but getting no slack line to do so, soon shows himself alongside, and does not like the look of us; darts, to take under the canoe, but a quick twist of the wrist dips the ring of the net over his nose, and the Commodore, dropping his paddle, takes both his hands to lift this big fellow on board. Then, with a firm hold of his neck and gills, using

his knees to good purpose, this time, reaches his knife, performs a slight operation, when the fish is quiet, and his brave fight is over.

"What'll he weigh, Commodore?"

"We haven't the scales."

"Sho! you can tell within a half pound."

"Never mind, they won't believe it."

We disentangle the hooks from the net, take a few more with bait and fly, cover them with moss from the mouth of the stream, and slip away for camp at our best, even, long stroke, to get some supper.

Our rifles, one aft and one forward, are leaning with muzzle out, each way, in the best positions for safety.

"By the way, Commodore."

"Say it."

"What's your way of getting sight?"

"Look for it, of course."

"Exactly; but I would like to know how you catch such a quick sight in shooting?"

"Run it down."

"Do you always, at your first sight, fire?"

"Usually, yes; and shall I explain?"

"Well, that's just it; if you please."

"Well, you see, in the first place, I generally carry my rifle in case of an emergency."

"I see."

"Which means that if anything emerges out in plain, open sight, as big as a horse, and I aren't afraid of it."

"Who are you hinting at?"

"Remaining perfectly still, and looking quietly, innocent like, for instance, the same as the deaf and dumb caribou you missed the other day."

"Cruel sarcasm! what have I ever done to you?"

"Giving me time to draw in a good, long, breath; then with tightly-compressed lips, after two heavy sighs, I am half ready."

"Oh, shucks!"

"Well, who's a doin' this shootin'?"

"Fire away."

"Now, with the elbow of my left arm, a hugger by practice"—

"Good! too true. Ha! ha!"

"Pressed hard upon my thumping heart, take a good, long aim, shut both eyes, yank hard upon the trigger, and, provided the sun is on our back, and the wind is with us, the bullet always gets there, somewhere."

Ahoy, the camp! Here we are, just in time for supper, and with a splendid appetite.

The next morning proving windy, as had been the night all through, the Commodore suggests another trip upon the high ridges. So we put up the luncheon, and this with the tin dippers, and the nearly always requisite tea pail, are snugly packed in the two bushel seamless bag. Then for fear of harm coming to the little lady, we remove her to rest more safe and easily, lying upon a knoll and a down spruce beneath the evergreens, with her nose just peeping out over the jolly running waves. Extinguish our fire, button snug the tent, pick up the rifles and hunting axe, while the Commodore throws the lunch bag over his right shoulder, gathers up the mouth of it, raises the weight high up as possible, passes the strap (which is made fast to the left corner of the bottom) under his left arm up to the gathered together mouth in front of him, and fastens it there, by taking one round turn and one

simple half hitch with the bite of the strap. Should he wish to drop it he finds no knots; one twitch at the hanging end, and off it drops; and always his hands and arms are free for his rifle. One can jump the brook, walk the boles of the old down trees, sit down or stand up, stop and pass on, but he has his lunch still, and with but little bother. We speak the second time of this easy way of carrying with us what we wish on a tramp, and of having with us, the one, or often two of these handiest of knapsacks to bring home our game, thinking it may prove a useful hint to some younger campers.

Over the brook and up beside it a long way and we rise upon a pretty level, grown up to white birches and small firs, which with the brook singing away merrily, hints so strongly of game, and grouse particularly, that we slow down to a creep along gait. And right we are, for soon close beside us we hear the "squit, squit" of a partridge, and up goes an old drummer, quickly followed by his mate, making a long flight, but we have marked them pretty well to a clump of spruce nearly on our way.

Fresh tracks of a deer we see while passing on to get the birds, and hesitate about the propriety of shooting. But they sit just nice for a fine shot, with their necks stretched high, and "they must surely be fat," whispers the Commodore, and deer or no deer, hit or miss, he proposes to try for them. Each of us getting sight we count, one, two, three! there is only one report; the Commodore picks up the birds, folds each headless neck beneath a wing of each, smoothes them out admiringly, as usual, and lays them upon the moss, strips off a sheet of white birch bark, takes the fine, thin inner sheet from this again, which is a bright, pretty wrapping paper for us when on the hunt. He does them up in this as handy as if a retail tea merchant, ties them snug with a small and

twisted hazel shoot, and drops them in his lunch bag, and on we tramp following the brook a little farther, then rise, first the foot hills, slowly wandering, ever peeping, always listening as we go. Often stopping each beside a tree, to look the new showings over, knowing our chances are so much depending upon our seeing the game before it sees us. Up the ridge we climb, and stand upon the "horses back." And here the wind is blowing "Oh, so gaily O!" it is all open growth and nearly all of hard woods, pretty well up in the air, and if 'twas a warmer day, in early autumn, and before the flies were gone, should expect at this time of day, with this breeze, to see, or jump a deer, that was here taking his siesta. Following along on the top of the ridge, sometimes close beside each other, then drifting apart a little, always within hearing of the usual signal (a low call of a bird) with the wind pretty good nearly all the way, we see many tracks as usual, some very freshly made as well as many that are old. At last finding we are now running well away from camp, and no water showing up so high, we turn and branch off down the ridge more toward the lake and tent. Near the foot of the ridge we step into some old lumber works, and soon the road over which the lumber was hauled. Taking out the compass, as the sun has been hidden often through the day, and is now behind the clouds, we find the road running favorable, and passing on a piece see the welcome brook, when immediately one of us said "Luncheon."

And down beside the welcome brook we again prepare it. Here, sheltered from the high wind, which is not too warm upon the ridges today, we build our very small fire, and find again it is cosy to have a cup of tea and a jolly little fire, which we make beside the brook, close to a mossy hummock.

Sitting side by side upon the dry moss, our lunch spread

out between us upon a sheet of birch bark, while waiting a moment to watch the small grains of heathenish production in the black kettle. The blaze rises from the centre of the small fire and is directly under the kettle. Soon the music starts, all around the circular wall of their dance hall; low at the first, but ever increasing, and we soon see among them a slight agitation, then they rise up and are passing all about and joining for the furious dance. Now commence their waving, waltzing motions, and quickly then the jolly dance begins. With all turning, whirling, sinking, rising, and leaping, and when the music is at its highest, the whole pandemonium becomes a perfect maelstrom, rising in the cloud of hot steam, and—our luncheon is ready.

Extinguishing the fire, we are again ready for the slow, creeping, homeward step. The Commodore a little in advance, as the road slightly rises and winds around the lower part of the higher land, stops quickly, drops upon his knee behind the trees, looks around and gives a slight upward motion of his head, which electrifies the crew, and he is soon down beside him. Looking far ahead down slightly descending ground, a young buck is quietly feeding and slowly walking our way with the wind behind him.

"No need to hurry."

"Only lie low."

In a moment he steps into the old road and is feeding, head down, toward us; soon he sees a choice bite beside the road and turns half round exposing his shoulders clean to view; each one is holding for him, each one steadying a rifle, on opposite sides of the same large tree, and one, two, three! as usual but one report only, then four or five wild leaps down the road, with his tail hugged close down, and one last leap to one side, off the road and he is down. We sit still on a

small elevation and watch the locality for a few moments, then walk down to the spot and dress the game.

The hide is taken off from the forward half down to the saddles; these are then removed, wrapped and tied snug in the whole hide, ready for carrying home. The forward part is split down, the ribs and shoulders taken and wrapped nicely in thin bark, and find their way to the bottom of the lunch bag—when we are again en route, now unmindful of our talk, or noise, as we go crashing on our steady march, straight as we can for camp.

The wind goes down with the sun as we arrive, and hang our venison up in the fir trees, in the coolest, shady, breezy spot, and quickly the quiet scene changes about the camp, to one very bright and cheery, as the fire is rekindled and blazes up brightly. And mixed in, to better help to a fine appreciation of the picture, comes anticipation, a jolly good appetite, and soon the savory smell of a broiled supper.

Once more the break of day is announced by the chattering squirrels, the "chat, chat," of our swamp robin, and the first little twitterings of our friendly small birds. We turn over and rise up at once, as we hear them all calling us, and look the situation over, as usual. We see first before us many split and dried trout hanging in the smoke, having already a nice golden brown. The black kettle with the fry pans, stew pail, pans, broiler, dippers, etc., etc., all hanging upon the stubs of branches in the trees; our venison just beyond, and the little lady lying still at rest upon the shore, and all is very quiet, as we, as yet, have not even a breeze to wave the thin worn dish wipers pinned upon the branches. The lake is as calm as a sleeping babe, and close in shore upon it are two of our loons, swimming quietly by, leaving wide, wavy wakes behind them upon the smooth surface.

AT THE POOL.

THE SHOWERS AT THE POOL.

THE tent is pitched beside the stream upon a mossy knoll,
The bark canoe turned bottom up and resting on a bole;
The forest warblers cease their song, the squirrels hie away,
The clouds entirely hide the sun, 'tis more like night than day.

E'en the beechen leaves are still, the pool a mirror quite,
When the pearly rain-drops make the dusky waters light;
Tinkling on the darkened mirror from the thick and murky air,
Till a rainbow and the sunset gives a promise bright and fair.

Oh, the morning! it is charming, for the clouds drift far away,
As the merry squirrels in the trees announce the coming day;
Their happy hearts are filled with joy, so gleeful every one,
When just above the tallest trees beams forth the glorious sun.

The birds fly to its friendly warmth with song of loving cheer,
And o'er the hills and down the vale it shines upon the deer;
Soon every tree and bush and bud are smiling in its light,
While all the forest life enjoy the rosy morning bright.

The little wavelets down the pool fly gaily on before,
As playful zephyrs hasten by and chase them to the shore;
While in the sparkling sunlit wave, oft leaping wholly out,
Is seen the glistening beauty of the bonny speckled trout.

Breakfast over, the Commodore sits upon the shore enjoying the view, and his cigar. Everything made a little tidy about the camp, the crew picks out a small hardwood coal from the fire, *tenderly*, and laying it upon the top of the well loaded brierwood, carefully, soon joins him.

Soon again we have the light zephyrs just touching the smooth surface in places, as in fitful puffs they flit away over it in many separate currents, so again we see the long lines of ripples sparkling in the sun, all through in many places and down alongside the wide mirrors.

Now we hear the loons, frequently calling, away down the lake, very plainly when so far away, the sound coming so distinctly over the quiet waters. An answer is given to their calls near by us, and our two early risers, that we saw looming up large and loony, just at light, come swimming back our way and are already much too close for their safety; did the Commodore wish a specimen for the taxidermist; but he prefers them as they are, and where they are.

Sitting quiet upon the shore while they are diving about, under and out, after the small chub or minnows that swim in schools, he sees a number of the little fishes scoot straight toward him, out of, and over the water, three and four feet at a jump, and is somewhat astonished at this, but only for a moment, for immediately behind them just under the water, comes one of the loons swimming astonishingly swift and with a sweep much too fast for the fish; for although they fairly fly out of the water, he succeeds in capturing one or more, and rises to the surface so near the Commodore, and so much astonished to see where he was, that he was under before we could say good morning to him; and again he rises only twenty feet away from shore, seeming yet much confused,

shakes his head, eyes the Commodore once more, and disappears beneath the surface.

"Worthy Commodore?"

"Say it."

"Let's take the lady out for a dance."

"All right! lunch box and luncheon?"

"Sure!"

Down the lake, over the smooth mirrors, then through the tiniest of little wavelets, so small, so many, all silvered, glistening and flashing in the sunlight, where it is just rippled by the breeze, we speed along, with little jets of water flying straight up, and falling back again from the sharp prow of the canoe like a little fountain, and with the long wake behind widening out and ending in small, wavy undulations far astern. A splash upon the water here and there, leaving many waving circles, shows us just where, and remain upon the surface long enough for one to drop a fly upon the very spot for the silver roach or speckled beauty lying just beneath.

The loons having already sighted us, are singing out to us their welcome "Halloo—hoo!" then diving to pursue the small fish, presently show up again at a little distance, shake their heads, flap their wings, and laugh again in their well fed happiness, as down they go for another fish, up again soon, and always greeting you merrily.

"Here we are, Mr. Crew, at the mouth of a jolly little brook, and one we know of old."

"Shall we prospect it?"

"Agreed! after luncheon."

We drop down shore and pull up at the first trickle, and soon our smoke is curling up among the branches and lazily drifting off down the lake, away from the game, if any, which we propose to interview up the brook.

After luncheon, the lady receives us again, and heads out against the wind, now breezing up, and dances back to the brook, swings half around and glides in at its mouth, then through the lilies and on up the brook. And here the scene changes.

"Hi! isn't this gamey, Mr. Crew?"

"Surely."

Away up ahead a flock of black ducks are just swimming to cover, and will be pretty sure to fly as soon as they get around the turn of the stream.

"No! say Commodore, you could pick one out with your rifle; I should like one."

"No, let them get used to us, we want to see what lives up here. How would you like a moose, Mr. Crew?"

"Honest Indian; truly, I don't want any."

"But a nice set of antlers?"

"Ah! that's different; a supurb set I should like. A nice fat deer we have, and a caribou now is all sufficient for us."

"'Tis true; and much easier to handle, so we won't hunt for a moose, but they shan't bite us."

The stream crooks about and we skim close in along the shore, and dodge across, to keep the wind from giving us away to the game, if any ahead of us, but have poor success in this, after all; for as we get near to the head of navigation it is blowing from us toward a fine buck caribou feeding near the edge of the stream.

"Of course he'll smell us," whispered the Commodore, "he don't know as much as a mule, to feed along with his nose to the wind."

He is directly head on, so we slide across stream out of his sight a moment, then a little along the shore, when we drift

out a bit, hoping for a quartering shot at least, but the strong breeze has borne to him an unusual scent in the pure air, and when the little lady first shows her head by the turn, he wheels and shows his heels, as he trots in the too handy bushes. A waving of the branches for a short piece is seen, marking his route, then his head and antlers as he stops far beyond just a half moment to look back.

We turn about for the lake and camp, and the Commodore, usually of a quiet, calm manner, now actually bubbles up, while thinking of the buck, and remarks:

"Even now I shan't get very angry," and "good evening, this time; but the next time we visit you we shall invite you to camp, and think you will go, too. The idea of your running away when you have callers is ridiculous. Why! you haven't even a caribou's curiosity; and we consider you a big, fat foolish—"

"Was he very fat, Commodore?"

"Sure! I had a glimpse of him as he jumped around; short, fat, and as round as an apple."

"Gracious!"

On our way down we see another feeding spot tramped over by the caribou, but do not stop to further investigate, satisfied that the chances are many, and game enough all about the lake and streams. Our ducks seem to have hidden a little away from the stream some place, likely feeding on the little baby frogs, in some sunny puddle inland.

The sun is always travelling too fast for us when enjoying the fine days, and now is nearly in the southwest, and we dip more lively for the lake, while the long waving ripples lap the shore upon each side of the stream behind us. A musquash ducks down his head and goes sliding plump into the

water as we reach for the rifle, proving discretion to be the better part of valor. Nothing in the game line that is *so* eatable should long remain in sight, just now, for after being so shamefully treated by the buck, we are not "too soft upon the bit," rather a bit revengeful.

"Hark!"

"Quack, quack!"

"Opposite, Commodore, just a trifle in the rear. Time enough, they don't mistrust anything; that's a lover's quack, too; mild, low, endearing, soothing, kind, caressing, loving, gentle."

"Great guns! can't you ever hush? what a tirade! you never 'l have the lockjaw."

Meantime we push ashore under the bushes, side on, hard up; the stern paddle is pushed down in the mud, holding that end, forward ditto. The Commodore peeping through the bushes, waits a bit, gets two just in range, and fires, waking the echoes far over the ridges, changing for a half moment the still quietness of the stream, and five black ducks are flying through the air for other waters, but two of them come with us. One has a deep furrow plowed across its back, showing its fat condition; the other, the big drake, has a piece taken out from the back of his head, as if 'twere done with a half inch gouge. Laying them side by side in the centre of the birch, we find ourselves often looking over our shoulder upon the fine game.

The wind has freshened out upon the lake, blowing side on, but not sea enough to give us a deep trough. The Commodore again is pulling his strong stroke, with more and then less twist of the paddle, according to the force of the wind upon the windward bow, and the canoe's falling off her

course; whilst the crew, as usual, must dip plumb and steady; and the little lady always, so agreeable (though giddy, gay and airy with the zephyrs) now walks loftily on like any high born dame stepping lightly over all the ups and downs, holding her head up proudly, and directly on the line for the landing.

"Camp ahoy!"

This is pretty early returning, after all, but it is better so to do. We have had a nice time sailing; are back to our comfortable quarters long before it is dark, giving us plenty of time for a good supper and to cut our new back logs. How quiet such a camping looks, with no one at home but the birds, and they are all quiet now as we approach the landing. Some rock maple logs, split in quarters, stand beside a tree, showing brightly in the sun; already they are half seasoned, suggesting more elegant broiling coals. The tent is as left in the morning, raised up a little from the bottom, allowing the sun to shine in, drying our fir bed upon the ground; and the sleeping bags, upon a pole beside the well-dried bear skin, are just moving back and forth in the breeze. We step ashore, straighten up, and are ready to meet each small duty, knowing well that to enjoy our camping *first rate*, feel fine, and have a good appetite, we should work as well as play.

Often thinking of the fine antlers that the wary buck which jilted us so cruelly had carried off with him, we were planning the day following to get even with him, by strategy in some way, and spoke of laying in wait for him near his feeding ground. But a question arose, and referring to our log book, we found the week had again run out, and this was another Sabbath morn. So we write down another Sunday, and really enjoy the quiet day about the camp, and then the taking of the lady out for an airing, just at evening.

In the afternoon of the next day the Commodore, after finishing a cigar, really startles us with the intelligence that he has an idea.

"What is it, if you please? and I think you'd better tie it."

"I've got him!"

"Is he down?"

"Not yet, but he shall be."

"Gracious!"

"Now, Mr. Crew, what's your best, thought-up plan to get that buck's horns?"

"I haven't thought; it's such a bother."

"Well, in that case, we are going torch shooting." And immediately he sets about his preparations.

"Mr. Commodore, what are we going to do for a good jack light?"

"We have it in pieces."

"I haven't seen it."

"You have, indeed; there hangs the fry pan; in my box, the wire; on the trees, the crooked cedar limbs to support the pan; on the shore, the fat pine for the torch, and elegant it is, too, as it burns like a candle, and if this isn't suiting you, we have bears' oil, spruce gum, birch bark, pork, bacon, butter"—

"Hold up, Commodore; spare the little butter, or you touch my tender feelings. I am already completely won over on the pitchy pine, and am your most enthusiastic admirer."

"'Tis well! this thing shall be done! and all made ready, previous to the time when the shades of eve prevail."

"I say, Commodore; you have forgotten something."

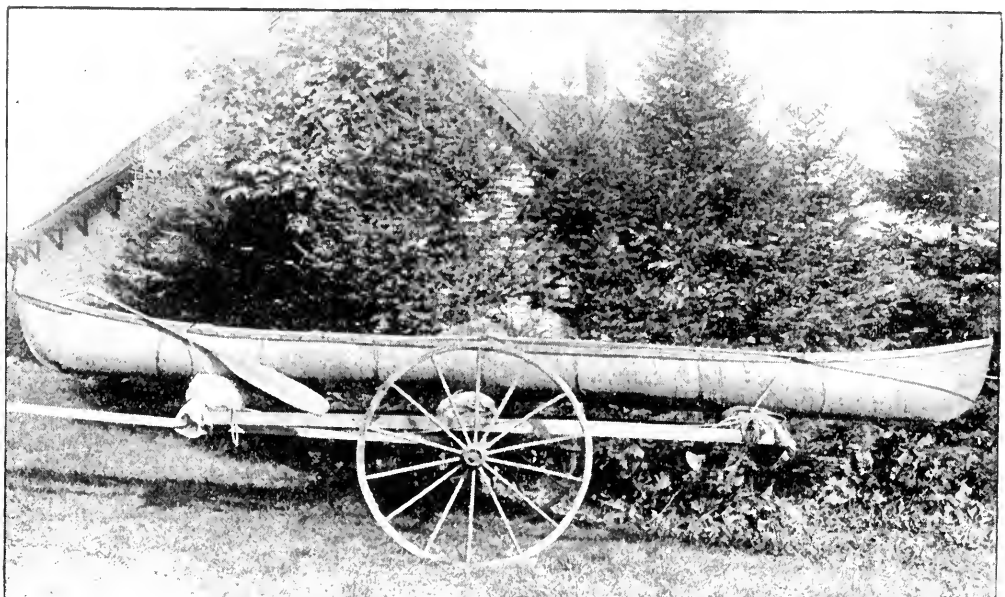
"Forgotten nothing; for between us and the light, stretched upon a frame, we will use the rubber blanket, already torn in its centre, just right for the peeping chance."

"Gracious me!"

Just at dark, having everything arranged in the canoe for our expedition, we take the paddle and move away as cautiously as if a moose was close before us, when we little expect to see any large game until we have leisurely skirted the shore around, and the stream's centre, to well up on its navigable waters, where it shows their trampings, and feeding grounds, and where they have bitten off the lilies and grasses; and we have seen their tracks leading in and out of the water. The night is just good enough, favorable and fine, with just stars enough to see our way.

"The wind blowing down stream is our biggest, fine point," remarks the Commodore.

We can see our way nicely as we glide silently, close in along the shore of the lake, through and over the black shadows of the evergreens, and under the overhanging trees and bushes. And over the smooth water the dip of the paddle scarcely makes an audible sound; showing only occasionally a light bubble upon the surface. We often disturb and sometimes astonish the small game that are always astir in the evening. Always listening for any stir or movement on shore, we often hear those big sounds from little feet, as a mink or rabbit would jump away through the leaves when the canoe ran close beside them. They seem astonished to see us creeping slowly along in the night time, and by the sounds from them, they wait a bit to have a look at us before skipping away. And "Mr. Owl" scarcely ever allows you to pass without having the impudence to introduce himself with his "hoo-hoo-hoo! too-hoo-oo!" if in the evening. But this fellow's greeting is mild compared with the old screecher — the big joker — that fairly jumps you, in the night, if not



CANOE, AND CALAMITY READY TO HITCH ON.

expecting him, with his sardonic laugh, a sound more fitting for the panther or Indian devil, and has, in fact, often been taken for such by those unacquainted with either, startling them much, when they ask with wide-opened eyes, "What's that?"

The ducks are feeding on the stream to-night, and are chasing each other about, with low quack and gabble, until we are very near them, when they all fly away in the darkness without as loud quacks as usual, for which we thank them. An old frog that has been half asleep, watching them out of one eye while at their play, now rejoicing at their departure, wakes up and breaks out in a loud "ker chung! ker chung!" when he is quickly answered by his little grandson, that was hidden beneath a lily pad across the stream, with a "peet—peet, peet—peetaweet! peet—peet, peet!

Coming to the small, sandy islands well up the stream, we remember that they were not here in our early days, but have formed of late years. Perhaps at the first a bush lodged upon the rocks; this forming the nucleus, catching and holding twigs, limbs, grass, leaves, earth, and sand, until now, and we see pretty, grassy islands, where once two or three rocks only showed above the water. As they loom up in the darkness, and as we are about landing, we hear strange sounds in the water beyond, which at first we do not account for. The sounds are like slaps upon the water, making loud reports, when all is still again for a moment, when it is repeated. Whack—whack—whack! sounding loud in the still night.

"What is it, Commodore, a moose?"

"Neither moose nor caribou; let's run ashore on the island and light up."

We touch a match to our pile of combustibles in the fry pan, adjust the screen between us and the light, then push out by the island and up the stream. In the meantime the sounds had ceased, but are now heard again, as we just move slowly along. Whack — whack! whack! — whack! so near and so loud, we likened it to the reports of a pistol. As we moved on, the stream was well lighted ahead, yet the sounds continued, and soon we saw just before us a huge beaver. He was slapping his broad, heavy, paddle-shaped tail, to right and left, upon the smooth water, swimming slowly ahead, rolling from side to side, like a sailor (as he is at times) and, seemingly, as brim full of hilarity. The Commodore's thumb is pressed hard on the hammer of his rifle, and he hates to loose this fine shot, but as he settles down again upon his knees, a low "boo!" is heard just above; the beaver goes under, leaving widening circles that reach and pass us, rising and falling beside the canoe, as we noiselessly scull slowly toward the sound we know to be from a caribou. We are resting upon our knees in the birch canoe, the Commodore peeping through the opening in the blanket, with our light burning up most too brightly, we fear, when quickly from the Commodore we hear the low, low "Hist!" and lower whispers, "Left, left; steady!" and the canoe is heading square across the stream, and pointing for the little cove, when — crack! speaks his rifle. A splashing jump in the water, and all is again quiet.

The crew, thinking the deed is done, leans a little way out to look beyond the rubber blanket, and just as he makes out the dark form, a high head and antlers, eyes all a blaze of light — crack! again says the rifle. A sprawling plunge in the cove, heavy splashings, a sputtering snort, and soon all is once more as still as ever.

The Commodore breaks the quiet with the first loud outspoken word of the evening, "Let there be light!" and quickly piles on the fatty pine, while the crew paddles up to the noble game.

"Mr. Crew, how are those for horns?"

"Superb!"

"Short and thick, and as round as an apple," says the Commodore, as the buck rolls over on his side; "and I should recognize you among a dozen of your kind. We three have met before, and now you shall be welcome at the camp."

"Mr. Crew."

"Yes, sir."

"Will you please reverse and take this gentleman's left antler?"

The Commodore now plying the paddle, the buck floating easily along beside the canoe, we are soon down upon the island just below. Stepping on shore, we make two bright fires from the driftwood and our remaining pitchy pine, one upon each side of us, to give a nice light for our work. Now sliding the buck up the hard, grassy shore, between the fires, we proceed to remove its jacket as soon as possible, and while it can be done the nicest and the easiest. Our bright fires light up the island, quite a piece up and down and across the stream, on the shore opposite. The canoe lying beside the shore; a rifle leaning out at the stern end; another standing within easy reach of the Commodore; the fry pan raised high upon stilts in the bow of the canoe, with its black and smouldering brands, and the few live coals that the breezes fan to a brightness; the gleaming hunting axe lying upon the shore — this alone would make a rare picture of a night

hunting scene, that would look wild and weird, could we have photographed it.

But to describe the hunt, we must add to this, though extra touches often mar, rather than improve. The Commodore and his crew, their coats off and hanging upon the bushes behind them, with sleeves high rolled, and bending over their prey (which is lying upon its back, partly disrobed) like slaughtering demons, talking in lowest, muttering tones, moving their long, skinny arms up and down, while in their hands they are flourishing bright, gleaming knives, which are constantly flashing in the firelight, their faces showing wicked in the red glare, as they raise them to glance stealthily about, and those demonical smiles always seen to wreathe the lips of such, in full bloom upon each ruddy countenance.

"Hark!"

"What is it, Mr. Crew?"

"I heard the snap of a dry alder."

"Well," whispers the Commodore, "sh—quiet—only look over there."

And on the opposite shore three caribou were standing, and three pair of large shining eyes were gazing wonderingly upon us. The Commodore's hand stole toward his rifle, but he touched it not, though had he so wished he could very easily have made a sure centre shot between the eyes of the largest one at the short distance. For a moment we looked them quietly over, while they stood as motionless as statues. Then on resuming our work, the largest one moved quietly up the shore, the other two turn their heads, look after it, and slowly follow, all disappearing as noiselessly as they came.

Having dressed the buck and divided it in quarters, we pack it in the middle part of the canoe, with clean branches

and their leaves, under and over it, take down our now useless jack-light arrangement, extinguish the fires, Commodore and crew lift the birch bark well off the shore, and we are once more floating out upon the stream. Around the island and away we go through the darkness now on the way for camp, more heavily laden and a little more muscle is employed, yet no heavy labor is required to go quickly, moving by the dark growth that shows us plainly each side of the stream. Around the many turns, through the narrows and out upon the lake again where it is much lighter and we feel the breeze freshen upon our faces as we point the bark toward the camping ground. Shaping our course by the higher lands and tallest trees which are now easily seen, we dip the paddles both at the same time, and so evenly from habit, that it is a slight disturbance to find either out of time, and if so, quickly we catch the stroke again; and like machinery that is true and perfect in its working, as we apply the power the bark again moves smooth and evenly over the waves; fast or slow, as impelled by the strength of the regular strokes of the paddles. And now just before us are the well known tall tops of the evergreens outlined upon the sky by the first light of another day's breaking, showing the vicinity of, and soon spots of our white canvass between the trees, assures us a resting place which is very welcome this morning after our long pull over the waters.

After a cup of coffee and a venison steak we get a little sleep, and then as the sailors say, "all hands on deck for duty."

Our meat after hanging in the trees a day or two to become a little tender, we prepare the greater part of it for smoking and drying. It is cut from the bone in suitable sized pieces,

well rubbed with fine salt, with a sprinkling of sugar, and left packed in this from morning until evening.

A smoke house is built beside a large green birch tree, by driving four stakes in form of a square, and about five feet high. To these are fastened with birch withes many small cane like sticks or poles, with the venison hanging from them, tier above tier. One side is enclosed by the tree, which adds its warmth and assists as a chimney; one side left open to feed the fire from time to time, which is but little more than a warm smudge; the two others and the top are covered with bark to keep out the wind and the wet. If it is likely to be pretty breezy, we leave the leeward side open to add the green chips for the smoking, taking care to avoid a blaze, and too much heat. It is soon cured in this manner, dried and shrunken, so that much can be packed in a small space. The smoke helps much as a preservative, and shoos away the blue tail fly.

A few more days about the lake cruising to the many beautiful brooks, and up and down the charming inlet with its many windings and gamey little coves and points, spending lots of time about camp taking it leisurely, enjoying fine days in the sun with the breezes, and lovely evenings by the cheerful hard wood fire, the pure bracing mornings with their glorious sunrisings, a tramp now and then over the high hills and ridges, finding an abundance of partridges, and often starting up and away the larger game, to find another and more secluded chance to finish their resting and ruminating; curing and drying our large trout and venison, in the mean time trying, with what facilities we had, about all the ways of frying, roasting, broiling, stewing and smothering our venison, birds and fish, were very pleasantly passed.

After this comes long rainy days and nights, raising the lake and streams to a very high stage of water.

Then on a fine breezy morning, feeling confident of the nice weather again coming on, and taking into consideration the high run of water so favorable for slipping down the long rocky river, the rather low ebb of some, if not many, of our little luxuries, to say nothing of the ebbing to the last ebb of such little condiments as give a fine relish to venison, we began to talk of moving for the States (as the lumbermen say when about to leave the forest for home,) and now speaks the worthy Commodore.

"Well, now, what's been the trouble with this, anyway, for a very high, wild and lively, gay and jolly, happy cruise? let's pack and run down to the carry today."

"It's a vote!"

An hour later everything is picked up, packed, wrapped, tied and covered, and the miscellaneous heap lying upon the shore is then placed snugly in the canoe. After turning and looking over our camping ground which had seemed like a home to us, a tinge of sadness was felt at leaving the spot we had so much enjoyed, with the pleasant days, and so comfortably rested at night upon the fragrant fir boughs. We step into the bark and push away with feelings a little mixed, perhaps, reminding us much of the Indian, who on being asked if he was real happy, now that he was married, when he replid: "I dunno! guess so, may be; sometime I velly glad, but more time, velly, velly sorry."

Out upon the lake we find a fine southerly breeze, and in our favor; the day is truly fine, and as we once more look down ahead over the waters, we say that they are pretty again to-day. And truly, are they not mostly always pretty? Even

when running a little wild and high? Unless old Boreas is, with coldest breath, sweeping the lake so furiously, as if he had but short time to convert it all into little blue mountains, with snowy white caps on each.

And pretty are the wooded hills, that are yet wearing a few of their gay colors; some of the trees yet bright with the last golden shades of autumn, are seen in cheery contrast with the evergreens, foliage of the spruce and fir. Some of the latter, straight and tall, growing high up on the ridge, we fancy—yes, are sure, that they are bowing their heads to us; gracefully bending and bowing as we pass by them, and saying good-bye. Good-bye, pretty evergreens, so stately and tall, growing way up above us, and all about "God's country," we acknowledge your elegance, and fine manners, and now take off our hats to you all, and catch the spirit of the breezes which animate you.

Our coats are off and lying with our hats, for being well rested for the trip, all fresh for our work, we do not mind getting warmed up, but are really enjoying the healthy exercise with the paddle. We advocate the healthfulness of perspiration, and its necessity, and are now putting our theory in practice, having no fear of taking cold on such a trip. For should we feel a hint to the contrary, the paddle again, or other exercise would soon remove all symptoms. We may warm up quick, but must cool off gradually. What completes the cure is, sleeping at night with a fine fire at our feet, and the pure cool air about our heads, for we step out in the morning feeling the elegant effect of this, so free from any stifled, dull feeling, so fresh, strong, and cheery, and with such an appetite for the jolly breakfast, which, we think, should be a hearty meal, that we find it instead of any task,

to be really a pleasure to do our own cooking. And again we say, that truly the good old Doctor was correct, when he advised "keeping the feet warm and the head cool." Ah-oo-o-o, speaks the loon, but not in his usual merry tone; it is his low, long-drawn cry, for he sees us putting on our coats and hats again, and no doubt he feels lonesome, and a bit sorry to have us leave now, we have become so well acquainted and friendly.

We pass close by the happy family, leaving them unharmed, to dive often and again, and to swim down and capture the little fishes all through the day, and at night, and at the midnight hour, as the moon shines brightly out, to call and awake the echoes o'er and o'er, over the ridges and mountains far away.

Islands ahoy! Even to-day, in the bright sunshine, you are looming up larger and more fair every moment as we approach you, and if it were possible, are looking more beautiful than ever as we greet you all. Your pretty trees again are lightly swaying with the breezes, while our magnificent friends, the eagles, soar high above your topmost branches. We pass close in by the granite foundations of the islands, their sea wall of protection, and presently, little by little, we feel the current aiding us as the lake narrows and the outlet is approached. The lake being full from the heavy rains, the water is running out over the old dam, and by its end it has found a new channel down through a portion of the woods. We allow the bark to almost have her own way out of the lake, and as she feels this new current she goes slipping by the end of the dam into the old supply road, now flooded with the high water. Skipping quickly over, from an extra dip of the paddle, the old logs, which are

partly imbedded, lying crosswise of the road, and some pretty near the surface; so near that it is sometimes a rub and hardly a go, but the lady pleases to go, then turns short, down another road, and the stream is in sight again through the trees; when, dodging a large rock upon one side, a jam of old logs upon the other, with next a windfall of green trees, and by quick and adroit paddling (for which, thanks to the Commodore,) we shoot out upon the main stream and drift to shore over a quiet eddy. Here the crew, feeling much relieved, after a long-drawn sigh, is fain to eulogize. But we tarry only for a moment, and after a little trimming ship, by a trifling shifting of cargo, the lady is again running away with us. Slowly at the first, she moves out over the waters that are eddying around and up stream; soon she feels the stronger current, slides quickly down a little descent, then over quicker, stronger water, steadily on, pointing for a very narrow passage between rocks where the waters are in haste to draw together, and are then crowding madly through, rising higher and higher in the passage; and as the lady passes through, in one troubled furrow of the waters, the others upon each side dash each a bucketful upon the little lady, as they carry us downward through a crooked pathway between the boulders, where we skip from right to left to avoid them, and then straight downward, over fair, free water and swift sailing, to the little lake, and we are soon at the carry.

Starting in good season in the morning, being aided much by the favorable breeze coming down the lake, the short cut we took advantage of over the old supply road, that had become a little river from the rains, and the swift run down the rapids, brings us much earlier at the carry than expected, so we decide to keep on and make the transfer before luncheon.

Laying out the contents of the canoe upon the shore of the lake, at our old camp ground, and sizing it up, it does not look so very formidable after all, and speaking of this, the Commodore remarks: —

"We must have eaten something while on the trip."

And as if it was highly essential that the larder be replenished and added to immediately, looks behind him, takes his rifle, and commences popping at a full covey of partridges that he saw just walking out to view, and toward the old ashes again. Now at this time, just and quite naturally, too, the crew was sitting down upon the shore, back too, looking dreamily from under the circling rings of the smoke from the brierwood, away across the lake, upon the sunny hills, when, at the sudden crack of the rifle, he jumps, quicker than a Madawaska Frenchman, and exclaims: —

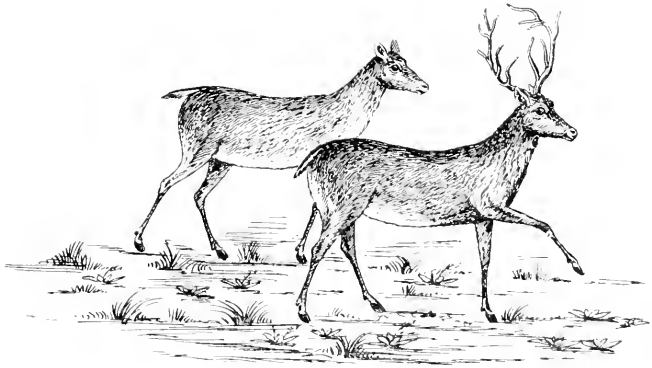
"Accident!"

"Oh, no-o-o! incident."

But the fluttering bird upon the ground explains; and soon he joins in. And now a merry fusilade is going on, and many birds from the large flock are flying up in the evergreens for safety, as they think, but only those that make the second or third long flight, escape, and live to again dust themselves in the ashes of the river-drivers old camp ground. Gathering together the birds, we each lift a pack from the canoe load upon our shoulders, and go forward for the falls.

The canoe and all its burden being now over the carry, and lying upon the shore before us, we sit down for a moment to rest (being so ordered, so to do, peremptorily,) and to watch the Commodore (under the circumstances,) with a pleased admiration, as he so handily gets up the luncheon.

To-day, as the wind is blowing high and low, whirling and



BUCK AND DOE DEER.

varying, it is just glorious to listen to the music of the falls, and its waters talking with the winds. For now that the lakes and streams are running full up to the high-water marks, the waters come pouring over the falls in wide sheets, smoothing, though not improving, their beauty. Their deep voices, powerful and grand, when combined with the winds, are swelling out, often in varying tones, and then borne away by the winds, ending in low strains, whilst others are constantly taking their place, continuing the wild music. Their voices are often being interrupted and changed by the winds, yet they speak out again in clear, high tones, and then louder and more decided; and the winds hushing, cease to trouble them for a moment, when the waters have their way. But soon all are talking together again; they grow more and more excited; first one, then the other, has the loudest voice, and now they seem to compromise, for all are murmuring together, harmoniously, in mild, low tones, and soon they are all singing together, in unison, a wild-wood lullaby.

It would hardly be a full showing of the hunters' luncheon time without the black kettle (we must again remark,) for as we see it now just from the spring and it is hung over the blaze, the sparkling drops of water trickling down its sides, swinging back and forth before steadying to its place, we think the Commodore has just completed the picture.

The smoke is ascending straight up for a little way, hurrying at the first on its mission, then settling back, vexed at being opposed by the winds, goes rolling and curling about, still trying to escape upward, only to be driven away at the last, down among the alder bushes, to finish up the misery of the late, half-dead mosquitoes.

The Commodore has measured out and thrown in the coffee

for two, and placing now the blackened kettle upon the coals, though well covered, it is immediately throwing up the lid and puffing out upon the air a fragrance that is well appreciated. With a quarter of the little buck deer lying upon some cedar splits for a table, he is now slicing for the broiler.

"How?"

"Well?"

"Oh! I thought you were speaking, worthy Commodore; it must have been a voice from the noisy falls."

"I did suggest, Mr. Crew, unto myself, however, that venison steak was good enough for me, *broiled;* even, *broiled.*"

And he further quietly remarks, rather *derogatorily*, as to our frying process, much like the following: —

"A change is to take place at *this* camping chance; for *this* part of the squadron does not cook so much after the usual style; I say, we are not to have the old-fashioned fry, fry, frying, as usual; fish fried and fried fish, and fried venison, fried."

So, to-day noon, we had delicious broiled venison. Our small saddles of venison have been kept secure from the flies, hanging in the coolest chance day and night, and already it is getting quite tender and improving in flavor. If wishing to keep it as long as possible, when the weather is rather warm, we wrap it snug in tenting cloth or something as suitable, and place it entirely under water in a cool spring or cool spring brook, and if this is attended to within good time, and with good care (not don't care,) it will keep many days. Even after the outside has become almost white from long soaking, and must be cut away, the inner part will be found well preserved, very tender, sweet, and very nice.

"Luncheon! Lunch-e-on!"

"I! yi! yi!"

Luncheon over, the orders are:—

"All aboard for down river! And, Mr. Crew, it's a nice way not to forget anything at this station, as we can't stop the coach on this down-hill grade."

"Thanks, Commodore, but I couldn't leave my brierwood behind, you know."

With our cargo well stowed, and raised a little from underneath to guard against getting soaked from the water which we might take in on the run down, covered with the rubber, and the little lady in the nicest trim from the proper placing of her budgets (thanks to the new cook that can't fry fish or venison,) away we go. Out in the swift current, then down, ever down, running more and more swiftly, as the pretty heavily burdened little lady catches well up to time with the current. Then to the right, as it presents the smoother chance for a piece ahead. The Commodore, by the slightest movements, guiding the lady between and by the rocks, and now she is going almost as she pleases for a long way, until it looks mixed and wild again just before us, when he stands up in the stern to look ahead, as he plies the paddle, and she is making quick darts from right to left as she goes wildly rushing down through many narrow chances, like an arrow shot from the bow. Soon again, quickly, to the left, "hard over!" now out again to the centre of the stream, pointing straight for, and passing safe through an angry, boiling rapid, where the water is white about the rocks that are showing upon each side of us their dark, jagged faces, with sharp, hungry jaws that would tear the little lady wicked could they but reach out a few inches more to bite her as she bravely and

safely skips by them. And on, on, down we go, yet more swiftly, "to the left; steady!" and straight between the boulders. A slight rub against the starboard side, a little dry pitch dusting off from a seam flies out upon the air, and the lady is dancing up and down upon a few high rollers, for a moment only, and now she bows lightly, before quickly raising her head, as she feels herself urged forcibly along by the paddles, and then, as if to break away entirely from a more violent urging, leaps far out over "the shelf rock" and sits down, as gracefully as possible under the circumstances, upon the smooth water below.

"No stops, Mr. Crew; this is a through train," says the Commodore, as a caribou just shows himself down below, when he turns, and is off the way he came.

The ducks, thoroughly disgusted with our company at the upper lake, are on the stream below us, and now rise from out the bend and point us out the direct line and nearest route to their old feeding grounds above.

A few moments more and we are lying the lady upon the shore, at our first camp ground, on our way up the river, weeks before.

"Hillo! a mink; and you're the scamp that stole the trout."

He skips off up the brook as we are landing, and as he is now more black and glossy, we shall tender him an invite to accompany us home.

Everything being undisturbed and as we left it, with the fir bed still a bright green and dry, plenty of driftwood handy by, we are soon most satisfactorily situated for the night.

The Commodore's face lights up with a pleased expectation as he hears the trout again splashing just below the pool;

and immediately the tent is all straightened up, and the lady resting in her former snug quarters; he is soon gathering them in from the wet again, after which, later on, when "supper" is announced, notwithstanding he has been known to occasionally whisper somewhat against the crisp and crispy frying mode, we are pleased to see him heartily enjoy a fried trout supper.

The next morning proves fine, as we predicted, for which — now that we are on the homeward trail for civilization and friends once more — we often smile our thanks. The Commodore is gently coaxing the little beauties, the trout, often cruelly deceiving them and placing them in his basket, insisting it never hurts them and they don't mind it, for this is the superior element to which he is introducing them. Meanwhile the breakfast has been slowly budding out, and now, with the coffee boiling, it is in full bloom.

"All hands, ahoy! Breakfast!"

After this, we take the little lady, all light and free again, without her many travelling bags, and she runs away with us to a larger brook, noted for its cool waters and capital fishing. After running quite a piece up, we turn about, and the Commodore whips the stream to right and left, and ahead, with the flies, as we paddle slowly down again. He picks them out in many places on the way down, finishing up below the mouth of the stream, with many larger ones that had shied away on ahead of us, and kindly waited there in the deeper water. Here stealing slowly out of the mouth of the stream, the little lady was laid on shore just above the deeper water, when, after waiting a short time for them to get quieted down, the Commodore, by casting his flies very lightly upon the pool and allowing them to sink quite a little down in the

water before trailing, succeeded in capturing the large, wary ones. Then back to camp, long before the dinner hour; and while the crew prepares a luncheon and a cup of tea, the Commodore snugly bundles up all the lady's burden, and gets her all ready for the last part of her journey by water, down the now smooth-running river and over the lake. And in an even forty-five minutes, from returning from fishing, we are again guiding the lady downward, over the river.

For a long time we are sailing over smooth water, yet running quick and strong, making fast time with such a current, often close in shore, where it is more rapid; then out again to midstream. And at a time during the afternoon's rather dull light, owing to the peculiar condition of the atmosphere (which the crew could not explain,) the dark, smooth, deep water has seemed, to look ahead at it, a steep, down-hill grade; and as if the next moment we must surely slide downward with such velocity as to run the little lady completely under. Was it a mirage? But instead she sails over it all the same as before, steadily down over the smooth, slightly inclined mirror.

After which we see pictured again to-day, and as many have seen often before, all varying and changing sufficiently, to be always an ever delight, as they pass by them, and are always pleased to see again and again, *the banks and the trees pictured in the smooth waters below.* Large and ancient pine stumps, more than old, more than gray with age, their level cut tops mossed over with gray, yet sound, and as well as the rocks, will be with the picture for a lifetime; and old granite boulders, on the shores beneath the trees, gray mossed to their tops, and on the top of one lying more in the sunlight, we notice as we pass, large flakes of elegant "stag horn moss," which we are very loath to leave behind.

And now we cut across from the sunlighted bank to the right hand and the little lady is going quietly through the deep shadows, without urging, by the darker banks, where the sun is hardly known ever to smile upon them. And beneath these thickets of evergreens, upon the everywhere mossy bank, it is very, very pretty, for the large granite rocks are nearly covered with green and gray mosses, with a wealth of pretty green ferns so elegant and so very perfect in their form, growing at the base of the rocks, between, and in their crevices, where they will here escape the hard frosts, until others are withered in exposed situations, will be covered with snow, and yet, protected by that all through the winter, will come out in the spring time all green again, after the warm rains. And all are shaded by the thick, dense evergreens that are ever beautiful, and though the sun scarcely shines upon their river side, they keep their rich green, and are never chary of their fragrance.

Then crossing again and along the banks where the sun so much is shining, we pass many thrifty clumps of the high bush cranberry, well loaded yet with fruit, large, fair, crimson clusters, hanging handy for the picking, all of which we must leave behind for the birds and for the old bear to break the bushes down, as he sits up on his haunches with a bush bent down under his arm, and luxuriates; and help yourself Mr. Bruin, for we cannot, but the only why we don't, is because our sugar box is so nearly M T.

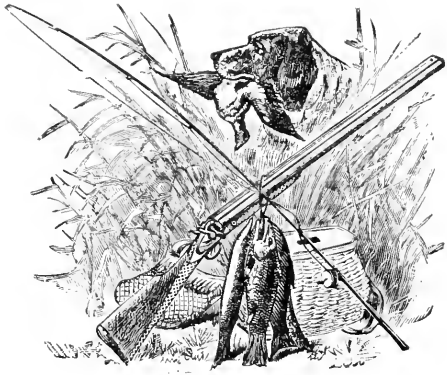
On, a little way, and now the round woods upon the opposite attract much attention, and from the birds as well, for we see feeding upon their red fruit, so bright, growing among the firs, both the crossbills and the robins. So the Commodore guides the lady close in and we move so quietly,

that they, being so hungry or so greedy, or so gentle, good and tame, do not mind us until very near, and we have the pleasure of seeing them duplicated, all busily feeding, far down in the water below, in the Indian girl's looking glass.

We dip a little stronger as the current is weakening as we approach the lake. The stream widens out gradually, and now we see before us, first, the tiny little wavelets coming in from the lake, forming a line across the smooth mirror, then ever increasing in size as we look away on beyond; and out on the lake are the large waves, with their snow white crests flashing in the sunshine. Now we say good-bye to the pretty shady side of the river, with its long line of shadowed beauty, one cannot but ever remember; and the more favored sunny side also, with its many bright spots and mellow openings, brim full of interests and delights.

With the wind very favorable, and just the jolliest white capped waves to lift the lady as we assist her over and by, we soon note the half-way landmark upon the shore, and yet quicker still than this, we time the last half, and are at the shore, being again welcomed by our jovial host, the fine, old farmer.

TOUT FINI.



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